

DIANE BAKER

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a 20th Century Fox CinemaScope Picture



DIANE BAKER LOVES LUSTRE-CREME **SHAMPOO**

never dries it beautifies

thick and creamy ...

BUY THE BIG SIZES

blessed with lanolin! needs no after-rinse! of course, it leaves hair more manageable!

NO WONDER IT'S THE FAVOURITE SHAMPOO OF 4 OUT OF 5 TOP HOLLYWOOD MOVIE STARS

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The Australian

APRIL 27, 1960

Vol. 27, No. 47

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WEEKLY ROUND THE

 Canadian-born Donald MacKenzie, author of our new serial, "Dangerous Silence" (pages 24, 25), began his writing career while a prisoner in a United States gaol.

BIOGRAPHICAL de-tails supplied to us Nan Musgrove, who comsay he lived by crime in many countries for 25 years.

He said: "I went to gaol, if not with depressing regularity, rather too often for

me.
Donald MacKenzie, now 52.
was educated in Canada, England, and Switzerland. He has
strong likes and dislikes.
He said: "I like writing and

He said: "I like writing and hope to keep at it until I die. "I like travel, kippers, fast American cars, Spanish suits, ice hockey, prizefights, walking, flowers, Brahms, horseback riding, settling old scores, and people who like me. "I don't like meat, cocktail parties, Spanish gip, police. parties, Spanish gin, police-men, most judges, to talk about things I don't understand, pompous people, good losers, or writers who 'spell it out'

for you.
"I try to do exactly as I want to do as often as possible. I don't think I am a psychopath, a wayward boy, a product of our times, a charming rogue . . . or ever was."

THE Handbag Calorie Counter, reprinted on pages 33 and 34, is one of the most popular features we have ever published.

Since it first appeared we have had thousands of requests

-from women and men-for Our Cover-

piled the counter and used it successfully, told us:

"People who are fat have their own pet reasons for their

their own pet reasons for their over-generous shape. They won't admit they are fat because they eat too much. "One of the most popular reasons is that they use their brain so much they have to eat more to keep their contents and more activities."

centrated mental activity at its peak.

"This is not true. Our doc-tor says a peanut is sufficient for a full day's concentrated

study.

The best way to help yourself to stay on a diet is not
to talk about it. Dieting the

Mayor of Melbourne, was the city's wedding of the era. Picture by staff photographer Jim Ellard. calorie way makes this easy because you can eat anything in quantities that fit into your

Marion G e n g o u l t
Smith in the magnificent
gown designed for her
w e d d i n g to Rodney
Davidson in St. Paul's
Cathedral, Melbourne, on
April 19. Marion is the
daughter of Sir Harold
and Lady Gengoult Smith,
whose marriage in 1933,
when Sir Harold was Lord
Mayor of Melbourne, was

"If you have some taboo foods like oily mayonnaise of salad, cream on fruit or in coffee, refuse them when you

are out,
"Even if your host or höstes: "Even if your host or hostess is rude enough to grill you about your refusal, don't say you're dieting. Just say firmly. "I'm allergic to them."

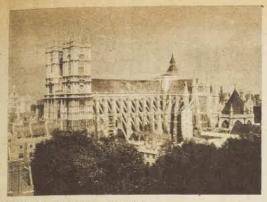
"Which is true. You are allergic to the extra pounds they add."

WE were pleased to read that "Black Orpheus," of which we give a color preview on page 65, was judged the best foreign-language film at the recent Hollywood presen-tation of Academy Awards



Donald MacKenzie.

Next Week The recipes judged the grand champion and the first, second, third, and fourth prize winners in each of the three sections of our £1235 Mustard Recipe Contest are given in our next issue. Glowing color pictures illustrate the grand champion prize winner and the first and second prize winners in each section.



WESTMINSTER ABBEY-once a monastery.

 When Princess Margaret walks up the aisle of Westminster Abbey on Friday, May 6, she will tread ground hallowed by centuries of sanctity and tradition. No other church has served for so long as a crowning-place of monarchs or as a setting for historic Royal weddings.

THE ABBEY OF TRADIT

WHEN Princess Patricia of Connaught chose the Abbey for her wedding to Captain Alexander Ramsay, R.N., in 1919, she set a double precedent for Princess Margaret.

She married a commoner, a naval officer, and she gave King George V the idea for using the Abbey for Royal weddings.

In 1922, the first full State wedding for 500 years was staged there for his daughter, Princess Mary, now the Princess Royal

Princess Margaret will be the sixth Royal Abbey bride of recent years, following the Queen Mother, the Duchess of Kent, and the Queen.

But as she makes her way through the lattice of creamy Caen stone, beneath the vault-ing marble pillars, she will continue a tradition perhaps continue a tradition perhaps begun when William the Conqueror's youngest son v blushing Princess Matilda.

Following in the footsteps of English kings since Harold, she will pass the helmet and shield of Henry V and kneel on marble mosaic brought from Rome in the thirteenth

Besides the TV cameras watching the ceremony, one likes to think that the nearby portrait of Richard II is portain of Richard II is watening also, for his bride, Princess Anne of Bohemia — sister of the "Good King Wenceslas" of the carol—was also married in the Abbey.

She has a tomb behind the High Altar.

The altar itself and the bells are comparatively modern.

Leg of saint

The altar no longer en-shrines an alleged fragment of the True Cross, nor that very old relie, a leg of St. George, But the hallowed bones of King Edward the Confessor still rest there on soil brought from the Holy Land.

Less than 150 years ago the dust and sweepings of his shrine were still exported to Spain and Portugal, so en-during was the fame of its sanctive. THE Australian Women's Weekly - April 27, 1960

By HELEN CATHCART

Then there is the rich, soar-ing splendor of Henry VII's Chapel, at the very "end and climax" of the Abbey.

A tavern called the White Rose was demolished to make room for it.

The tavern sign still survives in the white-rose theme that recurs in the fan-vaulted ceiling and elaborate metal-

Nearby is the tomb of Queen Elizabeth I with the Essex Ring resting upon it. When the Queen fell in love with the young Earl of Essex she gave him the ring from her finger, ordering him to send it to her if ever he needed her help.

When Essex sent it at last he was under sentence of death. But the ring was in-tercepted, and he was ex-ecuted. Stricken with grief when she heard the truth, the Queen died with the ring in her hand. her hand.

Thrice wed

The church has known its lighter moments. In the 17th century, for instance, the redoubtable Mrs. Warren, sometime wife of an Abbey official, not only had three husbands but an Abbey wedding with each with each

Coronations, too, have pro-vided a lighter side. What of the House of Lords, would a modern commentator would a modern commentator have made of William and Mary struggling together at the altar for possession of the Sword of State? Or of George I, direct from Han-over, who could not under-stand a word of his Corporastand a word of his Corona-

George IV (then Prince of Wales) mopped his brow with a succession of handker-chiefs which the Archbishop of Canterbury passed to him, and turned a side altar into a brandy buffet.

A prizefighter was given an Abbey burial; actresses have been married there, and twoday-old babies interred in state.

sightseers could gaze at the Abbey waxworks—effigies of Elizabeth I, Charles I, and

moved to an adjoining build-

With 20 chapels and a Norman undercroft, a fine medi-eval treasury building, an ancient monks' kitchen, and a set of cloisters, the precincts are astonishingly hushed in the heart of London.

It has been said that a full exploration of the Abbey could occupy 20 days. The time taken by the average sightseer, shepherded by vergers around the monuments, is 40 minutes.

Income cut

Normally visitors £22,000 a year as admission charges to certain chapels, or as voluntary offerings. This income is likely to be cut by £2000 during the time of pre-parations for the Princess

Though called an abbey, this "Parish church of the Commonwealth" is not an abbey at all. It was originally built for a Benedictine monastery, but its proper title since the reign of Queen Elizabeth I has been the Collegiate Church of St. Peter in West-

It has no bishop, but its legal position is that of "a Royal and exempt peculiar," which means that its Dean is subject only to the Sovereign.

The Abbey Chapter House was once the meeting-place of Parliament. The House of Commons has long since moved across the road, but the

Restoration

When Princess Margaret is married piles of building material and scaffolding will have to be hidden behind curtains and tapestries. A vast restoration scheme, begun 10 years ago, will not be 10 years ago, will not be finished until at least 1970.

But the Princess will be the first Royal bride to see the Abbey after the removal of the grime of nine centuries.

Cleaning has made the gilt and color of the great ceilings glow with beauty, and, all around, a network of slender arches is gleaming white.

As recently as 12 years ago sightseers could gaze at the Abbey waxworks efficies of Elizabeth I, Charles I, and Nelson, now more suitably re-



THIS CHARMING PHOTOGRAPH of a smiling Princess Margaret was taken last month during an official inspection of the Jodrell Bank atomic research station at Liverpool. Photographer, Maurice Wilmott.

BOWLER-HATTED (and uneasy?) competitor in the Chelsea Flower Show.



DIAMONDS IN THE DUST? An ironic study of lowly rubbish bins — with lids aslant — and sacks in front of Cartier's, the exclusive Bond Street jeweller.

PICTURES BY ARMSTRONG-JONES

As a professional photographer in London before his engagement to Princess Margaret, Antony Armstrong-Jones took formal and informal portraits of the Royal family which became world-famous.

Always the camera of this gifted and original young man revealed a markedly individual viewpoint.

The photographs on these two pages, unobserved and penetrating, are some of his own favorites. They are, in fact, a social commentary by Antony Armstrong-Jones on the people in one of the world's biggest cities.

More importantly, they reveal many clues about the character of the photographer — in pictorial expression that is warm-hearted, compassionate, humorous, and ironic, and, at times, sarcastic, but always artistic, and never trite.



AN imperious Premier, Mr. Harold Macmillan.

Page 4



THE PATHETIC little girl who missed it all-while the rest of the crowd used mirrors on sticks to watch the Trooping of the Color.



THE STANCES of dog and severely tailored woman judge are scrutinised at the Crufts annual dog show.

PORTRAIT of a page at a London wedding.



New warmth! New comfort! in an exclusive new Fabric!

HOLEPROOF

YEAR OF THE NEW

AIRCEL

makes the cutest, cosiest pajamas & briefs

AIRCEL — Amazing New Thermal fabric B-R-E-A-T-H-E-S with cosy warmth

It's new! It's news — AIRCEL . . . the most exciting new fabric in years makes the prettiest pajamas ever, keeps you warm as toast on the chilliest night. AIRCEL is so light . . . so dainty, so luxury-soft. It's colorfast, shrink-proof, washes like a dream and it's Sanitized — lasting built-in deodorant.

Be a real sleeping beauty! Buy all three and mix'n'match to your heart's delight. Jewel Blue/Turquoise Blue, Lilac Dust Twilight, Cameo Pink/Rose Coral. Pajamas are cleverly cut, slim and tapered. Choose your favorite V-neck or Peter Pan collar. S.S.W.-W. The price just a mere. 49/11 Aircel P.U.T's, the warmest, cutest briefs you've ever worn, blastic waist and banded leg, crisp white or cameo pink, Sizes 36-42 seat. 12-11.

AIRCEL is an amazing new thermal cotton fabric developed by the U.S. Navy to combat cold in Arctic regions. Aircel is made from the finest English combed cotton, in a 3-dimension knit, that forms 'cells' or 'pockets' of air that b-r-e-a-t-h-e and insulate your body against winter chills.

Aircel is also available in underwear for men and boys.

H .. HOLEPROOF



THE AUTHOR DICTATING. Paul Gallico usually fiddled with this walking-stick during dictation, Joan Hall says, and sometimes paced back and forwards.

• Perth stenographer Joan Hall has just returned from England after a working world tour. Her most glamorous job



JOAN HALL, secretary to the thrice-married author, insists that she was just lucky to get the job from a London agency.

Secretary to Gallico

By DON LIPSCOMBE

JOAN was secretary to Paul ("Snow Goose") Gallico in England, Ireland, and Italy, and came back with a reference that reads, in part:

"I can give Miss Hall no higher recommendation than to say that when I am ready to do my next book I will fight the man for whom she is working to get her away from him." from him

This, from a man who fought Jack Dempsey to get the story that led to his career as one of the greatest sports writers in the U.S., is a fearful threat.

a fearful threat.
The reference continues:
"She has script-girl in her
blood, and a faultless memory,
if at the beginning of and if, at the beginning of Chapter 2, you have Lady Pamela wearing a beige tea frock and the family pearls, and ten pages later you refer to her shagreen-colored tweeds and emerald brooch, she will

and emerald brooch, she will call you to it.

"P.S. I don't know about you, but I have a tendency towards repetition of words too close in the same sentence or nearby lines. She catches those, too."

Joan left Perth aboard a French ship on an off-beat path to London, through Tahiti and the French Pacific protectorates, before arriving in France. With a Sydney friend, Bev-

erley Martin, she toured nice person; full of humor and Spain and arrived in London not temperamental. without a job in November, "I've heard him described 1057"

A casual remark by another Australian about "an employ-ment agency down The Strand" led to a meeting with Paul Gallico.

The author was used to typing his own drafts, but an operation on his left hand forced him to seek a stenographer to whom he could dictate manuscripts. He chose the same "employment agency down the Strand."

Met in clinic

Joan got the job. "I met Mr. Gallico in the London Clinic," she said. "About a month later I began working for him at County Mayo, in the west of Ireland.

"Although he is an Ameri-can citizen and his home is in Salcombe, South Devon, he spends most of the year travel-

"We worked in Ashford Castle, on the banks of Lough Corrib, an old Guinness family castle turned into a hotel,' Joan said.

The book was continued at the Gallico English home, and completed at Bellagio, on

Italy's beautiful Lake Como.
Of her famous employer
Joan says: "He is a very, very

as having a brooding face, but I can't agree with that. He I can't agree with that. He is more than 6ft tall, rugged, and perhaps rather plain.

"It's hard to believe such a great big man can have such beautifully airy ideas,"

In his writing, she says, it was fascinating the way some characters came easily, others had to be worked on.

"If he was speaking of characters he didn't like very much, then the dialogue would stick. If he was in sympathy with them, then it would really flow."

Joan took dictation to 5000 words a day — in two sessions, about three hours in the morning, "and when he was really running we would go on to 7 p.m."

One of the books Paul Gal-One of the books rail Gallico gave to Joan is inscribed:
"To Joan Hall, whose patience is monumental."

Joan's shorthand speed is "up to 120 words a minute—
in short bursts." But she said the author did not dictate so

the author did not dictate so

fast. When the serial was finished Joan went back to London and worked on another job found through "the agency in The Strand."

In February last year Joan

returned to work for Paul Gallico, retyping a 400-page book while he worked on another story with a news-paper researcher.

The retyping was com-pleted in May and Joan took

another job until July. From there she went to the Riviera to work with Paul Gallico on another book.

This story was dictated in Gallico's beautiful threestorey villa at Antibes.

Horror film

Back in London they worked until October on a film script of what Joan called a sophisticated horror film.

Gallico worked with Roger Vadim, former husband of Brigitte Bardot, on this script.

Joan received about £10 a week from Paul Gallico— average pay for a stenog-rapher in London—but he also paid all her living expenses and fares.

And working with Gallico in England nearly began another story for Joan.

Princess Margaret's private secretary, Major the Hon. Francis Legh, was often a house-guest at Gallico's South Devon home.

Although Joan did not know, Major Legh had men-tioned to the author that he wanted a secretary,

"Mr. Gallico wrote later that he would have recom-mended me," Joan said, "but thought that I would not want to change my plans to return house."

"If I'd known about the prospect of a Princess Margaret job, then I think my plans might have been changed."

Joan says Australian sec-retaries have a good reputation in England.

Her main advice to anyone planning a trip is: "Take your fare home.

"If you want to maintain your Australian standard of living, you have to be very careful, and would be backy careful, and would be lucky, indeed, to save enough to get



Would you spend 35 hours in a train between Adelaide and Sydney, sit all day at a conference, then do another 35 hours of rail-hopping home?

About 80 sturdy people — parents and teachers with little spare money for plane tickets or hotel billswill make this journey next month.

SOUTH AUSTRALIA isn't the only place they're coming from. At least 2000 parents and teachers will be in Sydney from every Australian State on Saturday, May 21, for a one-day National Education Confer-

Mrs. L. J. Brown, of Ryde, N.S.W., wife of an engineer and mother of three schoolage children, explained the Conference aims.

Joint secretary of the Conference, she is secretary of the Australian Council of School Australian Council of School Organisations (which is spon-soring the Conference with the Australian Teachers' Feder-ation) and State president of the Federation of Infants' School Clubs.

"Education's greatest im-mediate need is money—for more schools, more and bet-ter equipment, more teachers,"

"Australian education lives from year to year, on bud-gets, instead of being planned 50 years ahead as in more advanced countries.

"We feel that education has gone beyond the resources of the States. The Conference aims at nationwide support for a request to the Federal Government for a substantial emergency grant to all States.

Govt. inquiry

We also think that the Federal Government should set up a committee of inquiry, similar to the Murray Com-mittee on Universities, to investigate Australia's educa-tional systems.

"The time is long overdue for an authoritative estimate of our educational systems, and what improvements and changes are most urgent.

"There is great lack of re-ciprocal standards between the States."

Mrs. Brown's concern as a Mrs. Brown's concern as a parent began a decade ago when she took a close look at the drab, overcrowded classrooms, dirty lavatories, and scarcity of equipment at her daughter's school.

What she saw appalled her. She decided to try to do some-thing about it, and has given up much of her spare time ever since.

"There is greater parent interest in schools and educa-tion today than at any other



MRS. L. J. BROWN

time in our history," she said. "Parents now want to know what their children are learning and the people who are teaching them, because they know that education is the joint responsibility of teacher and parent."

Voluntary organisations like the Parents and Citizens', Infants' School Clubs, Mothers' Clubs, and others make an enormous contribution to Australian public schools.

They provide books, text-ooks, handwork materials, educational toys, sports gear, pianos, radio and television ets, record players, pictures, sewing machines, typewriters,

paint, and many other things. In N.S.W. alone parents raise about £1,250,000 a year

for amenities and equipment.
But parents generally are
not playing their part in
attempting to improve our
schools, apart from giving
financial help to voluntary

organisations.
"Only a small minority of parents are directly interested in parent-school activity," she

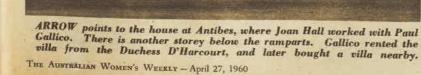
Of the 400 affiliated and 100 non-affiliated Infants' Schools' Clubs in N.S.W., only about 25,000 parents regularly attend meetings and work

directly with the schools.
"Only about 70,000 regularly attend meetings of the 1500 affiliated State Associations (there are 500 not affiliated) of the P. and C.

"But these figures are about 75 per cent. up on 1950. "Our biggest disappoint-ment is the lack of interest from New Australians, par-ticularly those from the Med-

"Language is often a prob-lem. Many of these migrants have children at Catholic schools and many work ex-tremely hard to establish themselves in a new country.

"But they have a lot to offer from their experience and ancient cultures, and we would much appreciate their interest and active support."



• The L'Oreal of Paris Fashion Festival next month will give three pretty Australian teenagers the chance to be launched on the road to success as models . . . and will also give an Australian already on top overseas the chance to make a triumphant return home.

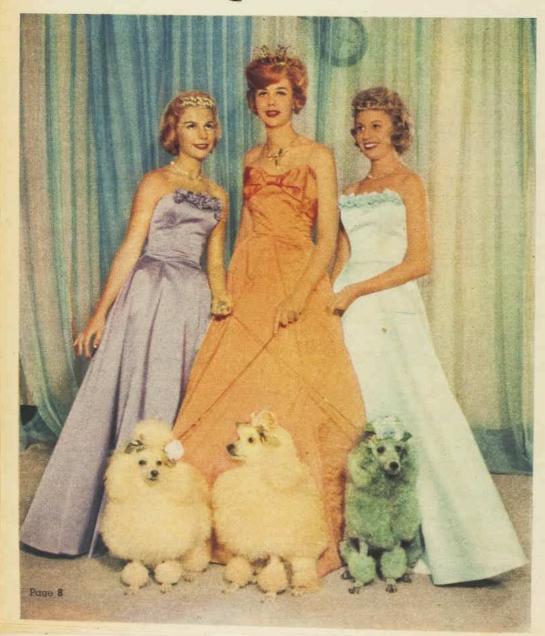


Color Princess Jenny Furney

Color Queen Dianne Scealy

Color Princess Rosemary Smith

Color ueen and Princesses



 In May, three teenagers — Dianne Scealy, Jenny Furney, and Rosemary Smith — will become "royalty" for a few weeks.

DIANNE, Jenny, and Rosemary have won our nationwide Model Quest - the quest conducted in conjunction with Marigný as part of the L'Oreal of Paris Fashion Festival.

As our Color Queen and two Color Princesses, they'll travel round Australia with the Fashion Festival, feted, fussed over, and given the red-carpet treatment.

Dianne Scealy, 17, of Narre Warren North, near Melbourne, is our Color Queen.

As well as the Australian tour she has won a two weeks all-expenses-paid holiday in Paris with £220 spending money plus perfume and a whole fashion wardrobe.

"Ooshhh, I can't realise it," she said, in a slight daze, after the final judging in Melbourne.

Dianne, who entered more or less by chance, always wanted to be a model but "couldn't afford the course."

Our Color Princesses have done modelling courses. Jenny Furney, 19, who lives in Sydney at Turramurra, has been modelling since October.

Jenny used to live in Bourke, in far-western New South Wales, but three years ago her family moved to Sydney. Rosemary Smith, our other Color Princess, is 15, and lives Sunshine, in Melbourne. She has been modelling for about a year.

about a year.

With her parents she migrated to Australia in 1951.

After the Festival's tour of Australia, Rosemary and Jenny will go by Cathay Pacific Jet Flight to Hongkong for 10 days' holiday with £150 spending money each. As well, they, too, have won dress and lingerie wardrobes from Prestige, Berlei foundation garments, Rayne shoes, and D'Orsay perfume.

COLOR HARMONY. Wearing gowns which are part of their Prestige wardrobe prizes, the Color Queen and her Princesses have poodles dyed to match their frocks. Jenny Furney (left) has "dawn silver" hair coloring; Queen Dianne Scealy (centre) has "copper-apricot glow"; Rosemary Smith "night silver." The dogs, from left, Snow White of Montresor, Petite Rayne, French's Silver Arrow, from Poodles' Paradise, Melbourne.



our model from Paris and

YOUNG Sydney girl, Diana Nixon, left Aus-A YOUNG Sydney girl, Diana Change in tralia for a six-month trip to visit her uncle in

That was six years ago. Diana, now 25 years old, is top model at Maggy Rouff's salon in Paris, and sought after by photographers all over the world.

And she'll be making her triumphant return home as one of the three models who will show a collection by Maggy Rouff during the Australia-wide L'Oreal of Paris Fashion Feetival

The other two Rouff models taking part are French girls

Monique Klotz and Marina Nicolaides.

Diana had finished school only a few months before she left for England. She took a job in an exclusive frock shop in London, then, after a broken engagement to a South

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WHERLY - April 27, 1960

American diplomat, she began a nine-month modelling course

American diplomat, sne negan a mine too.

In Belgium.

Her mother, Mrs. Marjorie Nixon, of Cronulla, said that Diana had paid her fees by teaching English.

After completing the course she decided to come home to try to make a career of modelling in Australia.

On the way she stopped in South America to visit some friends and was offered a job in a fashion house — but not as a model.

friends and was offered a job in a fashion house — but not as a model.

Instead they sent her to Italy as a buyer and she was again offered a job. This time she spent two years in Rome modelling for Italian designers.

From there she we to Maggy Rouff and later became top model.

Diana has the perfect proportions for mannequin work—she is 5ft. 8in. and very slender. "She's never had to diet," said her mother, "and we used to say she was too thin."

She might be thin by ordinary standards, but she's obviously got what the fashion world wants, plus honey-colored hair and an olive complexion.

Diana is living in a residential hotel on the Champs-Elysees. "I love Paris and really feel at home here," she

She has a dog, Charlie, which is only about eight inches long, and she takes him everywhere, even to the hairdresser's.

And the future? Well, there is a chance that Diana will go to America to live at the end of the Paris season. It's not settled yet, but the Ford agency wants her.

They saw her in February, when she was chosen as one of the 15 mannequins who were flown out to the United States to appear in a TV show presenting the new season's Paris fashions.

New Zealand | WORTH REPO holiday winners OOPS, we goofed again. There we were, hat-

• Here are the 113 prizewinners in The Australian Women's Weekly New Zealand Holiday Contest announced in our New Zealand travel supplement in February. This is the tour chosen by the panel of judges:

To Christchurch by air, then to Mt. Cook, Queenstown, Milford Sound, Dunedin, Wellington, Chateau Tongariro, Rotorua, Waitomo Caves, leaving Auckland for Australia by sea.

Of the many thousands of entries in the contest none matched completely the tour itinerary selected by the judges. The major prizes were awarded to the entries closest to the judges' choice,

1st PRIZE

Three weeks' holiday tour of New Zealand for two people with all expenses paid, and £50 spending money between them.

Miss Caroline Pinkerton, 85 Wright St., Middle Park, Vic.

2nd PRIZE
Pye 66 de luxe Console
Stereogram with 4 speakers
and 4-speed automatic record-

Mr. H. Green, 8 Rd., Malvern, Vic. H. Green, 82 Tooronga

3rd PRIZE

"Whiteway" electric agita-tor washing-machine.

Mrs. Elaine Keir, 63 Maple St., Blackburn, Vic.

4th PRIZE

Original oil painting of New Zealand landscape by famous New Zealand artist Marcus King.

Shirley Chamberlain, c/o Wm. Angliss Hospital, Ferntree Gully, Vic.

5th PRIZE

Lightweight travel robe by

Klipper, Mr. J. M. Copeland, "Wirraway" Flats, Church St., raway" Flats, Church St., Newcastle, N.S.W.

The following prizewin-ners are listed in alphabeti-cal order:

cal order:

6th to 53rd Prizes: 48 prizes each of 3th, of New Zeaiand's celebrated blue-vein cheese. Mr. Ray Alchin, Eldersiie, wia Camden, N.S.W.

Miss A. Batson, Byng St., Orange, N.S.W.; Miss N. Bell. Coolabah Ave. Turramurra, N.S.W.; Miss G. Bond, Vincent St., Nediands, W.A.; Miss J. Booth, George St., East Melbourne; Mr. S. A. Bradney, Orchard Rd., Chatswood, N.S.W.; Mrs. F. Brewer, Oxchard Rd., Chatswood, N.S.W.; Miss W. Brown, St. Elmo Rd., Ivanhoe, Vic.; Miss A. Buchanan, Rosemont St., Wollongong, N.S.W.; Mrs. A. Burrell, Weller St., Geology West, Vic.

Mrs. J. A. Cameron, Cambridge St., Penshurst, N.S.W.; Mrs. J. Derby, Tas.; Mr. H. K. Bridge, Church St., Goulburn, N.S.W. Mrs. F. Brewer, Ox-ley St., Camp be likown, N.S.W.; Miss W. Brown, St. Elimo Rd, Ivanhoe, Vic., Mrs. A. Burhanan, Rosemont St., Wellers Hill, Q.; Miss P. M. Cundill, Wordsworth St., Kalwollongong, N.S.W.; Mrs. A. Burrell, Weller St., Geelong West, Vic.

Mrs. J. A. Cameron, Cambridge St., Penshurst, N.S.W.; Mrs. C. C. Cleeland, Clifford St., Ashburton, Vic.; Mrs. D. G. Coombe, Legana St., Launceston, Tas.; C. J. Crawford, Saddleworth, S.A.

Mrs. F. Daly, Dunstan St., Launceston, Tas.; C. J. Crawford, Saddleworth, S.A.

Mrs. F. Daly, Dunstan St., Launceston, Tas.; C. J. Crawford, Saddleworth, S.A.

Mrs. F. Daly, Dunstan St., Launceston, Tas.; C. J. Crawford, Saddleworth, S.A.

Mrs. E. A. Franks, Cook St., Gloucester, N.S.W.; Mrs. C. Gloucester, N.S.W.; Mrs. C. Gloucester, N.S.W.; Mrs. C. Harbor, S.A.

Mrs. B. M. Gammon, Nineteenth, S.A.

Mrs. Clarke, Salkeld St.

Mrs. Clarke, Salkeld St.

Welers Hill, Q.; Miss P. M.

Cundill, Work, Mrs. C.

Mrs. A. Franks, Cook St.

Gloucester, N.S.W.

Mrs. E. A. Franks, Cook St

"Turong," Lobethal, S.A.;
Miss M. Heinemann, Doobibla, Cooladdi, Qid.; Mr. J. T.
Hilder, Cradock, S.A.; Mrs. J.
Hunt, Anzac Ave., Ryde,
N.S.W.
Mr. W. Jones, Rosewood St.,
Eucumbene, via Cooma.
N.S.W.
Miss S. M. Kennedy,
Orchard, P.M. Coordinal

Mr. W. Jones, Rosewcod St., Eucumbene, via Cooma. N.S.W. Miss S. M. Kennedy. Orchard Rd., Chatswood, N.S.W.; Mr. P. E. Klyhn., Queens Ave., Oakleigh, Vic. Miss Audrey S. Leal, Wood St., Millswood, S.A.; Mr. W. L. Lubbock, Central Ave., Miranda, N.S.W. Mr. W. C. T. Major, Collingwood Rd., Birkdale, Qld., Miss Marjory B. Miller, Watson Ave., Toorak Gardens, S.A.; Mrs. M. Moss, Anselm Grove, Glenroy, Vic. Mr. W. McD. Oswald, Bortonia Ave., Innaloo, W.A. Miss M. Pengilly, Wardell St., Eneggera, Qld. Mrs. A. Richards, Graham St., Surrey Hills, Vic., Miss D. Ridgway, Florence St., Fullarton, S.A. Mrs. G. M. Sheen, Douglas Cres., Castlemaine, Vic.; Mr. J. M. Sheen, Douglas Cres., Castlemaine, Vic.; Mr. J. W. Smith, Allandale Rd. Boronia, Vic.; Mrs. P. M. Sunley, Flat 6, Ringarooma Ave., Myrtichank, S.A. (two prizes). Mrs. G. M. Taylor, P.O. Box 100, Devonport, Tas., Mr. F. L. Turner, Campbell St., Kalgoorile, W.A.; Mrs. A. J. Turpin, Slack St., Nth. Booval, Ipswich, Qld. Mrs. M. Whitehead, Hastings St., Wauchope, N.S.W.; Mrs. M. Whiteman, Fowler Ave., Bexley Nth., N.S.W.; Mrs. A. Wilkinson, P.B. Timboon, Vic.; Miss B. Winter, Harold St., Middlepark, Vic.; Mr. O. G. Wynn, Chelona, Mackay, Qld.

54th to 83rd Prizes: 30 prizes each of a TEAL international airline overnight travel-bag.

Mrs. H. F. S. Anderson,
Tallwood Ave., Eastwood,
N.S.W.; Mrs. J. Andrews,
Nerang, Q.
Mr. G. Bayne, Erskine St.,
Nth. Melbourne, Vic., Mrs.
R. J. Beswick, Claremont,
Derby, Tas.; Mr. H. K. Bridge,
Church St., Goulburn, N.S.W.

113 prizes

Miss M. Lee, Ballandella Rd., Toongabbie, N.S.W.; Miss J. Lighton, High St., Arma-dale, Vic. Mr. J. Mausolf, Bottomley St., Willsden, S.A.; Miss E. S. Myers, Bellevue Park Rd., Bellevue Hill, N.S.W.

Mrs. W. J. Newby, Peel St., Belmore, N.S.W.

Mrs. L. J. Odwyer, Chap-man Ave., Glenroy, Vic. Mr. K. Peltz, M.S. 35, Dalby,

Mrs. K. G. Slater, Rickard Rd., Hurstville, N.S.W.; Miss R. Star, Halpin St., Beaufort,

Vic.

Mrs. T. Thompson, Jaspers
Brush, via Berry, N.S.W.;
Miss R. Tatlow, Derby Lodge,
Epping, Vic.; Mr. W. White,
P.O. Box 229, Babinda, Q.

Epping, Vic.; Mr. W. White, P.O. Box 229, Babinda, Q. 84th to 113th Prizes: 30 prizes each of four 1lb. jars of New Zealand's famous Imperial Bee honey.

Mr. R. G. Aikman, Lionel Rd., Darlington, W.A.; Mr. J. B. Allen, Main Ridge, Vic. Mrs. L. K. Bergin, Rose St., Armadale, Vic.; Mr. F. Brady, Spray St., Rosebud, Vic.; Mrs. Broad, Spring St., Lismore, N.S.W. Mrs. E. A. Coe, Enterprise Rd., Elizabeth East, S.A. Mr. D. Duncan, John St., Collinsville, Q. Mrs. J. E. Galloway, High St., Fern Trice Gully, Vic.; Mrs. D. Gower, Deakin St., Auburn, N.S.W. Miss M. Hayes, "Birdwood," Longreach, Q.; Mrs. S. E. Henrick, Rediands Rd., Mt. Gravatt, Q. Mrs. S. E. Lighton, Howard St., Wyong, N.S.W. Mrs. E. Lighton, Hoyard St., Wyong, N.S.W. Mrs. E. Lighton, High St., East Prahran, Vic. Mr. G. MacGregor, King St., East Frahran, Vic. Mrs. K. W. Mogensen, Beaconsfield Rd., Mosman, N.S.W.; Mrs. J. E. Murrey, Cio State School, Crows Nest, Q., Miss E. Myers, Bellevue Hill, N.S.W. Mr. P. E. Rae, Pen-Y-Bryn, Place Laurreston, The Mr.

NS.W; Mrs. J. E. Murray, c/o State School, Crows Nest, C/o State School, Crows Nest, C/o Miss E. Myers, Believue Pilace Rd., Bellevue Hill, N.S.W.

Mr. P. E. Rae, Pen-Y-Bryn Pilace, Launceston, Tas.: Mr. S. J. Rowntree, Edgecliff Rd., Edgecliff, N.S.W.

Mrs. H. Savage, Jackson St., Eagle Junction, Q., Miss. M. M. Sneyd, North St., Cleveland, Q. Mr. R. D. Stabb, Moolap, Vic.; Mr. R. P. Stace, Looker Rd., Montmorency, Vic. Mrs. W. M. Tristram, Carlton Crescent, Summer Hill, N.S.W. Mrs. J. W. Tristram, Carlton Crescent, Summer Hill, N.S.W. Mrs. J. Ward, Lynwood Ave., Deewhy, N.S.W.; Mrs. I. M. Welch, Broughton Rd., Surrey Hills, Vic.

There we were, hatless in Hyde Park, Sydney, when they were busy choosing the "Loveliest Easter Bonnet" in sight.

Easter Bonnet" in sight.

We really felt rather bad about it all when we discovered that even a dog (of course, he was a poodle) was wearing a bonnet.

John Pierre (of course, he was a French poodle) looked pretty sheepish in his pale blue ostrich feather chapeau to match his owner's—pretty Mireille Gerardy, of Gordon.



MIREILLE GERARDY and toy poodle John Pierre , , , plus match-ing chapeau.

"This is his very first hat," Mireille told us. "He only got out of quarantine—he came from England, you see— a month ago. And he's the a month ago. And he's the only toy poodle in New South Wales."

Which must be a bit lonely for little ole John Pierre. He really looked sad when all the other dogs in the park caught sight of him plus chapeau— and nearly died laughing.

Milord waxed poetic

NO man is a hero to his valet, they say, but Lord Balfour is a knight with a sense of humor to one of the maids in the Australia Hotel, Sydney Lord Balfour stayed there

while he was in Australia as President of the 20th Con-gress of the Federation of Commonwealth and British Empire Chambers of Com-

The maid, Miss Kay Wilson, sent us a copy of the verse she found pinned to the pillow when she came to do the chores in Lord Balfour's

the Kind Lady of-

Perhaps I'm bold
But certainly cold
So of your kindness
Don't mind this
If I ask for another Good warm cover." signed: Lord Balfour.

When we asked his permission to reproduce the verse, Lord Balfour said:
"Of course. Absolutely delighted. That maid was very kind to me. And by the way, do send me a copy of the do send me a copy of the paper—just address it to the House of Lords, England." We'll be delighted

A view-out in the bush

FROM Cabramurra Cairns, from Broken Hill to Mary Kathleen, you'll soon be seeing Arthur Miller's dramatic play "A View From the Bridge," presented by a touring company from the In-dependent Theatre, Sydney.

The Arts Council of Australia has arranged the tour, which will last five months, covering a distance of 9800

The company will travel by a special new bus and visit 101 country towns-most of them will be one-night stands.

Two of the actresses in the cast, Sheila Kennelly and Therese Linden, both left England to settle here and this is their first opportunity of see-ing some of the Australian outback.

Sheila and Therese are pretty well used to living in each others' pockets by now, as they shared a dressing-room they shared a dressing-room during the Elizabethan The-atre's recent production of "The Rape of the Belt."

And how would they manage for luggage, packing for a five months' bus trip?

"Oh, we can take as much as we like," they said happily.

"There's only one thing—we're not allowed to wear slacks, matador pants, or shorts in any of the towns.

"Apparently they're not quite the thing in the bush."



ACTRESS Sheila Kennelly . . . matador pants are taboo.



DR. ENZO GRASSO o easy for a bachelor.

So he can't sew

SINCE Dr. Enzo Grano is the director of an Italian sewing-machine company, we just naturally assumed that he could use

"But no," he said, wegging his hands in Continental horror, "the sewing-machine is for the wife and family. And me, I am a bachelor."

With not a stitch out of place in his suavely cut suit, and looking as Italian as the Leaning Tower of Pisa, Dr. Grasso had just zipped out to Australia to have a look at the market here. at the market here.

Being firm believers in the stitch - in - time - saves -nine school, we wondered who did his stitches for

"Darning?" said the doc-tor. "Ah, a bachelor, he can always afford to buy a new shirt."

A FRIEND of ours decided to make a pair of tapeted pants—in an elegant black-and-white check.

She wandered round looking at the fabric selection in on of Sydney's biggest department stores. Then she told a sales man just what she wanted

"Lady," he said wearily, "if you MUST wear pants, think to a plain material."

Glamor Festival

The newest Paris hairstyles and fashions will be shown at a Gala Performance in the Empress Ballroom, Mark Foy's, Sydney, on May 18.

THIS is the L'Oreal of Paris Fashion Festival, which we are bringing to Australia in onjunction with Marigny.

The Festival will be pre-eded by a Gala Dinner at

M. Rene Luzic, one of the world's most famous hairdressers, will show the

new look - matched color from hair to toe.

The Paris fashions will be 25 Maggy Rouff en-sembles, shown with a col-lection from the Australian Wool Bureau.

Bookings for the Gala available from the Secrecrown Street, Sydney, at £5/5/- each. Proceeds are in aid of the hospital. Hospital,

TURNERS IN AUSTRALIA

• Thousands of people flocked to the Adelaide National Gallery last month for an exhibition of the works of famous English painter Joseph Mallord William Turner (1775-1851).

SIXTEEN Turner paintings, worth more than £500,000, were lent by the Tate Gallery, London, for showing in Australia. Two of them are reproduced here.

The Adelaide exhibition was held during the city's Festival of Arts, and was opened by the Mayor of Adelaide on March 12.

The only other Australian city to see the paintings will be Sydney.

The "Daily Telegraph" is sponsoring the Sydney exhibition in the National Art Gallery there.

The opening, by Sir William Oliver, United Kingdom High Commissioner, is on April 20.



"BATTLE OF TRAFALGAR"



"THE GOLDEN BOUGH"

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - April 27, 1960



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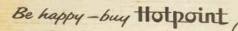
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New A.E.I. Hi Speed radiant elements heat up in seconds—special spill-tray lifts out



Economical as well as fast, boil on top grill below, all on the one large grill-boil element. Ovens with glass door panels have interior light built in



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HONS and REBELS

网络网络网络网络网络

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By Jessica Mitford

Continuing the intimate story of the amazing Mitford family

STAYING in London was always a delightful experience, but the year Diana was married the thrilling wedding preparations lent a special Midas touch.

The excitement of it! Debo and I could hardly bear it. There were endless fittings of our gold- and cream-colored bridesmaids' dresses, parcels of wedding presents arriving by every post to be unpacked and pawed over, lists of deli-cious food for the reception to be studied. to be studied

Debo and I breathed in an unaccustomed, luxurious atmosphere of satin, lace, tissue paper, crepe-de-chine trousseau underclothes, pigskin luggage, with the promise of lobster meusse and wedding cake in the immediate offing.

Boud, huger than ever and in the extreme throes of adol-escence, stood gloweringly aloof, and could only be per-suaded with difficulty to try on her enormous bridesmaid's

storey house at 26 Rutland Gate, Kensington. Rutland Gate is a fairly short cul-de-sac facing Hyde Park, with a large fenced-in garden down middle.

Nanny did her best to keep us out of the way. There were us out of the way. There were the usual London outings, or if Nanny was too busy to take us anywhere we spent our time in the square garden at a new Honnish activity: escaping from white-slavers.

White-slavers

Miss Bunting had first in-troduced us to this fascinating subject. During a geography lesson on South America, the subject of Buenos Aires had come up, and she explained that the capital of Argentina was mainly noted as a distri-bution centre for white slaves.

In fact, a friend of a friend of a friend of hers had had a arther unnerving experience as a result of going to a London cinema alone. An innocuous-looking old lady sat beside her and gave her a morphine in-jection, and the poor friend's friend's friend had next been heard of in Buenos Aires. Since Debo and I were not allowed to go beyond the en-trance to Rutland Gate alone,

anyone not in uniform," our contribution to the fight against the white-slave traffic was of necessity somewhat limited.

There was one white-slaver in particular who lived a few from us in Rutland Gate. Every morning, as we were walking our dogs, he hur-

and had often been cautioned broker, who greeted us be-by Muy "never to speak to cause he knew we were Nancy's little sisters.

Nancy, in turn, spread the story all over London, and the poor stockbroker became known in London society as "The White-slaver," a nickname he probably carries to this day.

At last the longed-for day

more settled over us at Swin brook—a suffocating sense in the permanence of one's sur roundings, family, and was of life.

To me, at the discontent age of thirteen, the unvarying sameness of life had suddenly become unbearable.

A thirteen-year-old is a kaleidoscope of different per-sonalities, if not in most ways a mere figment of her ow imagination. At that age, who and who you are depend largely on what book you hap-pen to be reading at the

Daydreams

You are a Bronte sister pouring out your wild genius on the lonely moor.

You are Elizabeth Barrett Browning on her sickbed, great luminous eyes staring from an emaciated face, the helpless victim of a narrow-minded, vengeful father—but your iron will is capable of triumphing over his petty tyranny in the

For a day or two you might be a tall, serious, dark-eyed sixth form prefect out of one of Angela Brazil's school

Sometimes you are even Clara Bow, the "It" girl, stir-ring thousands with your warm beauty; or the mysterious Swedish spellbinder, Greta

Swedish spellbinder, Greta Garbo.

But then, when you catch sight of yourself in the mirror, you realise sadly that while all these people are extremely thin, you are plump and healthy; that while some are exceptionally beautiful and some fascinatingly ugly, you are medium pretty.

are medium pretty.

It suddenly occurs to you that the hundreds of people you see in the course of a day in London are as real as yourin London are as real as your-self, each with his own indi-viduality, each with a past. Heretofore people outside the immediate family were two-dimensional, half-men and women, part of the scenery. You discover suffering—you

catch disturbing, vivid glimpses of the real meaning of poverty, hunger, cold, cruelty.

The train journey to London led through miles and miles of insucesse buildings of flats, surrounded on all sides by lines of washing hung out in the filthy London air. Sometimes groups of white-faced, ragged children could be seen from

Key to the Mitfords

• In the first instalment last week of "Hons and Rebels," the story of her family, Jessica Mitford told of the growing-up of the one son and six daughters of David Freeman-Mitford, second Baron Redesdale, and Lady Redesdale, at their family seat, Swinbrook House, in the Cotswolds.

Because of their many idiosyncracies, the Mitfords were regarded, not unjustifiably, as eccentrics.

Jessica told of the strange family games, the odd tan-trums and prejudices of "Farve" (Lord Redesdale), the succession of governesses, and of the rows and excite-ment that developed when Diana, the third daughter, became engaged at 18 to Bryan Guinness, of the Irish brewing family.

brewing family.

Members of the Mitford family in "Hons and Rebels"

Thomas, only son, born 1909, died of wounds in Burma, 1945.

• Nancy, born 1904, mar-ried Hon. Peter Rudd, author of (among others) "The Pursuit of Love,"

Pamela, born 1907, mar-ried W/Cdr. Derek Jackson.

Diana, born 1910, mar-ried first Hon. Bryan Guin-ness, then Sir Oswald Mos-

Unity, born 1914, died unmarried 1948; was ad-mired by Nazis as "a perfect

• Jessica, born 1917, mar-ried first Esmond Romilly, then Robert Truchaft, of New York.

Deborah, born 1920, mar-ried Duke of Devonshire.

ried past us in his bowler hat and black suit, carrying a furled umbrella; and he always said, "Good morning." Since he was not in uniform

and we had never been intro-duced to him, his greeting was proof enough that he must be

a slaver.
"Don't answer him, Debo,
or you'll wake up in Buenos
Aires and be distributed," I
warned her. "And don't run
—that only excites them."

Finer graning at six he came

Every evening at six he came striding back down Rutland Gate, and with a preoccupied smile—probably thinking over some of his distribution problems in Buenos Aires — he said, "Good evening."

We walked firmly ahead,

never quickening our steps, never looking in his direction.

But our reaction was one of undisguised annoyance when we learned that he was only a friend of Nancy's, a highly respectable married stock-

of the wedding rolled around; but Debo and I were in bed with scarlet fever and high temperatures.
"I don't think it would hurt

"I don't think it would hurt them to get up, just for the service, and then they could go right back to bed after-wards," Muv said. But Bryan's family put all their feet down in concert and

with great firmness. Even Diana felt that the appearance of our bright red faces might cast a certain pall over the occasion and cause some unfavorable comment among the wedding guests.

Diana seemed different after

her marriage. She was now a Beauty with a capital B. Photographs of her stared from the covers of the society weeklies with great regularity; her portrait was painted by a dozen artists.

After Diana's wedding the familiar atmosphere of solid, unchanging monotony once



the train, or gaunt young women in men's caps wheeling pallid babies.

pallid babies.

The newspapers from time to time carried stories of hardship cases — a whole family living in one room, old people pensions who couldn't af-

ford sugar in their tea.

What could be done about it all? I fretted and fumed at my inability to discover a

at my inability to discover a sociution.

Nanny thought it would be nice if we joined an organisation called the Sunbeams. The idea was that a rich child would be given the address of a poor child, they would correspond, and the rich child would send old clothes or toys from time to time.

My Sunbeam was a girl a year older than I named Rose Dickson. I spent hours packing up old jerseys and skirts into exciting-looking parcels, and spent all my pocket-money on presents for Rose. I imagined that my letters, which consisted of a highly romanticised account of life at Swinbrook, must bring great joy into her drab existence.

True, I made myself out to her core of several sun or cannot be sent of the server of

True, I made myself out to be a sort of cross between Little Lord Fauntleroy and Sarah in "The Little Princess." My un-"The Little Princess." My un-successful daily bouts with scrubby little Joey, who usu-ally managed to throw me, be-came transformed into fearless gallops through woods and copses on my thoroughbred.

Poor Rose

My spaniel Tray came through as a great mastiff, faithful and great

My spaniel Tray came through as a great mastiff, faithful and gentle with his mistress, but a dangerous brute indeed if crossed by a stranger.

Rose seemed to like the letters. Hers to me were in an extremely flowery style and strictly phonetic spelling. She was one of six children, and strictly phonetic spelling, She was one of six children, and strictly phonetic spelling, She was one of six children, and strictly phonetic spelling, She was one of six children, and strictly phonetic spelling, She was one of six children, and the described in heartrending detail the miscrable, over-crowded conditions in which they lived—all six of them in two beds in one tiny room.

I began to be obsessed with the idea that we must at all costs get Rose away from London. I begged my mother to let her come for a visit.

"I really don't think that would do. Little D.," Muv said gently. "Think of how dreadfully uncomfortable she'd feel."

After weeks of campaigning

on my part, my mother hit on She would Rose, now fourteen and out of school, as a between-maid, or

was overjoyed, and wrote

off immediately to Rose.
"It's like a fairy-tale come true!" Rose said in her reply, full of profuse thanks.

full of profuse thanks.

"I'm afraid being a tweeny isn't really very much like a fairy-tale," my mother commented, but, of course, I didn't believe her. On the contrary, I thought it a very apt simile for one about to be plucked from the London slums and wafted to a beautiful country house.

I tried to imagine what Rose would look like: probably mere skin and bones, with huge, soulful brown eyes.

soulful brown eyes.

At last the day of her arrival dawned, and I was allowed to go to the station with the chauffeur to meet her. To my surprise, she was quite fat, but she had the pasty, drawn look of sunless London children. After greeting each other we became completely tongue-tied, and sat in silence for the whole drive home.

I didn't see much of her

I didn't see much of her after that. Once or twice I passed her on the upstairs landing, carrying slop-pails and dusters, looking different in her uniform

Two days after her arrival, my mother broke the sad news to me. Annie, the head housemaid, had reported that Rose cried herself to sleep every night and refused to eat. Annie guessed that she was suffering tortures of homesick-

When she was asked if she when she was asked if she would like to go home, she brightened up for the first time since her arrival, and my mother arranged to send her hack to London on the next

The whole episode worried and puzzled me a great deal. Was it my fault? Should I have anticipated that Rose would miss her family? Homesickness was not only unknown to me — I couldn't even imagine what it must feel like. My few visits away from home alone to cousins' houses during Nanny's two-week annual holiday had all seemed to me outstanding events, great treats to be cherished in the memory. The whole episode worried

Could being a tweeny have had something to do with Rose's unhappiness?

ippiness?
I looked up the duties of a veeny in Mrs. Beeton's "Book Household Management," ad read: "The Between Maid is, perhaps, the only one of her class deserving of commiscra-tion; her life is a solitary one, and in some places her work is never done . . ." Perhaps that had been the trouble . . .

First school

Meanwhile, something so ex-citing happened in my life that it left no room for regrets or self-searching. Debo and I were at last sent to school for a few

We were staying at Old Mill Cottage at the time, since both the other houses were let.

The cottage was on the out-skirts of High Wycombe, and Oakdale was a private day-school, attended mostly by the daughters of merchants, doc-tors, and business people in the

town.

I quickly made "best friends" with another girl in my form. Her name was Viola Smythe, and actually I only rather liked her, but she adored me with a dog-like subservience. We decided to start a club; I would be the head of it, and Viola the sub-head.

We drew up elaborate rules. sub-head.

We drew up elaborate rules,

the most important of which was that we would meet every Saturday at the house of one of the members.

The first meeting was to be at my house, I asked my mother if I could have some girls to tea the following Sat-

To tea? Oh, no, darling "To tea? Oh, no, darling, of course not. If you have them to tea they'll invite you to tea with them, and you wouldn't be able to go. You see, I don't know any of their mothers."

No use arguing or pressing for a reason. This sort of discussion always produced a cold-

No use a cason. This sort of dis-cussion always produced a cold, grim anger in the grown-ups, like that caused by making jokes about God or talking

jokes about God or talking about sex.

My parents would have been not so much shocked as blankly uncomprehending if anyone had accused them of "being snobbish."

Snobbishness was surely by definition a purely middle-class

attribute, finding expression in attribute, finding expression in an unhealthy desire to rise above one's station, and in turn to look down superciliously at those below one in the social scale. My parents would not have dreamed of looking down on anyone; they preferred to look straight ahead, caring not at all if this tended to limit their victor.

In my parents' view of history, upper class, middle class, and working class were destined to travel for ever harmoniously on parallel tracks which could never meet.

Yet collisions did occur; there had been a nasty smash-up in Russia, another was threaten-ing in Germany, and in that year of 1931 there were growng signs of upheaval in Eng-and itself.

land itself.

Major storms were brewing beyond the confines of the fortness. Unemployment was rising alarmingly throughout England, Hunger marches were reported in the papers. Police and strikers fought in the streets, Great population centres were designated "distressed areas."

The younger generation was highly political. Old concepts of patriotism, flag-waving, jingoism were under violent attack by the younger writers.

The Oxford Union vowed The Oxford Union vowed: "Under no circumstances will we fight for King and Country." This action by a small handful of Oxford undergraduates produced electrifying results. The Oxford Pledge, as it came to be known, was taken up as a rallying cry by youth of all countries.

Fierce debate

The Pledge became the sub-ject of editorials in every news-paper, and of a raging debate in the letter columns. It seemed as though every retired colonel in England must have roused himself to put pen to paper in defence of King and Empire. The left-wing Press hailed the Pledge as a blow to armaments race.

the armaments race.

Within the fortress, we viewed these events as through a glass, darkly — or perhaps, more accurately, as seen in the crazy mirror of a fun house. My mother felt that the crisis had been caused by the institution of unemployment benefits, which had removed

all incentive, and by the eighthour day, which dictated to tree-born Englishmen how many hours they could work.

Parents and uncles alike agreed that the young pacifists of the Oxford Union would benefit greatly from a good horsewhipping. Aunts warned that the Lon-

Aunts warned that the London Scason, with its debutante balls and Court presentations, might even in our generation become a thing of the past.

I responded, like many another of my generation, by becoming first a convinced pacifist, then quickly graduating to socialist ideas.

When I was fourteen I read "Cry Havoc," Beverley Nichols' indictment of war. A whole now world had opened up for me. Pacifist literature led directly to the left-wing Press, of which I became an avid reader. reader.
I felt as though I had sud-

I felt as though I had sud-denly stumbled on the solution to a vast puzzle which I had been clumisly trying to solve for years. I longed to meet some flesh-and-blood exponents of this new philosophy. Nancy and her pro-Labor friends were

and her pro-Labor friends were disappointing.

When they discussed politics they seemed to support social-ism, but as far as I could see they never really did anything about it.

"Who, don't may recognize

about it.
"Why don't you campaign
for the Labor Party?" I asked

"Oh, darling, you know how it would upset the Poor Old Revereds besides, think of the dreadful boredom . ."

"There you go, being weak-minded again, just like you were about the bed-sitter and your underclothes. A drawing-room pink, that's what you

room pink, that's what you are."

I began to see the family in a new light.

"Farve, d'you realise that as well as being a Sub-Human you're a Feudal Remnant?"

"You're not to call Farve a remnant, Little D.; that's very rude," Muv intervened.

"Not so rude; there's even a Lord Remnant next to Farve in the Peerage, I just looked him up. Lord Remnant probably realises he is one, that's why he chose that title. Anyway, Muv, don't you realise you are an Enemy of the Working Class yourself?"

Muv was genuinely stung.

"I'm not an enemy of the working class! I think some of them are perfectly sweet!" she retorted angrily. I could almost see the visions of perfectly

see the visions of perfectly sweet nannies, grooms, game-keepers, that the phrase must have conjured up in her mind. I decided to keep my new ideas to myself for a while; there was little hope they would take root in this distinctly un-fertile soil.

Nevertheless, a new dimen-sion was added to my Running-Away plans. I knew now what I was running away from, and what I should be running to.

Although Boud and I had fought and quarrelled unremittingly throughout childhood, by the time she was eighteen and I was fifteen we had, surprisingly, become great friends.

Unity expelled

Boud had grown from a giant-sized schoolgirl into a huge and rather alarming debutante almost six feet tall, with a thick blond mane of hair. Her rather overpowering personality matched her size

In the schoolroom, she had hastened the departure of many a governess. She had been expelled from school, according to her version, "simply for saying one word," when she had been called on to recite before the assembled school, board of trustees, and parents. The word was "rot," which she had added to the line, "A garden is a lovesome thing, God wot."

She had perfected a method.

She had perfected a method of making my father fly into a of making my father fly into a rage by glowering at him at mealtimes. She would sit silently stowing away quantities of mashed potatoes, her eyes fixed on Fatve with a sombre, brooding glare. He would glare back, trying to make Boud drop her gaze, but she invariably won out. Crashing his fasts on the table, he would roar; "Stop looking at me, damn you!"

I envied her this accomplish-

looking at me, damn you!"

I envied her this accomplishment, at the same time pointing out that she was taking unfair advantage of my father's subhuman aspects: "Poor Farve, he's like a lion, not able to stand being fixed by the Human Eye."

Boud had always had a flair for a certain baroque style of decorative art. As a debutante.

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The International Passport to

smoking pleasure



For that deep down enjoyment
of rich choice tobaccos
plus the miracle filter
that gives you ... easy draw
... more flavor
... more satisfaction
with much less nicotine ...

Peter Stuyvesant. the man who four New York, 1653 TUYVES and New York, 1653 Made in Australia under Special licence from the American Cigarette Co. S.A. Pty. Ltd.

LIGHT UP A STUYVESANT-YOU'LL BE SO GLAD YOU DID

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Continuing HONS AND REBELS



womanhood" description of Unity ("Boud") Mitford, a fanatical Nazi. A huge fat child, she became a beauty.



BIG SOCIAL EVENT of the 1929 season was the wedding of Diana, third of the Mitford girls, to Bryan Guinness, of the millionaire brewers.

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she began to apply this talent to her selection of clothes. She shone like an enormous peacock in flashing sham jewels, bought at a theatrical costumer's, and immense brocade evening dresses. To my mother's con-sternation, she bought a sham tiara, and insisted on wearing it to 'dances.

Boud's dissatisfaction with life mirrored my own. I ap-plauded her outrages, roared when she stole some writing paper from Buckingham Pal-ace and wrote to all her friends on it, cheered when she took her pet rat to dances.

Boud, in turn, was casting about for something more ex-citing than the London season offered — something prescribed by the parents, something amazing, shocking .

Diana divorced

Diana's house seemed like a good beginning, for we had een forbidden to visit her when, after a few years of mar-riage, she and Bryan were divorced. As usual, we in the schoolroom had been excluded from the dreadful row which followed their separation. Need-less to say, all this only made Diana more glamorous in our

Debo and I saw nothing of Diana for over a year, but for Boud it was a different matter. She could now come and go as she pleased, and she made many urreptitious visit to Diana's

There she met Sir Oswald Mosley, whom Diana later married. Mosley's political career had led him through the Conservative Party, the Labor Party, and the New Party, an abortive venture that lasted only about a year. He was now busily engaged in organising the British Union of Fascists, which Boud immediately joined.

lasted only about a year. He was now busily engaged in organising the British Union of Fascists, which Boud immediately joined.

"Don't you long to join to Decca? It's such fun." Go and see bels, and others begged, waving her branc new black shirt at me.

"Shouldn't think of it. hate the beastly Fascists." If you're going to be one, I'm going to be a Communist, so there."

In fact, this declaration was something more than a mere automatic taking of opposite sides to Boud: the little I knew about the Fascists repelled me their racism, super-militarism, brutality.

I took out a subscription to the "Daily Worker," bought volumes of Communist literature and literature that I supposed to be Communist, rigged up some home-made hammer and-sickle flags. My Communist library was a catholic one indeed, and many of the authors would no doubt have been a mazed to find themselves in-mazed to find t posed to be Communist, rigged up some home-made hammer-and-sickle flags. My Commu-nist library was a catholic one indeed, and many of the authors would no doubt have been amazed to find themselves in-cluded. cluded.

cluded.

Boud and I both avoided the company of the grown-ups at this time as much as we could. At Swinbrook we practically lived in one room except for mealtimes. We divided it down the middle, and Boud decorated her side with Fascist insignia of all kinds—photographs of Mussolini, photographs of Mosley trying to look like Mussolini; the new German swastika, man swastika,

My side was fixed up with My side was fixed up with my Communist library, a small bust of Lenin purchased for a shilling in a second-hand shop, a file of "Daily Workers." Sometimes we would barricade with chairs and stage pitched

The endless schoolroom talk of "What are we going to do when we grow up?" changed in tone.

"I'm going to Germany to meet Hitler," Boud announced.

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"I'm going to run away and be a Communist," I countered.

Debo stated confidently that she was going to marry a duke and become a duchess. "One day he'll come along, the duke I love . ." she murmured

seldom have childhood pre-

Seldom have childhood predictions materialised with greater accuracy.

Although Boud's interest in Fascism had at first been kept a secret from the grown-ups, it soon leaked out. It was the year of Hitler's accession to power. Boud's announced intention was to go to Germany, learn German, and meet the Fuhrer. My parents put up much less opposition than might have been expected.

Perhaps the thought of another London season of sham

other London season of sham tiaras and tame rats let lose in ballrooms was a bit more than my mother could contem-plate. Boud was allowed to go.

Within six months she came home for a brief visit, having accomplished both her objectives. She already spoke fairly specimens of Aryan woman-hood." The Press made much of the prophetic nature of Boud's Christian names.—Unity Valkyrie.

I hardened my resolution to run away and to cast my lot with the anti-Fascists.

I still loved Boud for her I still loved Boud for her huge, glittering personality, for her rare brand of eccentricity, for a kind of loyalty to me which she preserved in spite of our now very real differences of outlook.

When I thought about it, I had a sad and uneasy feeling that we were somehow being swept apart by a huge tidal wave over which we had no control.

Sometimes we even talked of what would happen in a revolutionary situation. We both agreed we'd simply have to be prepared to fight on opposite sides, and even tried to picture what it would be like if one day one of us had to give the order for the other's execution.

There was no one with whom to share my Socialist ideas. True, Nancy still seemed to veer in that direction occasionJournal. Scotland Yard In-

Journal. Scotland Yard Inquiry."

The extremist journal was titled "Out of Bounds," edited and published by Esmond. The "Daily Mail" quoted from the magazine's statement of principles: "Out of Bounds' will preally champion the force of the control of the contro openly champion the forces of progress against the forces of reaction on every front, from compulsory military training to propagandist teaching."

Shortly after the "Daily Mail" story appeared, the news broke that Esmond had run away from school.

Headlines

Newspapers variously head-lined the story: Mr. Churchill's Fifteen-year-old Nephew Van-ishes; Winston's "Red" Nephew; Colonel's Son Runs Away From School; "Under Influence of London 'Communists' Says

My admiration for Esmond was unbounded. Although we were second cousins, I had never met him.

As the year dragged interminably by, my schoolroom days came to an end, and my cousin Idden and I were sent to Paris to perfect our knowledge of French at the Sorbonne

bonne.

Then must follow, as inevitably as the sun rises, but never sets, on the British Empire, my first London season. It might turn out to be fun. After all, one was bound to meet hundreds of people; among them there must be a few kindred souls, a few people of my age also looking for a way out of their own particular fortress. fortress.

All the same, I had an un-casy feeling I wasn't going to enjoy it much and that the only good thing to be said for the whole procedure was that at last I'd be a Grown-Up.

last Pd be a Grown-Up.

We arrived back from Paris
to find that Esmond Romilly
was in the news again. Using
a left-wing Bloomsbury bookshop as his headquarters, he
had established a sort of informal centre for other boys
who had run away or been
expelled from public schools.

With their help he platted

With their help, he plotted the editing, production, and distribution of "Out of Bounds." The magazine was flourishing, after a fashion.

Its "infant left-wing editor,"

as the newspapers sarcastically called Esmond, had succeeded in attracting support and financial contributions from numerous unlikely sources.

numerous unlikely sources.

Bernard Shaw had sent a cheque and his congratulations; the "New Statesman" had commended some of the articles; even some of the London dailies had treated the venture with a sort of spoofing sympathy.

"Out of Bounds" was in

"Out of Bounds" was in truth a rather remarkable production. Sub-titled "Public Schools' Journal against Fascism, Militarism, and Reaction," it ran to some fifty printed pages of editorial comment, articles, correspondence, book reviews.

Distribution of the magazine presented enormous difficulties. presented enormous difficulties. As its front page proudly and starkly proclaimed, it was "Banned in Aldenham, Chelten-ham, Imperial Service College, Uppingham, Wellington."

Uppingham, Wellington."

In schools where there was no official ban, unofficial groups of public school patriots among the boys would see to it that copies were destroyed.

Esmond and his cohorts made frequent forays into Eton, Wellington, and other enemy strongholds, and were able to report sardonically:

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Unity meets Hitler and Nazi chiefs

"As I thought! Hitler's just another subhuman, like The Poor Old Male, and you subdued him with the power of the human eye," I said bit-

"Heil Hitler"

But Boud wouldn't be teased about her devotion to the Nazis. She was completely and utterly sold on them. The Nazi salute— "Heil Hitler!" with hand upraised — became her standard greeting to everyone, family, friends, the astonished post-mistress in Swinbrook village.

About this time the ban on Diana was lifted, and Boud and Diana, formerly far from friendly, became thick as

Diana accompanied Boud to Germany and was also admitted to the Nazi inner circle. Their activities soon reached the newspapers, and a columnist reported that Hitler had declared them to be "perfect

nist literature, and Nancy joined with the others in teas-ing me about being a "Ball-room Communist"—a cut below "drawing-room pink."

Rumors began to reach us about our second cousins, Giles and Esmond Romilly, who were at Wellington. They had in-furiated their parents and be-come the subject of family gos-sip by refusing to join the Q.T.C. and announcing that they were pacifists.

It was said that they had wrecked the school's Armistice Day observance by inserting pacifist leaflets in all the prayer-books. The leaflets had fluttered out at the moment of the two minutes' silence, causing a row of already minaria. ing a row of almost unimagin-able proportions.

Early in 1934 the activities of Esmond Romilly began to reach the Press. The "Daily Mail" ran a two-column story under the headlines, "Red Menace in Public Schools! Moscow Attempts to Corrupt Boys. Officer's Son Sponsors Extremist

THE COAT SITUATION

IN a season of triumphant coat designing, the new shaping runs this way:

The long-stemmed, easy-fit coat balanced by a tall hat; the straight coat with its own stole; the belted coat with far-flung width; the coat with dramatic sleeves and no collar.

The overall impression is an air of carefree, yet careful, nonchalance.

And one of the newest ways to wear a coat is with its own designed-for-the-coat hat.

Add revved-up color, a surge of hair-ribbon plaids, and a new blond shade with an apricot tone, and you have the coat story for 1960.

Footnote: Start a coat collection, and add to it each season.

The one-coat wardrobe vanished with button-up boots.

- BETTY KEEP



Laroche uses plaid in inky purple and black for the coat at left. A self-material belt runs through slots at the normal waistline. The furcap is pompon-trimmed.

Cardin's new-look silhouette for spring (above, left) is balanced by a high hat in coarse straw. The coat's slender line widens gently towards the hem. Griffe gives fresh chic to the spring duster (right, above) via kimono sleeves and the color—putty with an apricot caste.





Straight - cut, Straight - cut, col-larless, and beltless, the coat above has a matching fringed stole. The stole is worn back-to-front, and looped over cas-ually. A basin-shaped hat in soft black felt complements the coat complements the coat
— and the wearer.

Width and ease with-out weight is the for-mula for the Pierre Cardin coat, at right. The smooth surface wool fabric is checked in pastel-green, pink, and putty. The "doll" hat is swooped forward on the forehead.

Continued overleaf





Scented with rare, costly French perfumes ... rich with beauty-giving creams



lavish, luxurious Cashmere Bouquet

the gentlest Beauty Soap in the world

The unique creamy formula with its exquisite fragrance pampers your skin with a gentle beauty treatment every time you use Cashmere Bouquet soap. The rich deep cleansing lather brings to your skin a youthful glow, a satin smoothness that lasts all day. Fragrant Cashmere Bouquet Soap is so long-lasting, so cconomical. Let your whole family enjoy it - now in the colours you love PINK - SKY BLUE PRIMROSE . WHITE

Kept fresh and fragrant



luxurious, yet it costs no more than ordinary soaps!

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sleeves



Putty and grey flannel (above) are combined in a superbly simple coat. The collarless neckline is dressed up with a grey cravat. The helmet hat is straw.

Cardin cuts a topcoat (right) in orange velvet with a completely nonchalant silhouette. The outsize puffed beret is in the same orange as the coat.



THE colored coat is a terrific success in Paris and other capital

Fiery-orange and a bright luminous pink catch the discriminating fashion eye. Putty and dark grey, red and black are two recurring color twosomes.

Soft pliable wools look wonderfully new; when a fabric is thicktextured it is smooth, and as soft as a glove.

Pierre Cardin, who is famous for his coats, makes fresh news with a double-woven velvet with embossed surface.



Nina Ricci makes use of red and black plaid (left). The silhouette has a wonderfully easy fit. The kimono sleeves are a feature of this house.

Simonetta, of Rome, designed this coat (right) in pink ottoman silk. The coat is collarless, and has horizontal seams as an accent.

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• From previous page

Success fashion—the colored coat





Nothing must interrupt the experiment...

Not even the small cut on the scientist's hand - although it should be protected at once against infection. Fortunately, this is a matter of seconds with a Handyplast Strip. Impregnated with Antiseptic QAC*, each Handyplast Strip is hygienically and individually wrapped ready for instant use.

This ultra-thin, flesh-coloured strip adapts itself to every movement and is hardly visible. The scientist himself is scarcely aware of its presence - nor will his wife notice it when he comes home in the eve-

*QAC: Quaternary Ammonium Compound

Handyplast

A dressy wound dressing in Plastic, Waterproof or Elastic Ask your family chemist - he knows!





you're not allowed things, what are shops FORP

seems to

Dorothy Drawn

THE poultry farmer who this month sold land near Sydney for £360,000 not only made a profit of £351,500he set a new pattern in family anecdotes.

The farmer, Mr. Charles Baiada, bought 170 acres in 1944 for £8500,

His foresight in hanging on to it makes him different from your grandfather and mine, and all our friends' an-

These foolish characters once owned a block of land in Col-

Jins, Pitt, or Queen, or King William Streets, or maybe St. George's Terrace, and sold same

If, by any chance, your grandfather didn't own this land, he had it offered to him for the aforesaid £100 but failed to buy it, sparking off a grumble which his descendants keep going

POSTSCRIPT on that rock-n-roll show I mentioned week before last.

"What I can't understand," said an old friend of mine, "is how you could even think you could enjoy a show like that. After all, songs we used to like were just so superior."
"Cast your mind back," I said, "to the year you were in such a flap over the boy with the

don't remember," she said, with a ner-

vous side glance at her daughter.

"Oh yes you do," I insisted. "You couldn't forget. It was the year your father made such a fuss over that backless bathing suit, insisting that you covered four more vertebrae.

"That summer," I pressed on remorselessly, "we were both mad on a song called 'Forty-seven Ginger-headed Sailors' and if you still think it was superior in either music or lyries to modern pops, I know where I can lay my hands on a 78 of it."

REMEMBER the days during and just after the war when cigarettes were scarce, when you stood in queues for them, or lowered your voice round for a day. The girl who ate the apologetically as you asked for them last apple "felt an irresistible attraction" is on a long list of groceries?

Think about that and then listen to this:

An Australian girl who recently went to live at a small outpost in North Borneo found that she couldn't buy her favorite cigarettes.

So she wrote to the manufacturers' Australian

Within a few days she received letters from the firm's Sydney and Singapore offices, both assuring her of their best intentions. And a radio message came from Sandakan asking how. many cartons she wanted.

The company is one which has had an enormous success, keeping ahead of competitors in the current fierce baitling of tobacco interests. No wonder.

PROMISED America — for ale

20 years hence - an eltrical robot which a hou wife can use to conditi her moods.

She will set a dial indicate whether she wants me effort (say, spring cleaning relaxation (sitting down was cup of tea and contempting chaos calmly). I machine will respond situable music plus shifting atterns of light.

I like the sound of this I weeks now I have wanted do out the cupboard. I me

I have wanted to want to clean the cupbon If you are a first-class housewife with proinstincts you may not grasp the above senter. But others will understand.

Suddenly one morning you get up, jet-m elled, and rush out to buy shelf paper. When this housewifeliness attacks me,

makes me happy for at least two days.

At the office somebody says, "What's by matter with you? Have you won the lotters! I respond with what I believe to be enigmatic smile. To say—as I once did—"I just thinking about my clean cupboards" governe a regulation for eccentricity. one a reputation for eccentricity,

THE gentle tone of cajolery adopted in current recruiting advertisement must make old soldiers smile.

"You name it! The kind of job you want, but Corps you want! The Army has over 350 different types of job to offer. There's surely ON that's just right for You."

The ad doesn't actually offer breakfast a bed, but the above extract is typical of the

Don't think I'm complaining. It's an ad din spells peacetime. And that suits us all.

PROFESSOR at Goettingen Uni A versity, West Germany, claim success with love potions based of ancient witchcraft. In one instance b gave a man student an apple to cam the man.

"I've carried round," the student said "this apple for a day."

"For why?" she asked. "Search me," ht said, "I really couldn't say."

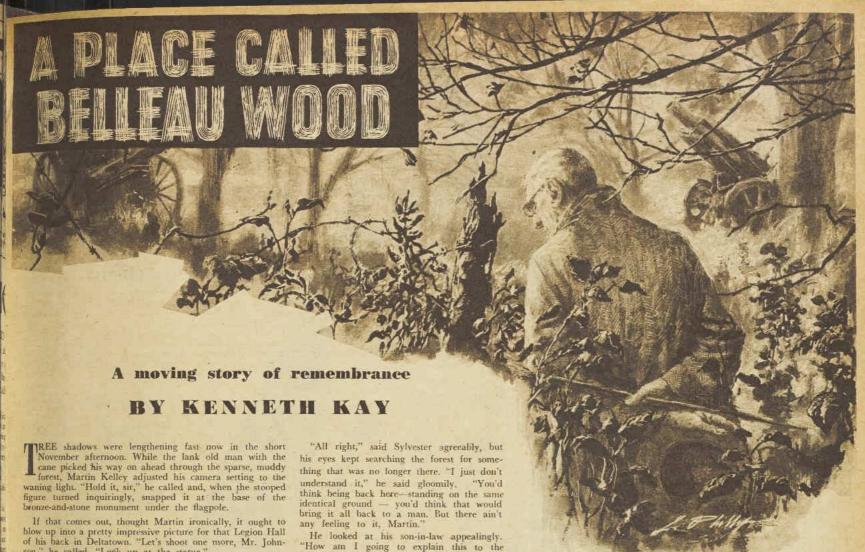
That broke the ice. They chatted, and he asked her for a date,

Some said it was a magic spell, and other called it fate.

Still others, somewhat cynical, just shool their heads and said

Such wizardry's no trouble when you college is co-ed.

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If that comes out, thought Martin ironically, it ought to blow up into a pretty impressive picture for that Legion Hall of his back in Deltatown. "Let's shoot one more, Mr. John-son," he called "Look up at the statue."

Sylvester Johnson nodded obligingly and pointed his cane. It was not a statue exactly. It was a bronze bas-relief casting on stone of a heroically muscled United States Marine, stripped for hot-weather fighting to rifle belt, baggy breeches, and puttees, charging eternally with a bayoneted Springfield, his bronze face fixed forever in a howl of demoniac fury.

Overhead the American flag drooping in a foreign laud stirred red stripes languidly as chill autumn air passed through the tree tops and brought dead leaves fluttering down. This peaceful Champagne copse was a place called Belleau Wood — and, thought Martin Kelley, if I don't get the old guy out of it pretty soon into somewhere that's warm, he'll be catching cold and Doris will give me fits. "Ready to go, sir?"

"I expect so, Martin." Sylvester Johnson moved away from the monument to stare thoughtfully at rusty wire coiling along the shell-dimpled forest floor and at the black wheels and thrusting barrels of World War I fieldpieces scattered among the trees. "I declare," he said, sounding puzzled, "it's all kind of disappointing. I still don't feel like I'm looking at anything I ever saw before."

"Isn't it always like that, sir?" said Martin politely. "Places you go back to after a long time are never the way you remembered them."

"Maybe," said Sylvester in a troubled tone. "But some Maybe, said Sylvester in a troubled tone. "But some things a man ought not to forget. Six days of pure hell we went through in these woods and the boys dying around like flies. A man ought not to forget that." He waved his cane impatiently. "But everything's gone and changed so. All these big trees — why, it looks more like some kind of park than a place that men died in.

"When we took this ground, what trees were left weren't anything but burnt black snags. Black stumps and wire and bare tree trunks and the ground all blown up. Six days we fought without artillery support, and the Germans beat us

"But we held out. And when they finally did bring the big guns up behind us we went on through."

Pride quickened his voice. "Four years the Germans held this sector and nobody could budge 'em. But we did it. We took everything those fellows threw at us, and it was plenty, but we went on in regardless and drove them out. With

Oh, heavens, thought Martin in pitying dismay, do I have to hear all that again? Didn't I hear enough of it from his cronies in Deltatown the day he dragged me down to the hall? Those old bores with their endless tales of Chateau-Thierry and Saint-Miniel and the Meuse-Argonne! I know a little bit about war, thought Martin irritably. I ought to Three years flying bombers in the Pacific — and that was a real war.

The evening air sharpened and Sylvester Johnson shivered in his topcoat. "Look, sir," said Martin, "we ought to be getting to the car,"

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He looked at his son-in-law appealingly. "How am I going to explain this to the boys back home? For a lot of the boys nothing much very important's ever happened since the war, and they were all excited about me getting to come here. They're counting on me to tell them what it felt like being back."

He paused. "And it don't feel like anything."
"Well, in that case," said Martin, "perhaps we ought to call it all off and go back to Paris tonight. That way you and Doris and the girls could leave for the Riviera a day

"Well, no," said Sylvester reluctantly. "I hate to give up on it so easy. No, I expect we'd better go on to Verdun and spend tomorrow seeing the battlefields. I reckon I owe that much to the boys because none of them will ever get to come here. You see" — he grinned at Martin self-consciously — "they haven't got a fine successful son-in-law with a big business position in Paris to visit."

Martin flushed. "Whatever you say, Mr. Johnson." He tried to say it genially, but to his own ears the words sounded falsely hearty. Why do I have to be so stiff and formal with him? he thought. He's a nice old fellow. I wish I could bring myself to call him dad. He's a lonely man with his wife gone and no children but Doris, and it would be a kindly thing

But he couldn't. It was impossible for him. Martin was city-bred, Northern-bred, a successful corporation executive. Nothing in his background equipped him for easy familiarity with the garrulous, slow-moving, retired hardware merchant from a small bayou town, whose daughter he had married.

"If you'd like to stay here a little longer, sir," he said hesitantly, "I'll walk down to the car and pick you up here." "Why, thank you, Martin. I'll just do that. Maybe if I keep looking, some of it will come back to me."

But instead of trying to reconstruct battle lines in his head Sylvester watched Martin's solid figure moving off smartly down the gravelled forest road.

He's a mighty good boy, he thought fondly, but I declare I don't understand him. Maybe if we'd ever gone duck hunting or fishing the way I planned it those times, I might know him better.

I'm mighty glad though, he thought, that I took him down to the Legion Hall when he was still in uniform. I'm glad I did that much. Even if he didn't hit it off with the boys too well. But pshaw, he thought loyally, that wasn't Martin's

Those ignorant loafers around the hall just didn't know how to take to a smart, educated Northern boy like him. But I was mighty proud of Martin that day with his ribbons and wings on his chest and those gold leaves shining.

Night was descending on Belleau Wood. The bare trees darkened, thickened, seemed to close ranks about Sylvester. Stealthy white ground fog came creeping through the timber, and an owl hooted curtly. An inexplicable uncusiness overtook Sylvester. He glanced about nervously, as if there were something behind him.

As the old man stood near the rusted guns it seemed that something of the spirit of his dead comrades was with him.

I declare, he thought, turning up his coat collar, it cer-tainly gets dark in these woods. I'd forgotten how dark the nights are in France. I wish Martin would hurry up with

He was not a superstitious man. But the white fog crawling and wavering among the still trees began to trouble him. It struck him then with sharp, forceful clarity that he, an old man now, was standing where hundreds of young men of his time and generation had died. He was old, dry-honed and brittle, but they were still young and green and full of sap because it had not been permitted to them to grow old.

A notion came to him, mixed with faint dread, that the pale, coiling wraiths were not fog at all, but some subtle emanation that comes from earth where many men have died. He protested the idea, but it clung. You take a place like this, a battlefield where men are cut down young; how do we know that some persistent kind of essence of them doesn't stay in that place?

What the burial details pick up and take away when they come through later, that's not the essential part of a man. Not if there's anything to what we believe in about man's immortal spirit. They can't bury that under any concrete

And now it seemed that the forest had begun whispering to him, was coaxing and wheedling him. Remember, it seemed to urge. Remember, it whispered. Remember us.

seemed to urge. Remember, it whispered, Remember us. Remember how it was.

Sylvester Johnson stirred restively. He swallowed and peered into the forest fearfully. But I don't like this much, he conceded. I don't like it a bit and I reckon that makes me an old fool with too much imagination. I think I'll just kind of start walking down to where Martin parked the car.

He turned in the darkness, stumbled on a root, and went headlong into a leafy shell-hole. He lost his cane and his glasses, and, when he fumbled for them blindly, snagged his hands on barbed wire. He tried to struggle up, but his coat caught under his knees and pinned him down. Cold horror seized Sylvester Johnson. Once, long before, he had been trapped in a shell-hole and lay shuddering all night under a ceaseless artillery barrage.

trapped in a shell-hole and lay shuddering all hight under a ceaseless artillery barrage.

The memory of his fear that night, real as the thing itself, rushed upon him. Shaking uncontrollably, held fast in the obscene clutch of horror, he rocked helplessly in the ancient shell-hole while wave upon sickening wave of remembered

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leasure Cruise

A short short story

L. JERMYN

Trask made her way unsteadily along the corridor. Out in the foyer, white-coated stewards bustled foyer, white-coated stewards bustled to and fro about their morning tasks; little groups of people chatted excitedly; mothers scooped up protesting children and hurried them off down the maze of passages beyond; lovers stood shyly hand in hand, waiting their place in the queue; and a young man, immaculate in neatly pressed shirt and shorts, made lastminute adjustments to his expensive

Miss Trask emerged from the corridor and stood for a few moments, her bird-like eyes darting from one to another. This was her first sea voyage.

like eyes darting from one to another. This was her first sea voyage.

Soon the great white liner would be in port — a foreign port. She felt a wave of excitement at the thought of herself walking down the gangway, making her way through the city.

Pictures flashed through her mind — exotic bazzars, oriental women, and swarthy men peering from darkened doorways; primitive music and the warnth of a tropical sun soaking through her body.

She could see herself shopping in a narrow street, buying trinkets to put in the glass case in the drawing-room. She remembered the one in her late employer's home — oak, Mrs. Plunkett-Jones had said it was — filled with the most wonderful things: tiny pottery jars, gold cups and saucers, carved figures, gold cups and saucers, carved figures, and two black elephants with real ivory

Somehow, far below the deck, she could hear the churning of the water. Then the vibration ceased

and she guessed that the engines had steadied down, ready to ease the ship to her

Miss Trask hurried across the busy foyer and climbed the stairs to the promenad-deck above. The air was hot on her face and she shaded her eyes with her hand as she looked out over the rail-

she had actually arrived somewhere, she could hardly believe it had all happened, and the years before had suddenly slipped away into the past.

But she could still hear the thin, high-pitched voice calling her: "Miss Trask, bring me my shawl. You know I can't stand the cold."

"Miss Trask, how often have I told you — don't put my Chinese vase on the side of the over-mantel."

"Miss Trask . . . Miss Trask . . ."

She passed a bony hand across her forehead as though the movement would shut out the memories.

For twelve years she had worked for the selfish old thing. Certainly, she mused, she could have left her employer. But when she had told Mrs. Plunkett-Jones, the old woman had just looked at her and said, "You won't find it so easy, you know who would give a job

so easy, you know, who would give a job to an old woman?" Yes, that was true— it was better that she stay. She would be sixty-four next birthday, but that didn't matter now, because she would have her own place to live in. She had saved up her money for that.

"Are you going ashore, Miss Trask?"
The words brought her back with a start, and she tunned away from the sea and looked at the person beside her. It was that nice young girl who sat at her table. Miss Trask smiled at her as she said, "Oh, yes. You see, I wanted to buy some things to take home — oh, not yery much, but just one or two things.

very much, but just one or two things to put in my cabinet."

The girl nodded sympathetically. "Yes, things are usually pretty cheap here, I'm told," she said.

Dear old soul — travelling alone, too, she thought. Wonder if she has any family; rather pathetic to be all yourself.

by yourself.

Aloud is Aloud she asked: "Is this your first trip, Miss Trask?"

Miss Trask edged nearer. "Oh, yes, dear. You see, I've been looking after a lady — lived in Chessford, you know —

lady — lived in Chessford, you know — but she didn't like me to stay away for long. She couldn't get about, you see, and I had to do all the work."

The end of the last sentence was drowned by the speaker on the deck. . "May I have your attention, please. The gangway will be situated on I deck. Passengers who wish to go ashore are requested to wait 30 minutes to are requested to wait 30 minutes to avoid undue congestion in the foyer. This is the end of the announcement,

thank you."
"Oh! I must get ready, mustn't I?"
Miss Trask clutched her black patent-leather bag and turned from her com-

"Are you going alone, Miss Trask? I thought you might like to come ashore with Mr. and Mrs. Blair."

"Oh, how kind of you, But I have two gentlemen calling for me—I had a message from the purser's office this morning. He was very nice—he said they would look after me. Well, dear, I must get ready."

She smiled, and Jean Garland felt a little sad as she watched the thin body in the loosely fitting floral frock dis-appear through the door.

Miss Trask edged through, the crowd miss trask edget intoday, to the cabin. She would put on her hat with the flowers on it, and her gloves. She supposed that she didn't really need gloves, but it might look

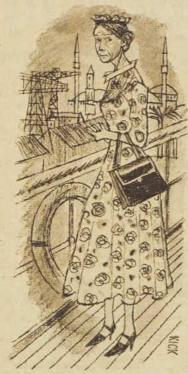
It hadn't seemed long since she had stepped on boardbut it was nearly six days. She peered at the numbers on the sides of the cabins.

Ships were such confusing things, she decided. All the passages looked alike. She could hear the clanging of the anchors as they slid to the bottom of the harbor — soon she to the bottom of the harbor. She turned would be going ashore. She happily in the door of 975-979.

Dipen the door of 975-979.

Upon the deck the crew was busy with the lowering of the gangway. Small rowing-boats laden down low in the water drifted about, jockeying for a good position at the ship's side. They were the traders, eager to bargain with the tourists—anxious to sell their goods while the ship was in port.

Miss Trask joined the other passen-



As soon as the ship berthed Miss Trask was all ready to go ashore.

gers in the queue. She could see one of the officers standing at the head of the

Two uniformed men came up the steps and on board. The man next to her seemed to know all about everything — he said they were health officers, and certainly she noticed that they both carried cases

There were lots of other people com-ing on board, and it was very noisy. But she heard the voice over the speaker: "Miss Trask, berth number 976 — please

"Miss Trask, berth number 976 — please would you call at the purser's office—the matter is urgent."

She knew before she got there why they had called her. She had known it would happen, but she had wanted so much to go ashore; to see the shops, to buy something of her own. She had looked forward to this more than anything.

She had known when she had held the

over her late employer's face that she would lose what little she had . . funny, really, but she didn't mind

> She walked down the stairs and across the lobby to the office. She could see the men.

'You called me," she said,

The man in the grey suit came over to her, "Yes, Miss Trask," he said kindly "We want to ask you a few questions Would you come this way, please?"

She allowed him to assist her around the filing cabinet into the room at the side. "Thank you," she said. "Will you be able to let me go ashore?"

The man turned towards her.

"Yes, I think we can arrange that," he replied.













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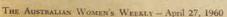
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angenous YANNING AND STREET, SALES

Beginning a two-part serial BY DONALD MACKENZIE

ILLUSTRATED BY LASKIE

HE four-fifty train from Waterloo stopped at Two Bridges as it always did, Monday through Friday. Fraser slammed the heavy door behind him and sprinted for the barrier.

A solitary cab driver sat behind swishing windshield wipers like some disconsolate fish in a tank. Fraser ducked into the rain, running the length of the yard and stood there under a driving overhang. Screened by a half-open door he had a clear view of the waiting-room exit.

Now I'll know, he told himself. In a couple of minutes I'll be sure. There had been no chance of certainty at Water-

A dozen yards had separated him from the man he had followed through the barrier there. No time for more than a glimpse of jawline—an impression of stooped, ponderous height. Yet enough to keep Fraser hidden in the toilet till the train left the station. Behind the brick wall at his back, the train was rattling over the switch at the reservoir. Two cars were left in the yard. His own car and a waiting cab.

He edged forward, suede shoes welt-high in a puddle. Then as if on cue, the last passenger appeared in the waiting-room doorway. He stood like some monstrous predatory bird. Wide shoulders stooped, he leaned from his great height, shielding his bare head from the rain.

As Fraser watched, Kline lifted an arm to hold it in a near-Roman salute. He held it there till the cab driver manoeuvred his vehicle to the door. Kline spoke to the driver as be entered the cab.

Fraser peered through the slit till the cab topped the rise from the yard. It turned east towards the village. Fraser ran to his car. He used reason to fight the shake in his hand.

Maybe Kline's presence in Two Bridges was no more than coincidence—it was a chance. Instinct was stronger than reason, and he sat in the dark car, wet and unsure.

After six years it had caught up with him—but not, as he had always feared, by accident. There'd been four hundred men with him in gaol. During those first few weeks the drab grey uniform gave a protective anonymity, blurring the faces of those who wore it.

That was the beginning. By the time he had finished his sentence he'd known his comrades too well. He had come to know each man's story intimately. Suffered the inevitable recital of misfortune or treachery, never of incompetence

It had been a long two years, with his personal decision taken with less thought for ethics than expediency. Given just one lucky break, he'd reasoned, a man with intelligence might earn a great deal of money legitimately.

For an ex-con to achieve respectability the Fate Sisters had to be kind. Every man in the gaol was a threat for the future. The denunciation might come with the match offered hoarsely from the shadows—the face in a bar suddenly no longer that of a stranger. But always, he'd told himself, it would come fortuitously. Now this, Six years was a long time.

He started the motor and turned up the slope. A mile towards the village he caught sight of tail-lights through the driving rain. He ran the car into the shelter of the churchyard wall. The cab had stopped in front of the Dog and Fox. Kline was standing in the doorway. He waited till the cab turned towards the station, then walked into the lighted bar.

Fraser moved the car to the vicarage gates. Here it was completely hidden from the pub. He turned up his jacket collar and picked his way across slippery cobbles. A light shone through cracks in the bar curtains. Flat against the wall, he worked his way to the first window.

The room was empty except for Kline and the woman be-hind the bar. Suddenly he looked at his watch and swung his head towards the woman. She nodded, pointing at a his head towards the woman. She nodded, pointing at a door that led to the lobby. Bending, Kline ducked under a sign that read "Telephone."

Hobnails were scuffling the cobbles from the direction of the street. Fraser moved from the window quickly and walked towards the sound. A farm laborer in a heavy raincoat grunted greeting.

Back in the car, Fraser considered his next move. Kline back in the car, Fraser considered his next move. Kine belonged to the very start of Fraser's burglary rampage, an assault on property that had involved the police forces and insurance companies of three countries. The lawyer had been part both of its beginnings and its end.

His appearance in Two Bridges would be with purpose backed with intelligence. And a ruthlessness towards those who no longer lived as he lived. Fraser drove fast up the

hill and skidded the car into his own driveway. There he parked under the dripping trees by the house where he and Barby had lived since their marriage.

Those first weeks out of gaol, six years ago, fortune had seemed to work in his favor. He had been in Canada House the day he met Barby. The weekly visit to collect mail that never came. He had seen her standing at the Inquiry Desk, clutching a batch of travel folders. There had been some quostion of a pen. A second's hesitation and she took the one Fraser offered.

After a week of constant meetings he gave her his story without embellishment. Recalling a rebellious childhood without regret or excuse. Escape to a war that brought uncertain glory. A so-called hero turned burglar, He told it because he had to.

They were eating at one of the Chelsea coffee-bars. She kept her voice low, leaning across the table.

"I'm glad you've told me. I'd have hated it if you hadn't! But you've got to promise me one thing—that you'll never repeat this to anyone else. Certainly not to my parents. Or to the people I know. Not even to the people you know." She cupped one of his hands in hers. "Listen to me, Kit! Nothing can change the feeling I have for you. It's happened bewilderingly fast, but I know that one of us has to keep a level head. If you told this story to my father, if he thought it happened to somebody else, he'd be kind and charitable."

She pulled his hand tighter, forcing him to listen. said it was your story, he'd throw you out of the house, isn't that he's cruel, Kit. But I'm his daughter."

He used sarcasm to cover the hurt. "Possibly. But you have some sort of stake, I imagine. There's a chance he'd cut you off without a penny."

Her eyes had been shut in exasperation. Now she opened Her eyes had been shut in exasperation. Now she opened them wide. "Now you listen, I've heard a lot about 'expediency' since I've known you. You use it as a sort of justification for your contempt for other people's beliefs. But anyway—it's 'expedient' that you put everything you've told me out of your head forever." She blocked his protest. "Be sensible, Kit. You keep talking about getting married, but you haven't even got a job, let alone a home!"

He swished the black, sweet dregs in his cup-drained em. "The same old wail! Security!"

She shrugged impatiently. "What's wrong with security? We can both have it if you give my father the chance to think I'll be happy with you."

His chair rasped back. "That sounds real jolly! 'I'd like you to meet my son-in-law. We don't really know much about the boy—he's been a rolling stone, but only in the best sense of the word, of course."

Seeing the shock in her face, he lowered his voice. "What sort of start would a marriage get on those terms?

"And if they were the only terms?"

"And if they were the only terms:"

He made no answer. They walked in silence through quiet Belgravia streets to the house in Westminster: She gave him her hand when they reached the end of the short street. "Goodbye, Kirl" Her meaning was plain.

For a long while, after she had gone, he stood in the shadows, watching the room he knew was hers. He started back to his room on Walpole Street. At Sloane Square he stopped and phoned her. They were married in three mentls.

This house had been her father's wedding present. Into house had been her tather's wedding present. Six long years back. He'd come a long way since then with Patterson, Gilchrist and Todd. Not that it had been too tough. With his father-in-law's approval, most of Fraser's accounts were found outside the Suffolk Street office. What the Old Bailey judge had called "a spurious charm coupled with complete lack of principle" seemed to have its place in brokerage circles.

with complete lack of principle" seemed to have its place in brokerage circles.

Last year alone, Fraser had brought in more than one hundred and fifty thousand pounds' worth of business. All of it burglary insurance. Somehow the irony of the situation became less amusing because it could never be shared. Yet he had lived honestly.

Barby was waiting in the living-room. He held her at arm's length for a moment. "I just remembered," he said soleranly. "You're a dish to come home to!"

She broke his hold and wrinkled a nose which was too short. "Kit, you're soaked!"

"I had trouble with the car door, Stood in the rain looking for the right key."



Kit Fraser knew only too well that the words that this man could speak would destroy

forever the peaceful new life he had built with the loving faith of his wife, Barby

"Silly," she said affectionately, hanging up his wet coat.
He was on the couch, his feet up. The rain had stopped outside. The only sound came from a sputtering log in the fireplace. This house had been built for them, he remembered. It was difficult to imagine anyone else living in the house they had watched grow. Leaving it was a disaster that shut from his mind

he shut from his mind.

He closed his eyes, his voice carefully casual. "What happened today? Who got born or buried?"

"What happened?" she considered. "Well, for one thing, Mrs. Ellis blew a fuse again with the vacuum. I had the Gilmour children for Pony Club instruction. Not wildly amusing. A session afterwards with Kate Gilmour. Jim's drinking. Then there was a call for you a few minutes ago."

He kept his eyes tight shut. "A call for me! Who was it?"

"Some man," she answered indifferently. "A business call,

"He must have had a name," he said cautiously.

She read the pad in front of her. "Kline. K-l-i-n-e. He was most particular that I got the spelling right."

He swung his feet to the floor. "I'll put on some dry things." At the foot of the stairs he stopped. "This man leave any message?"

"He said he'd call back later. I told him you were usually home about six. Fine, he said. You'd know who he was."

He changed his clothes quickly. He had a foot in a dry sock when the phone bell split the quiet of the house. He lifted the receiver, stilling the summtos.

The voice was deep and pleasantly modulated. "Good evening. May I talk to Mr. Fraser, please?"

It might have been yesterday, in the office high over Park Lane. Across the desk in the panelled Adams room. Kline. A little thinner maybe, but with the same strength to soothe,

"So there it is, Kit. I'll meet you outside the Old Bailey tomorrow at half-past nine. You have to surrender to your bail through the court. And remember—leave the worrying to me! That's what you pay me for,"

He'd seen Kline just once more after that. In the cells, ter sentence. The warm handshake was still there—the after sentence. confident smile.

"We'll beat 'em on appeal, Kit. It's a matter of waiting a few weeks. No more. We'll get one of the really big men—somebody like Moriarty. Somebody the Lord Chief won't dare to browbeat. Oh, and Kit..." Kline sighed, mocking his own importunity. "I'm afraid it's going to cost you money.

There had been no money. And no appeal. Not even a letter from Kline. As time went by, the lawyer faded into a sour memory.

He put his mouth close to the instrument, keeping the antagonism out of his voice. "It's me, Kline."

"Kit!" There was just the right combination of pleasure

"Kit!" There was just the right combination of pleasure and surprise. "How soon can I see you?"

"What do you want to see me about?"
"Look—" The tone was still friendly. "It's been a long time for us both, Kit."

Yes, a long time, he thought. "All right. Now what do

you want?"
"Just a chat for old times' sake. I'm here in the village at the Dog and Fox."
Somehow he must contrive to isolate this threat—keep his home free of Kline's menace. He answered, "Fifteen minutes. Look—I don't want you to call this number again. Ever! Do you understand, Kline?" The line was dead.

The clock chimed a couple of times as he made his way down the stair. He mixed in the hell. The rest he was dead.

The clock chimed a couple of times as he made his way down the stairs. He waited in the hall. The truth here would be a nice touch for Barby.

"The man who just phoned used to be my lawyer. A great guy who nursed me through a dozen police interrogations. Who set up the three best hauls I ever made. My pal Kline, the friendly backstabber. I'm going down to the pub now to have a drink with him for old times' sake."

All right—the truth without being comic. How was this: "There's a man in the village asking for me. I'm scared to go but I'm even more scared not to go!"

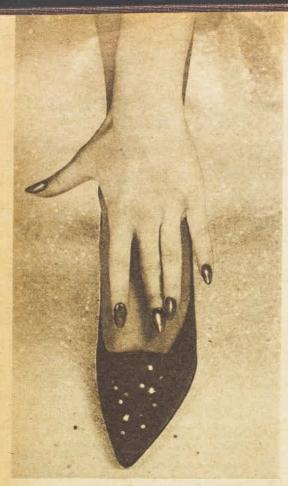
Let the explanations wait. First find out what Kline wanted. The kitchen was the inevitable shambles that was Barby's

The kitchen was the inevitable shambles that was Barby's background for a meal. There was a good smell. Barby gave the kitchen clock a hard look as he came in. "Supper's ready in fifteen minutes. Was that your chum?"

"Uhuh. He's in the village and wants me to meet him there for a half-hour."

"A half-hour!" She pointed at the stove. "What am I supposed to do with that!" "It's something I can't get out of, darling. It's a big account—a new one and the man has no time." "Why can't you bring him back here? If he doesn't like fish-cakes, he can go hungry. He kissed her cheek. "I want to get this account, not lose it," he kidded. "A half-hour." In the village he parked out of sight at the rear of the stable yard. Inside the pub Kline was seated in front of the To page 52 After dinner Barby sat down on the rug near Kit and put her hand on his arm. "What's the matter, Kit?" she said. Page 25

What What he





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Page 26

A PLACE CALLED Continuing . . . BULLBAU WOOD

terror rolled over him

In the mix-up and contusion the first night the battalion went up to the lines, he'd piled into the wrong truck with a bunch of B-Gompany guys. Anyway, it didn't matter, because he knew he'd join up with his outfit soon as the truck to wherever, it was going. got to wherever it was going. So they rode along, jouncing and bumping down a dark road and everybody making funny remarks.

remarks."
You couldn't see anything, but all the time the grumbling mutter of artillery kept getting louder. Some fellow back at the tail gate craned his neck out finally and in a Georgia drawl said, "The world's on fire, men!"
Others looked; the wise-cracking died down, because none of them had been under free before, and they all began thinking private thoughts.

thinking private thoughts. The way it was with Sylvester—well, he wasn't scared exactly, but had a kind of upset

Against a sky full of yellow Against a sky full of yellow fire Sylvester saw a ruined vil-lage church standing black and ragged and then the whole bus turned over and he was lying with an awful headache in a

with an awful headache in a big hole under broken bricks and couldn't pull his legs out, and men were moaning all around him.

Shells kept falling — first that awful rumbling and then the shattering, deafening crash like the end of everything. They had to detour the convoy, and the whole advance was held up.

when morning came finally and the firing stopped, that village was pounded to rubble; no church, no houses, not even a street any more, and Sylvester the only man alive in it. How he made it he never knew. In fact, he never remembered much about that night at all.

But he remembered now.

But he remembered now.
Across a gap of forty years the memory leaped upon him.
Down on his knees in rotting leaves, clasping his shaking hands in an attitude of supplication, Sylvester Johnson relived mortal terror.

Under the remembered blasts of heavy explosives he cringed and cowered once more, smell-ing the rank chemical fumes and tasting brick dust on his

Then the headlights of Mar-Then the headlights of Martin's car blossomed through the trees and reality returned. Sylvester Johnson found his glasses and put them on with trembling hands. He wiped the chill sweat from his forehead, drew a deep breath, took a firm grasp on his cane, and pushed himself erect.

N the traversing yellow beam Belleau Wood was an ordinary patch of second-growth timber again, a place that did not look as if anything special had ever happened in it.

Sylvester got into the car without speaking. Martin snapped on the light and looked at him curiously. His hat was crushed, there was mud on his coat and leaf trash clung to his sweater.

"Good heavens, what hap-

Sylvester grunted, "Not right sure I know, Martin,"

"You don't know. But you must know. How did you get all that mud on you?"

"Mud?" Sylvester looked down at himself. "Why, I reckon that must have hap-pened when I fell down."

"Fell down! Did you hurt yourself?"
"Oh, no, I'm not hurt. I

from page 21

just stumbled in the dark.

"But look at you! Hands all scratched, you look as if you'd been in a fight!"

oeen in a ngit:

"The fact is," said Sylvester slowly, and Martin was struck by the queer expression in his eyes, "I was in a fight that happened a long time ago."

"I don't understand you Martin, exasperated and ned. "Are you sure you're all right? all right? Are you sure you wouldn't rather go home than on to Verdun?"

Old books, as you well know, are books of the world's youth, and new books are fruits of its

- O W Holmes

"Not sure I understand it myself. No, I still want to go on to Verdun. We started and we might as well finish it out." Sylvester chuckled dryly, but there was no mirth in it. "Fact is, Martin, after you left me I got to remembering all of a sudden. Oh, yes: I remembered all right. I remembered—and it liked to have killed me."

Martin stared at him.

Martin stared at him. baffled

"And I found out some-thing," said Sylvester. "I found out why it is that you don't remember some things." A deep remember some things." A deep weariness entered his voice.
"It's a God-given mercy, Martin. Because there are some things it's better for a man not to remember. Now if you don't mind, I'd just as soon not talk about it any more. I think I'll just try to doze while you're driving."

He napped most of the way the napped most of the way to Verdun. Martin kept glancing at him, annoyed, perplexed, and worried. He had wired ahead for rooms at Verdun. They knew Martin there, and the hotel owner was waiting. When they drove up he came out, flanked by porters.

"Ah" and Martin reciliars.

"Ah," said Martin, smiling, "Monsieur Souillat! Ca va?"

"Very well," said Souillat id bowed formally before shaking Martin's outstretched hand. "For me it is very well. And you, my friend?" "Fine," said Martin, shifting to English. "Like to introduce my wife's father, who's visiting us from America. Monsieur Souillat . . . Mr. Johnson."

Sylvester's long body uncoiled from the car. "Mr. Souillat, it's a pleasure to make your acquaintance."

"But the pleasure is mine, sir," said Souillat, and if his keen blue eyes remarked any-thing unusual about the mud-

and-leaf trash on Sylvester's clothes they did not reveal it. Sylvester gave a wry grin, "I stumbled and fell down in some woods a while back."

"Ah." said Souillat noncom-

mittally,
"It was Belleau Wood," said
Martin. "We spent the after-Martin. "We spent the after-noon looking over the battle-fields and memorials around there. Mr. Johnson was in the fighting at Belleau Wood."

The short Frenchman stopped in his tracks. He looked up at Sylvester, enormous respect dawning in his eyes. "You were at Belleau Wood, sir? You were of that gallant Marine brigade?"

He turned to Martin quickly with something like agitation working his smooth, rosy face. "But this is a great honor you bring to my house, Monsieur Kelley! Your father is a hero of France!"

Martin blinked.

SYLVESTER was startled. "Well, now, Mr. Souillat, you've got the wrong man. I wasn't any hero. Fact is, I don't remember seeing any heroes around where I was." He chuckled. "The bunch of boys I was with—why, we were all scared about half to death most of the time."
"A hero is always modest."

most of the time."

"A hero is always modest," said the hotel owner approvingly, and made Sylvester a small, courtly bow. "I, too, was a soldier in the Great War, Monsieur Johnson, a shaggy, bad-smelling poilu of the frontine trenches, a defender of Verdun, and I know of what I speak. They were heroes who drove the Boche from Belleau Wood. It was a great turning point of the war."

A long look of thoughtful un-

A long look of thoughtful un-derstanding passed between the lank, stooped American in muddy, rumpled clothes and the plump, dapper Frenchman.

Martin had a dismaying sensation that he was excluded froin something.

"Monsieur Kelley," and the soulilat, "you chose a hung time to visit Verdun. Man ask you to yield to me a pleasure of your father's on pany at dinner tonight? It a very special occasion for small group of us, and I won like him to join us. "Twice a year," conting Souillat, "the third Saturday May and November, a lea us, old soldiers of France a defenders of Verdun, meet b to dine together. The press of a comrade-in-arms is

"Monsieur Kelley,"

Wood, would make tonight or more memorable . . . Mossicur Johnson, would you boo

Sylvester looked at Mirinquiringly.

"Why," said Martin, ex-fused, "if you're not too time Something twinkled in 5 vester's eyes. "I'd have to

vester's eyes. "I'd have a heap tireder than I've been yet to pass up somet as fine as Mr. Souillat's tation — son . . . I the you very much, sir. Just o me time to wash up and put my other suit and I'll be w

He followed the porter the elevator. Some of the un-had lifted from his shoulds He walked jauntily. Man stared after him wondering

"Something is troubling you Monsieur Kelley?" said South politely.

Martin shook his head "N He grinned. "At least notin I can explain."

"Have you time for an aperitif with me? I feel guilty is making you dine alone."

"Please don't. Your importion is the finest thing the happened to Mr.—to fater since he came to France. Is I'll be happy to have a drawith you."

Smill to annual blands.

Souillat poured himself small glass of white wine a gave Martin a locally distil eau de vie in a bell-shaped gla Martin shiffed the brain fumes luxuriously. He look at the painting over the bur Souillat's grandfather at a sashed, sabre-carrying caval-man in the Franco-Prussa War

"Every generation," mured Martin, "has its wo

Souillat smiled sadly seems so in this turbule world. My eldest grandson is

Martin nodded. He kn also that one of Souillat's so

To page 50

YOUR BOOKSHEI By JOYCE HALSTEAD

"Out of the Red, Into the Blue"

Barbara Comyns (Heinemann).

An Englishwoman and her husband, exas-perated by life in London and their evergrowing debts, sell their large Kensington house and leave behind their friends, their two grown-up children, and the dreary English winter to live on a Spanish island in the blue Mediterranean. Living there is cheap and there is plenty of sunshine, but new irritations arise — faulty plumb-ing, charcoal stoves that are difficult to handle, gossips, and unexpectedly cold winters. Barbara Comyns has a whimsical understated humor, viewing life with a tragi-comic outlook that's most appealing.

"Bony and the Black Virgin" Arthur Upfield (Heinemann)

Once again Inspector Napoleon Bona-urte, a highly educated half-caste aboriginal, solves a seemingly impenetrable mystery of the Australian outback. John

a pastoralist, and his freturn from an annual spree in Mindee we find drought eating up their property and a murdered stranger on the property.

The body of their hired hand is also found 18 miles away. Six months later "Bony," coupling the intuition of his mother's race with high intelligence, sifts faint desert clues until he uncovers the murderer

"Jump Book"

Philippe Halsman (Andre Deutsch).

See how they jump . . . according to photographer Philippe Halsman, jumping shows up a person's character, as he explains in his introduction to this collection of photographs of 178 famous people—all jumping. They include the Duke and Duchess of Windsor, Princess Grace, Richard Nixon, Clare Boothe Luce, Marilyn Monroe. He claims that there is nothing undignified about a person jumping. I am inclined to disagree.

kittens to cause family trouble

FORREST ROSAIRE

when your husband and your child get into a dispute, whose side do you take? You might say the child must be wrong but not necessarily. I am not so sure Dan always shows a mental range beyond Sally's, although he is a lawyer and she is in the fifth grade. Each of them has the same kind of uptilted, positive nose, although Sally's is more like a button, and their bright eyes have the same determined sparkle. But there was considerably more than a sparkle in their eyes on this particular Sunday afternoon, to judge from their voices Sunday afternoon, to judge from their voices volleying up from the garden.

"Whose?" cried Dan. "Ours? You must be out of your mind!"

"No, no, Daddy, it's ours because it was born here."

No, no, Daddy, it's ours because it was born here."

I looked through the bedroom casement and saw Sally holding one of the kittens against her chest in that fierce, mother-protecting way in which only a ten-year-old can hold a kitten.

"Look," said Dan, pointing to the grating that leads undermeath one end of our hill-side house, "you made that hole in the grating and you put that cat in there, just to give it a hideaway out of my sight."

"No, you're-entirely wrong, Daddy," said Sally, her lower lip outthrust as far as Dan's, "you made that hole with the power mower when you ran it off the edge of the lawn. And their mother got in there and borned them." borned them."

"Them!" cried Dan, his face horrified.
"How many of these cats are under the

Two," said Sally, on the verge of tears. "Ganges and Brahmaputra. Their mother was killed by a truck."

was killed by a truck."

I need hardly say that Sally is a demon at geography, for nobody else would have reached as far as the rivers of India to name a couple of kittens. At this moment Ganges, or perhaps Brahmaputra, made a flying dive out of her arms and went through the hole in the grating like a black, yellow, cinnamon-and-white streak.

"All right," said Dan, with an eloquent gesture as though addressing a jury, probably because he knew I was listening, "these stray animals must go. I am not being the heavy

animals must go. I am not being the heavy in this piece. I am standing on principle. The principle is, no more Cucarachas."

Since this might sound like gibberish to anyone not knowing the Harcourt family, let me say that Cucaracha was our most catastrophic, horrible, and deadly tragedy. Cucaracha looked something like an clongated tennis ball with legs and ears protected in a character of the control of the cont

truding at the seams. My mother, bless her animal-loving soul, had given him, or her, or it to Sally in the fond belief that a or it to Sally in the fond bener that. Chihuahua puppy would be just the thing for an eight-year-old,

Chihuahua puppy would be just the thing for an eight-year-old.

That was two years ago, but the shadow of Cucaracha still blights all our happy memories. Sally had exclusive care of Cucaracha. This was to teach her responsibility — Dan's idea. Sally let the water dish remain empty for three days, Cucaracha went over to a neighbor's garden, lapped up some spilled ant poison, and died in a scene which far outstripped the ending of "Rigoletto" or "Tristan and Isolde."

"Madge," cried Dan through the casement, "don't you agree with me?"

I looked in the hand mirror, in which I had been arranging my Mamie Eisenhower bangs, and said, "I don't know anything about it."

You might think me heartless, but I have asked you a question and I am now prepared to answer it — when your husband and child have a dispute, what is the function of a wife and mother? The function of a wife and mother is to stay out of it. My sympathies — well, that was another matter.

I had known the two kittens were under

I had known the two kittens were under the house. I had seen Sally surreptitiously taking milk from the refrigerator and bits from her dinner plate. I had even played with the kittens myself, on certain occasions,

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - April 2

which is to say Monday, Tuesday, Wednes-day, Thursday, and Friday, while Sally was at school and Dan was at his office.

"Just as a suggestion," I said through the casement, "we are half an hour overdue at the Jenkins'."

So we went over to the Jenkins', Dan driv-ing fast, Sally sitting in the middle, and me sitting on the outside — with me pushing my feet through the floorboard and both of them having a hard time trying to look over their lower lips. They are both off the same block. I am not saying which is the chip and which is the block, but what Dan refers to as character in himself and mulishness in Sally could be reversed without the slightest difference and removed with profit to the Harcourt family. On the way there and back nothing was said, except when the car was finally yanked to a halt in the

"I," said Dan, "am going to handle those cats. I want that perfectly understood. No one is to go under the house or have anything to do with them."

What this portended I did not know, but it had an ominous sound. The next morning Dan sat in the study, concentrating on a brief, until Sally went to school. Then he made a short phone call, changed into overalls, went outside, and plugged up the hole in the grating. At about 9.30 a netted truck pulled into the driveway, with one lonesome-

looking sheep dog brooding through the wire. A very large man got out and looked at the

grating.
"I'm afraid I can't get in there," he

"That's all right," said Dan. "Just lend me your gloves and I'll do it."

The man gave him his gloves, which were thick scratchproof leather, and Dan un-latched the grating and squirmed through.

I can report only the sound effects, be-cause I was upstairs in the house keeping severely to myself. There was first a bump under the bedroom floor, then under the living-room floor, then a scrambling fall and a muffled cry of pain, then several bull-like charges which made the lampshades

like charges which made the lampshades on the end tables sway, and finally a panting, gobbling, exhausted noise which was interrupted by the large man's amiable inquiry, "Having any luck?"

I looked from the window in time to see Dan emerge from the grating, his hair a nest of spider webs, his face the color of a braised pot roast, and a strange assortment of things in his grasp. Among these properties was no Ganges or Brahmaputra.

"I'll tell you what" said the large man.

"I'll tell you what," said the large man, "the best thing for you to do is make friends with 'em. Feed 'em for a day or two. Get 'em to know you. I'll leave you a gunny sack, and just put 'em in it and bring 'em

I found it best to do some marketing while Dan was washing, plastering, and anointing the effects of his safari. When I came back there was a note on the table, came back there was a note on the table, "Under no circumstances is anyone to feed them but me." Having at least anticipated this part while I was in the market, I put a couple of cans of Norwegian sardines on his study table. The kittens might as well live it up, like prisoners before execution.

I was not prepared for the attack from the other member of the family. "Mother," said Sally, rushing in breathless from school, "where are they?"

"They're still there." I read her the note.

"They're still there." I read her the note.
"This means you, Sally, and no more scraps from the table or milk from the refrigerator."
She stood with her chin dropped, her eyes

she stood with her chin dropped, her eyes round and stunned and her tongue moving up and down in her open mouth.

"But, Mother! Aren't you going to help' me? Whose side are you on?"

"I," said I, moving in what I hoped was a swift and graceful exit out the back door, "am on the side of the angels."

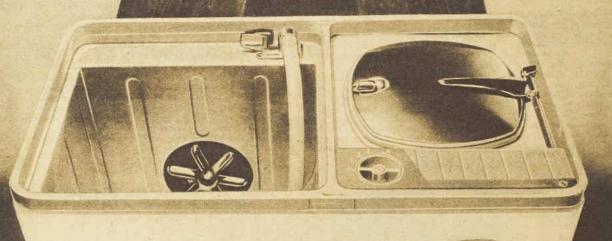
She came after me with a clatter, over-hauled me by the lilac bush, and threw both arms around me. "You can't! You've got to help me! Please, Mother! I can't let them go! I love them too much!" At the sound of her voice two heads popped up at the

To page 50



LOOK TWICE

AT THE TWIN-TUB HOOVERMATIC



LOOK ONE! EXCLUSIVE PULSATOR
WASHES YOUR CLOTHES BOIL-CLEAN . . .

. . . LOOK TWO! THE FRESHEST RINSE, THE QUICKEST, DRIEST SPIN YOU'VE EVER SEEN!

NOW
TAKE A
LONG, LONG
LOOK AT
ALL THESE
EXCLUSIVE
FEATURES



TWIN TUBS FOR TWICE THE SPEED While one load is being washed another is rinsed and spin-dried. The extra-speedy spin-drier removes everylast drop of washing water, pumping it back into the washing compartment for further loads. There's no time lost, no wasted water and soap.



HOOVERMATIC'S EXCLUSIVE 'BOILING ACTION' PULSATOR swirls swift currents of sudsy water through every part of every garment. In just four minutes a full load of whites (one minute does your woollens) is boil-clean, ready for rinsing and spindrying. No other washer can wash so clean.



HOOVERMATIC

EXTRA SPEEDY RINSE AND SPIN-DRY does a full wash-load at once — it even takes your biggest double blanket with ease. Only fresh water is used for rinsing and the Hoovermatic's extra speedy spin drying leaves your clothes barely damp — some items are even ready for you to iron right away.



AUTOMATIC TIMER AND SPIN-DRIER SWITCH. Hoovermatic's timer stops washing action automatically when your wash is at its cleanest. You just set and forget. The speedy rinse and spin-drier switches itself on when you close the safety lid, switches off when you open it. Completely safe, always!



HOOVERMATIC WITH HEATER
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problem where you live,
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It heats the water right to
boiling point, right in the
washing tub. Ask your
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Price 126 guineas



Heater model 7 gns. extra · Easy terms, of course

HOOVERMATIC

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - April 27, 1980

LETTER BOX

must be original, not pre-viously published. Pref-erence is given to letters signed for publication.

She cuts hubby's

hair

I CAN laugh at the new rise I CAN laugh at the new rise in the cost of men's hair-cuts because I cut my husband's hair myself. When I first "performed" on his hair my husband had the patience osit in the chair for one and a half hours. Now I'm an expert, and it takes only half an hour. I suggest, ladies, that our arm yourselves with an hour. I suggest, ladies, that you arm yourselves with scissors, comb, and clippers and set about your respective spouses. Perhaps a fair charge would be three shil-

£1/1/- to Mrs. A. Cook, East Brighton, Vic.

Feline TV fan

AFTER attracting human race of all ages, interest in television has now spread to the animal species. We have a cat which strolls ifto the lounge as soon as TV is showing and sits right in front watching intently. As soon as the TV is switched off it gets up and strolls off.

£1/1/- to F. Greeter, Hamilton, Qld.

Let's be generous

I THINK the White Australia Policy should be abolished. Here in Australia we have vast areas of land going to waste, while in Asia millions of people are dying from starvation. We, who have plenty, should be gen-erous to those who have little.

£1/1/- to Miss D. Dixon, Beverly Hills, N.S.W.

Save that water

IN spite of the great need for water in this country, mil-lions of tons just go down the drain because of the lack of somewhere to put the roof rainwater. I think every house should have a storage tank, and the huge roofing area in industrial sections should be provided with adequate water-

£1/1/- to Mr. A. J. Creeper,

Starts them off

"HOW are you?" is, to my mind, a standard greeting Yet how often this expression is taken as an invitation to pour out troubles and woes. When in genuine need of understanding and help, the con-stant complainers might find they have lost a sympathetic friend by forever "crying

£1/1/- to Mrs. D. E. Mar-tin, Manning, W.A.

Names on wreaths

WHILE admiring flowers on the Cenotaph I've often wished they had a card with the name of the dear de-parted attached to let the interested public know for whom the floral tributes are made. These plainly written cards could be inserted in a small fixture on the Cenotaph while the floral tokens are there.

£1/1/- to Mrs. E. Rayner, Kingsgrove, N.S.W.

Happy hawkers

CAN'T understand city dwellers' aversion to hawkers. I've fond memories of one who called at the Main Roads Camp near Tambo south-western Queensland—in July, 1951. This shop on wheels sold anything from a reel of cotton to frocks and trousers, and its arrival was a happy event for the four families living in camp tents in the lies living in camp tents in the Mulga: My mother shopped and gossiped at the car for a couple of hours.
£1/1/- to Mrs. E. Warrener, Charleville, Qld.

Snakes query

ALL the schoolchildren who cross the paddocks surrounding our house are very interested in the many snakes we've killed in the area, but no one seems to know the names or how poisonous they are. I believe snakes run, in order of venomousness, brown various opinions as to where the copperhead comes in the list. Can readers supply a correct list? There are no taipans or death adders down

here. £1/1/- to A. Peck, Mt.

Church applause

 A host of readers, for and against, wrote about the suggestion by Mrs. I. Smyth (Vic.) that a good sermon should be applauded:

A CLERGYMAN doesn't preach to entertain his congregation or obtain praise for himself but to spread the Word of God and meet the spiritual needs of the

members of his church.
£1/1/- to Miss J. Woodlands, Brighton-Le-Sands,

(LAPPING cannot be said to be out of place in church, Any continuity the service may have had has already been broken by the minister's announcement of future dates and doings of church societies.

£1/1/- to Mrs. F. Kelly, Earlwood, N.S.W.

TRULY spiritual minister would be most upset if you praised him. He would feel he had failed in his effort to present Christ to the congregation. It's a constant problem for preachers to succeed in subduing their

£1/1/- to Mrs. F. Baldwin, Beverly Hills, N.S.W.

WE all like encouragement from time to time, so why not a little for our ministers? Clergymen can express themselves more eloquently when they know and feel their message is well received.
£1/1/- to "A Minister's Wife" (name supplied),

£1/1/- to "Rochester, Vic.

IN my opinion people go to church to pay homage to Ged, not to give praise to the clergyman. Not all clergymen have the gift of good oratory, but all endeavor to do God's work.
£1/1/- to G. Liddle, Enoggera, Qld.

lavour IN A FLASH!

Ross Campbell writes

DO you have to own a sewing machine to be happily married?

An Italian gentleman (who sells

sewing machines) says so.

He believes that married couples are less likely to be divorced if they huy a sewing machine.

It is an attractive theory

Say a Mr. and Mrs. B. fight like at and dog. They are on the point cat and dog. They are on of going their separate ways.

Then a marriage-guidance coun-sellor advises them to buy a sewing machine. They get a good one that can do buttonholes and scallops. Result: a tearful reunion over the bub-

But does that really happen? I

People don't usually stay married because they have a sewing machine. They get a sewing machine because they expect to stay married.

The great thing about sewing machines is that they are useful.

But at first, before a woman has become expert with the machine, it may not bring her closer to her husband. It may drive them apart.

When my wife got her machine

SEW WHAT?

she took a course of sewing lessons During the lessons she made herself a dress, which she brought home with pride. It was of a heavy brown



"What do you think of it?" she

'It would look nice on a monk," I said. She was burt.

She mended a coat of mine and sewed through a pound note in one of the pockets. She made me a tiny pair of tweed shorts, so small I could not get them on past my knees.

Many of my wife's difficulties were due to the puzzling instructions on patterns,
"Baste yoke along interfacing.

Ease gussets round continuous lap.

What does that mean?" she would

ask anxiously.
I couldn't help her much. A continuous lap only reminded me of a hungry cat.
Fortunately she became a good

sewer after a while, and made some gorgeous gussets.

She has turned out valuable gar-ments for the children. The latest was a plastic Robin Hood costume

Children often come home from school with requests like: "Could I have a mouse costume for tomorrow, with a tail?" At such times the going would be hard without a machine.

My wife is reluctant to oil the machine, and this has caused some domestic friction.

Otherwise our only trouble was the frightening occasion — which I have mentioned here before—when the machine started sewing madly by itself in the middle of the night. Since then it has shown more self-

Altogether there is much to be said for sewing machines. But I see no need to get sentimental over them. If you go soft like that, you could end up crying over your fridge.



THE Australian Women's Weekly - April 27, 1960

LES DIALOGUES DE L'AUTOMOBILE OR, THE FASHIONABLE CAR FOR PRACTICAL PEOPLE.

PAPA® GET-AWAYS...EXHILARATING CRUISING SPEEDS...
ROCK STEADY CORNERING AND ROAD HOLDING. AND I ACTUALLY
GET BETTER THAN 40 M.P.G.—SOMETIMES OVER 45 M.P.G! (NO TROUBLE
WITH PARTS EITHER; RENAULT HAS REGULAR SHIPMENTS

I could love a car so much! A dream in traffic. Really easy to park. I use ours for everything... for shopping (there's a large boot up front), for kid-delivery, for sheer joy of driving! Beautiful Paris lines. Four large doors. Best of all, it feels so safe... LES ENFANTS: Boy, it's mighty. All the other kids want to ride with us. Wouldn't you? LE DEALER

Ie Car Hot:

RENAULT Dauphine



NOW IS THE TIME TO BUY-

under special arrangements your Renault Distributor or Dealer guarantees YOU a money-saving purchase for illustrated brochure see your renault distributor or dealer or write to renault australia pty Ltd. caltex house, sydney.

Page 30

"Married women are crazy to take jobs"

· A wife-and-mother took a job "to keep alert and alive." But she worked so hard at keeping alive she wished that she were dead



• The stay-at-home

LET'S face it—women generally are a pretty dissatisfied lot.

Is the single girl happy with her job and with the blessed freedom of her singleness? She is not. She yearns to be mar-ried. So she gets married.

Is she content now? Only for a while—then she longs to become a mother. So she becomes a mother.

Now, surely, she must have everything she wants!

Not on your life. She dreams of the day when her children are old enough to permit her to return to work-not because she has to necessarily, but we're told repeatedly that a woman "owes" it to her hus-band, her children and herself to keep her mind alert and

The theory is that a woman doing two jobs—at home and at the office—is more alive than a woman doing just one

I've put the theory to the test and I've come to the con-clusion that those who advo-cate it are quite mad.

My children had reached meant I could sprint home the ripe old ages of twelve and each midday. nine, so I decided that although was contented enough home, I was surely wasting my talent doing housework. The talent I was wasting

was my ability to take short-hard and typing.

I began to have vague feelings of guilt. It hardly seemed cricket to hide my ability as stenographer when our dustries were crying out for female staff.

Quick sprint

My husband did not try to hinder me. His view was that an adult should make up her own mind—and, anyway, he didn't think anyone would hire

I answered an ad. for a clerk-stenographer and was hired by a small company only a five-minute walk from our house. Actually, it's a fiveminute run.

The job was a cinch for a working mother. The hours were 9 a.m. to 4.30 p.m., with a half-hour for lunch—which

What could be better? I can tell you from bitter ex-perience what could be better -staying home, that's what!

I had ruled out the idea of a housekeeper, who would make too much of a hole in

I wanted to see my pay in my own hot little hands, not in someone else's.

Now, the idea that women will be more interesting to their families when they slough off the routine work of their homes, I've decided, is an

It blandly assumes that women who before their mar-riages were clerks, stenograph-ers, typists, nurses, saleswomen, waitresses and what have you will blossom forth after years of child-rearing into madly

creative work.

This isn't so, The average woman, like the average man, is fated to do the routine work of the world.

I have prepared a small questionnaire to be answered by prospective working

mothers. If you answer Yes to all the questions, then you deserve what you get—a nervous breakdown probably. 1 Can you run a hundred yards in ten seconds flat?

Yes No

2 Can you work twelve hours or more a day, seven days a week? Yes No so

3 Are you and your children in perfect health?

Yes No 4 Do you hate reading, watching television, or just doing

nothing?

Take the first question. The ability to run like a hare is essential.

Before you leave the house in the morning, there are vari-

By ANITA BIRT

ous household tasks to be done -making beds and washing the breakfast dishes, for in-

Doing them means, of course, that you must later dash out the front door like an Olympic sprinter to reach your place of employment in

Now for Question 2.

Working twelve hours or more a day, seven days a week is a prime requisite of the working mother. I found that to send my family and myself off to work and school, breakfasted and in our right minds, I had to get up at 6.15

Early rising is not so mur-derous in itself. Getting to bed at night, in time to make reveille the next day without

Buring of the past once you are hard at work on two jobs.

During the nine months I feeling like a long-dead body is the problem. For in the restful evening

hours when all sensible people are relaxing, the working mother can be found still hard at work.

There just isn't enough time at the weekends to do all the washing, ironing, polishing, vacuuming, window - cleaning, floor-waxing, marketing and

Evenings are spent coping with the overflow.

It has become a deplorable custom for husbands to don aprons and take on domestic chores. If your husband is one such, you might con him into taking on some extra jobs to ease your load. My hus-band is not of this ilk.

Regarding Question 3: Don't even contemplate going out to work unless your children have run the complete gamut of contagious childhood diseases. contagious chidnood dispases, Your employer will look askance at you if you ask for two weeks off to nurse little Willie over the measles.

As for yourself, you must be in absolutely A1 condition.

If you have been sick enough to take to your bed within

to take to your bed within the past ten years, don't risk taking a job. You're a weak-ling and can't stand the pace. Along with perfect health should go stamina. Since you'll be spending all your daylight hours and most of the evening doing some job or other, it might be a thought to take up Olympic long-distance running to build up staying power. And so to Question 4: Such nonproductive pleasures

Such nonproductive pleasures as reading, watching television, or just doing nothing will be

a ma

• The working wife

During the nine months I worked I tried to read one book and never succeeded.

Before I took my job I used to read at least one book a

Can't watch TV

And I must admit it takes more willpower than I have to continue menial tasks in the kitchen while my family is howling with laughter at TV

shows in the living-room.
As for doing nothing, this is out of the question. But here's another snag.

Meals must be planned in advance. Are you planning a casserole for dinner? You won't have time after

work to prepare this dish, so you have to start the whole thing going before you leave the house in the morning.

Sounds easy. But it's not the effort so much as the smell that's the problem.

At seven-thirty in the morning, the smell of meat and onions browning is enough to set the strongest stomach to quivering uneasily.

I haven't been sick in bed for more than twenty years, but last winter I was hoping to catch the flu so I could have a few days off work and go

to bed and sleep.

I became so obsessed with thoughts of sleep that I got up in the morning looking forward to going to bed at night! Don't let anyone tell you

that hard work never killed a

That's a monstrous myth created by some sadistic slave-driver. I can tell you, I worked so hard at being "alive" that I wished that I were dead.





When it's important to look your very best Touch-and-Glow is the make-up for you

Looking wonderful and knowing it is the secret of a woman's self-confidence. It's the way you feel when candlelight bathes your face . . . soft, warm, glowing. It's the way you look when your make-up is "Touch-and-Glow" by Revlon. For this is the make-up that captures the fabulous flattery of candlelight on your complexion . . . in any light! No wonder more smart women wear "Touch-and-Glow" than any other liquid make-

up. Shouldn't you?

Revlon

Costains in Sarmi, Inc. • Jewels by Van Cleef & Arpels Page 32 NEW YORK . LONDON . PARIS



Your daily calories: Here is an easy method of calculating your necessary daily calorie intake.

Determine the average weight for your height (see tables below). Multiply the number of sounds by 16 it your work is sedentary, 18 if it is fairly active, 20 it very active, and 25 to 34 if you do heavy work. The result is the number of calories needed to maintain your ideal weight. Catting that number by only 500 a day — 3500 a week — will reduce you by a sound a week, a safe rate of reducing for a healthy adult.

It salve weight in pounds confuses you, this information may help you. There are 14 pounds in a stone. Soven stane in 381b, eight stone is 1121b, nine stone is 1261b, 10 stone is 1401b, 11 stone is 1541b. 12 stone is 1681b, 13 stone is 1821b. 14 stone is 1961b. 15 stone is 2101b.

IDEAL WEIGHTS FOR WOMEN *

Light frame. A - Average frame. 5 - Big frame

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DBAG CALORIE COU



----- FOLD ALONG DOTTED LINE, AFTER FOLDING CUT ALONG THIS LINE ONLY----

oreaded cuffet, Soz 185	A SSIL, C
250 250 (1), large 250	FOTH 5
272	FOILS,
30p, 50z 285	FOIR (
Roast Shoulder, 3oz 300	Lamb,
Ronst Leg., Soz 230	dina.1
Chops, Soz 300	quier
Brains, 50x, 100	daays
921	Tribe:
LLI	or ro
Oct , year, 250	Pillet :
Steak, 3oz 250	Priod-T
тем, вох. сар 220	Beef S
Steak, 30z 250	mohit
ool, lox, 100	ausnus
Steak, 3oz 320	Runn
zonse Steak, 3oz 200	Pano I
pie, 1 290 2001 Steak, 30t 590	TESTA .
1 slice, 3in. x 2in. x 4in 100	'1DAFT
, whole 250	Kique)
1 Steak, 50z 300	Mince
Stenk, 30z 265	Cynck
I, I slice, 4in, x lin, x lin, 100	Corned
one Steak, 30z 150	Bladeb
051	mi
lean, 1 slice, 4in, x 4in, x	тикой
3 half rashers, grilled 100	BEEF.
MEAT	
o. 40z. glass 25	1 010310
pic, for, glass 100	desuid
GL stars sala zot	Orange
run, doz, glass	(drapet
09 sailg sof	Grape,

	175 125 250
The state of the s	500
	891
	001
	001
	250
	001

Λ.	52	Carrot, fox. giass
d	SL	Apricot, 4oz, glass
ď	100	Apple, 40z. glass
d	CES	TRUIT AND VEGETABLE JUI
T	92.	Strampetrics, Soz
1	001	Raspherries, 80x.
Т	100	Pomegranate, medium size
S	20.0000	Plum, medium six:
L	25	Pineapple, 80s.
0	22.7	Persimmon, medium sixe
L	12	Pear, medium size
T	99	The state of the s
is.	09	Peach, medium size
S	04	Orange, medium size
Я	100	Nectarine, medium size
Я	22	Watermelon, medium slice
d	67	
N	500	Honeydew Melon, medium size
Т	100	Cantaloupe, medium size
K	001	Rockmelon, medium size
W	32	Loganberries, 8os. cup Mandarin, medium size
0	981	ans roll saltrafation
B	52	Lemon, medium size
130	09	Grapelruit, hall, medium sixe
Н	100	Grapes, muscatel, 80x, cup
В	200	Gooseberries, Box. cup
B	22	Chetries, 8oz. cup
	68	Blackberries, 8os. cup
L	001	Banana, medium size
d	250	Avocado Pear, half, medium size
0	50	Apricot, medium size
D	08	Apple, medium size
9		TRESH FRUIT
	541	Tuna, tinued, for
	152	Trout, for
	052	Sardines, tinned in oil, large tin
	500	Salmon, tinned, red, 402.
	891	Salmon, tinned, pink, 4oz.
1	and the second	The state of the s

Muller, 50z.
Murray Cod, 40z.
Oysters, 8
Perch, 40z.
Prrawns, 40z.

152	Mackerel, for
100	Lobster, for
100	Haddock, smoked, for
120	Cefuelte Fish, Soz. serve
001	Garfish, for
100	Flathead, 4oz.
100	Crab Meat, fresh or tinned, for
100	Caviare, 1 dessertspoonful
100	Bream, foz
	HSIA
225	Spaghetti, cooked, 8ox. cup
200	····· dna
	Ricc, polished, white, cooked, 8oz.
981	Rice, unpolished, cooked, 8ox. cup
750	Rice, unpolished, uncooked, 8oz.
520	Macaroni Cheese, cooked, 8ox. cup
200	Macaroni, cooked, 8ox, cup
585	Flour, self-raising, 8ox. cup
001	Flour, plain, 8ox, cup
	PLOUR FOODS
244	
152	Olive Oil, 1 dessertspoonful Peanut Oil, 1 dessertspoonful
521	Lard, I dessertspoonful
102	Dripping, I desertspoonful
001	Crisco, 1 desertspoonful
001	Cotton Seed Oil, 1 dessertspoonful
152	Chicken Fat, 1 desertspoonful
120	Bacon Fat, 1 dessertspoonful
1	EVLS VAD COOKING OH'S
09	(1) Арио прод
12	White only (1)
152	Scrambled (1) baldmarac
57	Ponched (1) badano
105	Omelet (1)
001	[1] bait4
04	Boiled (1) boiled
	ECCS
200	Tom and Jerry, T & J mug
200	Mint Julep, 80x. glass
120	White Lady, cockiail glass
150	Martini Sweet, cocktail glass

	MIXED DRINKS (* Standard wine glasses hold the glasses the standard wine glasses the standard wine glasses to dry). To standard the standard wine glasses to standard wine glasses the standard wine glasses.
68	Shorry (sweet or dry), 20z. glass* (* Standard wine glasses hold the quantities shown.) MIXED DRINKS Brandy Crusta, cocktaii glass.
85	Sherry (sweet or dry), Zoz. glass* (* Standard wine glasses hold the quantities shown.)
68	Sherry (sweet or dry), Yoz, glass* Port, Zoz, glass* (* Standard wine glasses hold th
85	Sherry (sweet or dry), Yoz, glass* Port, Zoz, glass* (* Standard wine glasses hold th
68	Sherry (sweet or dry), 20z, glass*
68	Sherry (sweet or dry), 20z, glass*
	Red or white (still), 3.2ox, glass*
	# SSEE 29
	Red or white (sparkling), 3.20x.
	MINES
941	Stout, Sox, glass
120	Beer (draught), 8oz. glass
125	Beer (bottled), Soz. glass
201	
HULL	MALT DRIVES
100	jigger (Bourbon), 1 nip or jigger
28	1529[]
00	Whisky (Australian), LasidW
68	Whisky (Scotch), I nip or jigger
100	Rum, I nip or ligger
27	Gin, I nip or jigger
001	Brandy, I nip or jigger
	SPIRITS
	DRINKS
30	Prunes, dried, 1 medium size
540	Prunes, cooked with sugar, for
091	Prunes, cooked without sugar, foz.
22	Peaches, tinned, no syrup, 2 halves
100	
	Peaches, tinned, with syrup, 2
120	figs, tunned, with syrup, foz. cup
100	comb
	Cherries, tinned, with syrup, for
225	8 soc. cup
152	Apricots, stewed, 5 medium size
120 100 152 152	Apricots, stewed, 5 medium size. Blackberries, tinned, with syrup, Cherries, tinned, with syrup, fox. cup

• The average daily calorific need depends on height, weight, and occupation (see charts). To maintain ideal weight a typist needs about 1900 calories daily, a housewife from 2000-2700, bus conductress or laundress, 2500-3000, a shop assistant, 2000. To lose 11b. a week you must cut your eating down by 500 calories a day. This is not harmful.

BEVERAGES Apple Cider, 8oz. glass 100 Cocoa (all milk), breakfast cup,	1 slice Wholemeal Bread, 3in. x 4in. x ½in
Soz	sultanas
breakiast cup, ooz.	lin
Coffee 0	1 Yeast Bun, 21in. diameter 140
(Add 25 calories for each dessertspoon milk used; add 25 calories each tea-	1 Plain Biscuit 40
spoon sugar used.)	1 Shredded Wheatmeal Biscuit 42
Lemonade, 8oz. glass 175	1 Thin Captain Biscuit 27
	1 Vita-Weat Biscuit 23
Malted Milk, plain (no ice- cream), 8oz. glass 250	1 Ry-Vita Biscuit 29
Malted Milk, chocolate (no ice- cream), 80z. glass 400	1 Sweet Biscuit, plain 50
Malted Milk with chocolate and ice-cream, 80z. glass 600	CONDIMENTS AND SAUCES
Milk, 8oz. glass 200	Apple Sauce, 40z 100
Ovaltine, 80z. cup 300	Chilli Sauce, I dessertspoonful 25
Orangeade, 8oz. glass 175	Chocolate Sauce, 1 dessertspoonful 100
Soda Water 0	Cream Sauce, 1 dessertspoonful 35
Tea 0	French Dressing, 1 dessertspoonful 100
Water 0	Gravy (thick), 1 dessertspoonful . 50
Tonic Water, 8oz. glass 175	Gravy (thin), 1 dessertspoonful 35
(Add calories for milk and sugar as in coffee.)	Hard Sauce, 1 dessertspoonful 100 Hollandaise Sauce, 1 dessertspoon-
BATTER FOODS	ful 100
(Calorie count does not include the	Horseradish Sauce, 1 dessertspoon- ful 5
number in butter, jam, sugar, or syrup	Mayonnaise, 1 dessertspoonful 100
served with batter foods.)	Mustard, 1 teaspoonful
1 Pancake, 6in, diameter 125	Tartare Sauce, 1 dessertspoonful . 100
1 Pikelet, 3in. diameter 65	Thousand Island, I dessertspoonful 100
1 Waffle, 5in. diameter 200	
1 Crumpet, 3in. diameter 175	Melted Butter Sauce, 1 dessert- spoonful 100
BREAD, BUNS, BISCUITS	Tomato Sauce, 1 dessertspoonful . 5
1 slice White Bread, 3in. x 4in. x	Vinegar 0
4in 80	White Sauce, I dessertspoonful 35

IDEAL WEIGHTS FOR MEN*

L - Light frame. A - Average frame.

Ŧ					A	GE G	ROUF	5				
HEIGHT		25-29			30-34			35-39			40-44	
Ŧ	L	A	3	L	A	В	L	A	В	L	Α	В
4'11"	110	116	138	112	118	140	112	118	140	112	117	139
5' 0"	112	118	140	114	120	142	114	120	143	114	119	141
5' 1"	114	120	142	116	122	144	116	122	144	116	121	143
5' 1" 5' 2" 5' 3"	115	123	143	117	125	145	117	125	145	117	124	144
5' 3"	118	126	146	120	128	148	120	128	148	120	127	147
5' 4" 5' 5" 5' 6" 5' 7" 5' 8" 5' 9"	122	130	150	124	132	152	124	132	152	124	131	151
5' 5"	125	134	154	127	136	156	127	136	156	127	135	155
5' 6"	130	138	159	132	140	161	132	140	161	132	139	160
5' 7"	133	142	163	135	144	165	135	144	165	135	143	164
5' 8"	136	146	167	138	148	169	138	148	169	138	147	168
5' 9"	140	150	173	143	153	176	143	153	176	143	152	175
5'10"	143	155	178	146	158	181	146	158	181	146	157	180
5'11"	149	161	185	152	164	188	152	164	188	152	163	187
6' 0"	154	167	190	157	170	193	157	170	193	157	169	192
6' 1"	159	173	193	162	176	196	162	176	196	162	175	195
6' 2"	164	178	195	168	182	203	168	182	203	168	181	202
		45-49		50-54			55-59			60-64		
4'11"	112	116	138	111	115	137	110	114	136	107	111	132
5' 0"	114	118	140	113	117	139	112	116	138	109	113	134
5' 1"	116	120	142	115	119	141	114	118	140	111	115	136
5' 2"	117	123	143	116	122	142	115	121	141	112	118	137
5' 2" 5' 3"	120	126	146	119	125	145	118	124	144	115	121	140
	124	130	150	123	129	149	122	128	148	119	125	144
5' 4" 5' 5" 5' 6"	127	134	154	126	133	153	125	132	152	122	129	148
5' 6"	132	138	159	131	137	158	130	136	157	127	133	153
5' 7"	135	142	163	134	141	162	133	140	161	130	137	157
5' 8"	138	146	167	137	145	166	136	144	165	133	141	161
5' 9"	143	151	174	142	150	173	141	149	172	138	146	168
5'10"	146	156	179	145	155	178	144	154	177	141	151	173
5'11"	152	162	186	151	161	185	150	160	184	147	157	180
6' 0"	157	168	191	156	167	190	155	166	189	152	163	185
6' 1"	162	174	194	161	173	193	160	172	192	157	169	188
6' 2"	168	180	201	167	179	200	166	178	199	163	175	195

* Undressed. For clothing and shoes allow 8 pounds.

BUILD CHART

OYOu can generally tell at a glance whether a person has a light, average, or big frame. But there is room far doubt with overweight people padded out with fat. There are seven parts of the body which vary noticeably in skeletons—shoulders, chest, pelvis, hips, wrists, knees, and ankles. If you are large in the majority of them you fit into the large-frame group. Wrists that measure 6½" or under show you are in the light-frame classification.







FOLD ALONG DOTTED LINES

The Australian Women's Weekly April 27, Page 34

we conducted the following the second	COSA DESCRIBISTA SUBJECTA A COST
State 15000	Brussels Sprouts, 4oz 56
other fruit, 3 teaspoons butter or other fats,	Broccoli, 80z. cup 45,
l serving citrus fruit, l piece of	Beans, french, 8oz. cup 25
serving green or yellow vegetables,	Butter Beans, Sox, cup 25
wholemeal bread, ‡ cup cereal, !	Broad Beans, Soz. cup 200
poultry, fish, or cheese, 14 slices	Asparagus, spears, 5 large 15
I pint milk, I egg, doz, meat,	Asparagus, cuts, 8oz, cup 40
BE HEVTLHA:	VEGETABLES
EVERY DAY TO DIET AND	
FOODS YOU MUST EAT	8oz. cup 175
<u> </u>	Vegetable and Beef or Lamb Stock,
	Vegetable, 8oz. cup 150
Turnips, 8oz. cup 40	Tomato Bouillon, Soz. cup 30
Tomato, medium size 30	Tomato Soup, Soz. cup 75
Squash, 8oz. cup 35	Potsto, 8oz. cup 200
Spinach, 8ox. cup 43	Pea Soup, Soz. cup 145
Radishes (6) 10	Onion, French, 8oz. cup 125
Ot (a) sadzibeA	Onion, creamed, 8ox. cup 200
Pumpkin, 4oz 40	Lentil Soup, Soz. cup 250
x ‡m x ‡im, x †im, 160	Consomme, clear, 8ox. cup 35
Potatoes, french fried, 8 pieces Zin.	Chicken Noodle, Soz. cup 100
Potatoes, mashed, 4oz 120	Chicken Broth, 8oz. cup 50
Potatoes, boiled, for 250	Bouillon, cubes, 1 cube 2
	Bouillon, clear, 8oz. cup 10
	Barley Broth, 8oz. cup 120
Peas, 8oz. cup 110	Beef Broth, Soz. cup 100
Parsnips, Box, cup 95	Asparagus, creamed, 8ox. cup 200
Onions, fried, 8ox. cup 300	
Onions, boiled, 8oz. cup 80	dnos
Mushrooms, 8oz. cup 25	on a minoder tassation of taring annual t
Marrow, for,	Jam, level dessertspoonful 55 Peanut Butter, level dessertspoonful 100
Lettuce, medium heart 20	
č	Honey, level dessertspoonful 62
Kohlrabi, 8oz. cup 45	SPREADS FOR BREAD
Endive, half head 10	
Eggplant, medium slice 30	011 wit x
Cucumber, long green, medium size 10	Turkey, reasted, I slice fin, x 2in.
Corn on the cob, medium size 85	Duck, roasted, half medium size . 700
Corn, kernels, 8oz. cup 140	Chicken, roasted, half medium size 150
	POULTRY
Cauliflower, 8os. cup 25 Celety, 6 stalks 15	AND SECURITION OF THE PARTY OF
Carrots, 8oz. cup 50	Wiener Schnitzel, 3oz 207
Cabbage, 8oz. cup 15	Veal Stew, Soz. cup 240
Cabbage Sos cur	Veal, roast, 3oz 190
THE RESERVE OF THE PARTY OF THE	THE PROPERTY OF THE PARTY OF TH
	THE RESIDENCE OF THE PARTY OF T



Sunbeam MIXMASTER

...the ultimate in styling and efficiency

EXCLUSIVE SUNBEAM FEATURES:
Only Mixmoster is complete
with a Juice Extractor.
Only Mixmoster gives you
these two optional extras:
speedy, labour-saving Mincer
attachment—versatile Drinkmix blending attachment.

Complete is indeed the word for this magnificent NEW Sunbeam Mixmaster. Big bowl-fit beaters, a Mix-finder dial that makes scientifically controlled mixing yours at a touch — Optional Blending and Mincer attachments too! Sunbeam Mixmaster has EVERYTHING — and it's all yours for just a few shillings a week.

Sunbeam

THE BEST ELECTRICAL
APPLIANCES
MADE

ON MOTHER'S DAY—what better way, what more thoughtful way, to express your love and appreciation than to turn her daydream into a wonderful Sunbeam Mixmaster—hers to remember day after day—year after year

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WHERLY - April 27, 1960

Sunbeam

MANASTER

SEE BEAUTYREST AT

1 Schooler & Sen.
Bogts & Harrison II G Elforth Sone Home I

SOUTH AUSTRALIA

QUEENSLAND BRISBANE Anny & Shire, Burns & Roberts Finney tale & Co.

NEW SOUTH WALES

ins Immeration (Budges) LIMBAH Greats LIMBAH Greats LIMBAH G. C. C. Cottalle LIMBA I. W. Bares C. W. West E. C.

Prope 36

It's Beautyrest Birthday Month

We're one year old in Australia!

eautyres

the world-famous mattress

where comfort begins and backache ends

The world's top-selling mattress for 35 years is now one year old in Australia! Lucky you - if you've already enjoyed Australia's first 365 nights of perfect Beautyrest comfort! Beautyrest, the world's top-selling mattress, is completely different inside . . . where it counts. Exclusive features give you the most mattress comfort, the most mattress wear. 20 million people in 40 countries sleep on



mattresses give you uncomfortable hammock-sag, like this.



BORDER IS SAG-PROOF! Only mattress in the world with edge coils individually sewn to 3-star crushproof border. Cannot sag!

Beautyrest mattress 4'6" . . . '43 gns. Matching Box Spring 32 gns. Prices slightly higher in some areas Available in all sizes including King Size Legs and castors slightly extra.



GOODBYE BACKACHE! Beautyrest supports every curve of your body with levelised comfort.



LASTS 3 TIMES LONGER! Official 'torture' tests by the United States Testing Company proved Beautyrest lasted 3 times longer than any other mattress:





WONDERFUL FOR

MOTHER'S DAY

837 SPRINGS WORK INDEPENDENTLY!

Ordinary mattress springs are wired together, sag together. Beautyrest springs (at right) are the only springs individually pocketed to act separately and give you maximum body support.

Beautyrest Box Springs

A Beautyrest Box Spring is scientifically designed to give uniform, levelised support from edge to edge. A sagging spring base encourages mattress-sag; a hard, unyielding wooden-type base causes undue wear on your matters. A Beautyrest of the same spring to th unyielding wooden-type base causes undue wear on your mattress. A Beautyrest Box Spring prevents sagging! Double coil suspension gives maximum comfort with minimum mattress wear. Always quiet! Dustproof! Upholstered in matching ticking, a Beautyrest Box Spring is the perfect foundation for your Beautyrest Mattress.



the world's largest manufacturers of bedding and convertible furniture. SYDNEY . MELBOURNE . BRISBANE . NEWCASTLE SHE OF

THE Australian Women's Weekly - April 27, 1960

POST-NATAL CARE

• Care of the mother after the birth of a baby is a very important aspect of modern mothercraft. Up-to-date methods aim at ensuring her quick return to normal health and strength.

THE post-natal period lasts from immediately after the birth of the baby until about two months later.

In that period the uterus shrinks down or "involutes" to shrinks down or "involutes to its usual size and position, the stretched ligaments which hold it in place tighten up, the flabby abdominal and pelvic floor muscles gradually strengthen, and the softened, relaxed pelvic joints return to

The bladder and the bowel, on which there has often been great pressure, regain their muscular tone, and function normally again.

It is most important that special post-natal exercises should be done regularly as soon as possible.

Some can be done in bed very soon after baby is born, unless there have been com-plications or stitches, in which ase the doctor will advise when to begin,

Physiotherapists are at-tached to most big maternity hospitals, and they demonstrate teach the exercises.

When the mother goes home, she should set aside at least ten minutes daily for the exercises for the first few weeks, to regain her figure and good

Sture. Until normalcy is reached she may experience constipa-tion, backache and other discomforts

After the birth, the doctor will have advised the mother to visit his surgery in about six weeks' time for an exam-ination and a check-up to make sure everything is again nor-

In this post-natal period, breast-feeding, after some probable early difficulties, becomes fully established.

young mother with her also has to make many adjustments (some emo-



tional) to the entirely new life

she will be experiencing. She needs rest and every consideration. Breast-feeding can be easily disturbed, and the baby, who is just learning to nurse and live outside his mother's body, upset if she

for short periods, and, in three days, to have a shower.

This early activity seems to

stimulate the circulation and elimination as well as aiding drainage, and the quicker in-volution of the uterus.

This does not mean that

By SISTER MARY JACOB, our Mothercraft nurse

is worried, emotionally bothcred, or physically over-tired. The modern trend in the

early after-care of the mother is for early "ambulation."

Whereas in the past mothers were kept quietly lying in bed for ten to fourteen days, they are now advised to sit out of bed, are on to their feet. bed, get on to their feet a few hours after the baby is born, and soon to walk about

newly made mothers are not to rest most of the time at first, and "go slowly"

One young mother I know, who felt so well the first day she got home that she tackled a big accumulated wash, paid for it the next day by losing milk.)

The importance of adequate care of the mother after the birth of her baby (especially her first baby) is often not sufently recognised.

During pregnancy she probably had every consideration shown to her by relatives and friends and was guarded

against overdoing things.

But as soon as the new baby is brought home he takes the centre of the stage, and every interest in him is so keen that the mother may not per-

that the mother may not perhaps get enough consideration, help, and co-operation.

Those around her do not understand, perhaps, that she has been through a big physical and emotional strain; that it takes some little time for both body and mind to get back to normal; that she will need rest and quiet.

Rest, recreation

The hisband can do much to protect his wife from worry during these early days, and if domestic help is unobtainable he should cheerfully undertake a share of household chores.

She needs change of en-vironment and thought, and if she never gets out she may feel that there is a monotony in her life and become de-pressed and worry and fret

Too many visitors from the day she brings her baby home often prove a curse to the young nursing mother.

Not long ago a girl brought her six-weeks-old baby in for me to see, and she told me she had just put it completely on the bottle

When I questioned "Why?" she said the first day she arrived home she had an influx of 13 visitors to see the new baby and there had since been a steady daily stream She blamed this for her failure in breast-feeding.

When the young mother first arrives home, the extra work, a certain amount of nervous excitement, plus the responsibility of her baby interfere with breast-feeding. GETS RIGHT DOWN It's no use expecting dandruff and other worrying hair and scalp disorders to respond to the kind of shampooing that skims over the surface of the problem. You have to get right down to the root of the trouble . . . with Loxene medicated shampoo. Loxene removes the greasy scalp and hair deposits of dust and dirt that dim the hair's natural healthy liveliness. It gets your hair clinically clean—clears away dandruff and leaves the hair manageable, fresh and soft. Loxene gets

SHALLOW SHAMPOOING IS NOT ENOUGH

Economical hair health for all the family!

Loxene is amazingly economical lathering gets your hair scrupulously clean. And every 4/6 bottle contains eight cleansing, medicated shampoos. Buy a bottle today-get the whole family started on the road to healthy



results-just put it to the test!

MEDICATED

SHAMPOO and SCALP TREATMENT SINGLE TREAT- 1'3



 Humber Snipes have always been popular in Australia, particularly with outback families who liked their ruggedness and reliability and didn't mind the heavy petrol consumption.

BUT previously the Snipe, a fast car with heavy steering and braking, hardly filled the bill as a woman's car.

The new 3-litre model is without doubt the best Humber yet produced.

Its good performance has been improved with the en-larged 125-b.h.p. engine—but more important for women it has become an easier car to

The automatic transmission is a boon to women motorists, who mostly dislike changing

With the new Humber you serely select the "D" or merely select the "D" or "drive" position with an easily THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - April 27, 1960

moved lever, press gently on Snipe cruises comfortably in the accelerator pedal, and the 80s and handles with the away you go.

From then on you can con-centrate solely on steering and the automatic car braking, for transmis s i o n

takes care of all gear-chang-By BETTY McKAY Stopping is only a question accounts for rush of orders.

of applying the brakes — no clutch to worty about, or stalling engine.

ing engine.

Even men who have scoffed The polished-wood instru-at automatic transmissions as ment panel. "sissy motoring" now prefer them, particularly in traffic. The new Snipe also has

The new Snipe also has greatly improved braking.

The steering, however, is still heavy. Still, on the open road the

surefootedness of much smaller The Snipe is a good-looking

solid and dependable. The price tag of £1994.

cluding tax, is

- The good interior trim,

- The centre armrests.

 Easy access through front and rear doors.

 Large easily opened boot.
 Good forward vision.

 The powerful 6 callinder.

The powerful 6-cylin engine and good brakes. 6-cylinder



I did not like:

The ignition key, which

- has to be turned against a spring.
- The relatively small rearvision mirror.
- The awkwardness of getting at the handbrake, down between the door and seat. The bollows in the door
- armrests a trap lighted cigarettes, Average petrol consumption is around 20 m.p.g.

Hint for the week:

Practise "anticipation" whenever you drive—it is a hallmark of good driving. Get into the habit of "driving" well ahead of your own car and seeing what is going on several cars in front, and anticipation becomes easy. This way you can avoid the unpleasant "sandwich" accident.



LOOK WHAT GAS I IS DOING NOW

All the latest glamour features are on the



"TOUCH-LITE" LIGHTING does away matches. Just press the button, turn on the gas for hot plates, griller or oven and the burners light up, wherever

METTERS 60 DE LUXE

*** "TOUCH-LITE" LIGHTING**

X AUTOMATIC "THERMAL EYE"

Metters "60" Deluxe automatic gas console has everything you've dreamed of, glamorous futurelook styling and every latest American feature. Streamlined control panel, a big griddle grill (it can be covered to give extra working space when

- * NEW ROTO-GRILL
- * BIG AMERICAN GRIDDLE

not in use), windowed Roto-Grill and big oven and a large, roll-out storage drawer. All this plus automatic lighting, automatic oven and grill and range-top cooking . . . and a handy minuteminder to take over your pot-watching chores.





Only GAS gives you the wonderful combination of instant high heat, perfect control and clean, smokeless flame cooking. GAS does the job without wait, without waste. See this modern Gas range at your Gas Showrooms.

If you live beyond the gas main use LP (Bottled) Gas and appliances.

The N.G.A. Badge of Approval on any appliance is your guarantee of quality

does so much more...for so much less!

Page 38

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - April 27, 1960



Make a game of losing weight

 You can win easily if you calculate every move by counting calories and including in your diet the recipes in this four-page cookery feature. Check your calorie intake with the special counter on page 33. Calorie value per average serving is given with each of these easy-to-make recipes.

(Level spoon measurements and the 8 liquid oz. cup measure are used in all these recipes.)



VEAL SAVORY 244 calories per serving

VEAL SAVORY

One and a half pounds veal fillet cut into 12 pieces, 1 tablespoon cooking oil, 1 clove garlic, 1 dessert-spoon cornflour, 1 bouillon cube, 1 small tin sliced mushrooms, 6 small white onions (parboiled), 2 table-spoons white wine (optional).

Pound veal pieces to make tender, add to heated oil and crushed garlic in pan, saute until browned all over. Blend cornflour with little mushroom juice or water, add to veal with bouillon cube, mushrooms, wine, onions. Stir well, cover, cook over low heat until veal and onions are tender. Serves 6.



ZUCCHINI BOATS 65 calories per serving

ZUCCHINI BOATS

ZUCCHINI BOATS
Six zucchini or baby squash, \{lb.\)
mushrooms, \(2\) teaspoons butter or substitute, \{\}\) teaspoon salt, pinch pepper, pinch garlic salt, pinch oregano, grated Parmesan cheese.
Slice zucchini lengthwise, scoop out seed centres, place in greased casserole. Wash and slice mushrooms, saute in melted butter with seasonings until barely soft. Fill into zucchini boats, pour mushroom juice around. Cover with lid or aluminium foil, bake in moderate oven minium foil, bake in moderate oven until tender. Uncover, sprinkle with cheese (1 tablespoon equals 30 calories extra), continue cooking until cheese melts. Serve 2 pieces to each person.



Two cucumbers, 2 tablespoons itter or substitute, 2 tablespoons butter or substitute, 2 tablespoons water, 1 onion, 2 tablespoons flour, ½ teaspoon salt, pinch pepper, 1 cup chicken stack, ½ cup skim milk (made from non-fat dry milk).

Wash cucumbers, peel one. Cut both into chunks, place into saucepan with butter, water, and sliced onion. Cover, heat, simmer 10 minutes. Cool slightly, place in elec-tric blender or force through fine strainer. Return to saucepan. Mix in flour blended with chicken stock, seasonings. Reheat, add milk, heat slightly but do not boil. Serves 6.



CUCUMBER SOUP 105 calories per serving

COFFEE JELLY

Two tablespoons gelatine, 1 cup cold water, 2 cups hot strong coffee, 1 teaspoon salt, 2 teaspoons lemon juice, sugar substitute.

Add gelatine to cold water to soften. Pour in hot coffee, salt, lemon juice, and sufficient sugar substitute to taste. Stir until gelatine dissolves. Pour into shallow pan, place in refrigerator to set. Cut into cubes (with warmed knife) and pile into 6 sweets dishes. Serve plain or with low-calorie whipped topping made from non-fat skim milk powder.



COFFEE JELLY 11 calories per serving



JELLIED VEGETABLE RING 140 calories per serving

JELLIED VEGETABLE RING

JELLIED VEGETABLE RING
One tablespoon gelatine, \(\frac{1}{2} \) cup
water, \(1 \) tablespoon sugar or substitute, \(1 \) cup hot water, \(1 \) cup finely
diced green pepper, \(1 \) cup grated
carrot, \(\frac{1}{2} \) cup finely diced celery,
\(11b) \) cottage cheese, \(\frac{1}{2} \) cup finely
chopped onion, pepper, watercress.
Soften gelatine in cold water, add
sugar or substitute, hot water, half
the salt and lemon juice, mix well.
Chill until slightly thickened, add
carrot, green pepper, celery. Pour

carrot, green pepper, celery. Pour into wetted ring mould to set. Combine cheese, onion, remaining salt and pepper. Unmould ring, fill centre with cheese, garnish with watercress. Cut into 6 wedges.



PIQUANTE FISH GRILL 128 calories per serving

More recipes overleaf

PIQUANTE FISH GRILL

Three pounds flounder, haddock, or ocean perch fillets, salt, 1 tablespoon each minced onion, cucumber, and red pepper, 1 tablespoon Wor-cestershire sauce, pinch paprika, lemon, parsley.

Sprinkle fish fillets with little salt, arrange on greased griller bars.
Grill 4 to 5 minutes on each side, depending on thickness. Combine onion, cucumber, pepper with sauce and paprika. Spread on one side of fillets, replace under griller 1 minute. Garnish with lemon slices, parsley. Serves 6.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - April 27, 1960



Make a game of losi

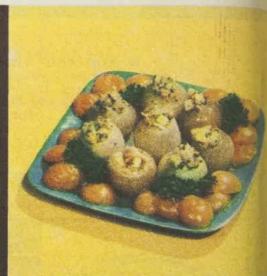


STEAK A LA STANLEY

One sirloin steak (for 6 servings), 6 bananas, lemon juice, salt, pepper, watercress or parsley.

Place steak under griller and cook on both sides until done as desired. Peel bananas, split through the centre, and brush liberally with lemon juice. Place under griller about 10 minutes before steak is done. Sprinkle with salt and pepper and arrange on heated platter. Garnish with watercress or parsley.

Note: Dieters should have a 3oz. slice of steak plus 1 banana.

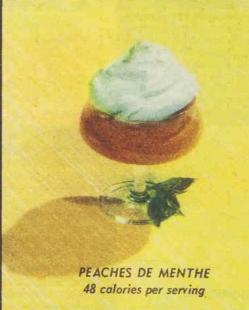


BAKED STUFFED ONIONS 100 calories per serving

PEACHES DE MENTHE

Three tablespoons water, 1 teaspoon gelatine, 4 egg-whites, pinch salt, ½ teaspoon cream of tartar, 2 teaspoons creme de menthe, sugar substitute, few drops green food coloring, 1 large tin unsweetened peaches.

Place water and gelatine in heatproof bowl; dissolve over hot water. Beat eggwhites, salt, and cream of tartar until stiff and white. Add sweetening and coloring to taste, fold in creme de menthe and dissolved gelatine, and spoon on to peaches, which have been sweetened to taste with sugar substitute. Serve in one large or six individual dishes.



TOMATO-MUSHROOM MACE-DOINE

One large tin tomatoes, 1 onion, \(\frac{1}{2}\)lb.

mushrooms, 2 teaspoons butter or substitute, 1 teaspoon sugar, salt, pepper.

Drain tomatoes. Peel and slice onion, wash and slice mushrooms. Saute onion in butter until soft but not brown. Add mushrooms, cook a further 3 to 5 minutes, add tomatoes and sugar, reduce heat, and simmer for 10 minutes. Season to taste with salt and pepper. Serve in 6 portions.



SAVORY LIVER SLICES 244 calories per serving

Page 40

SAVORY LIVER SLICES

One and a half pounds lamb's fry or liver, 1 cup flour, 1 teaspoon salt, pinch pepper, 2 tablespoons butter or substitute, 2 tablespoons water, 2 cups sliced carrots, 1 cup diced onion, 1 cup diced green pepper.

Cut liver into ½-inch slices. Combine flour, salt, and pepper, and coat both sides of liver slices. Brown in heated butter, arrange vegetables over top, and pour over the water. Cover and cook slowly for 35 to 40 minutes. Serves 6.



PRAWN SUPREME 140 calories per serving

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - April 27, 1960

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY Presents

April 27, 1960

leenagers' WEEKLY

ROBERTA SHORE
of the Mouseketeers

LETTERS

Holding hands = is it 'cheap'?

MY girl-friend and her boyfriend were watching TV, holding hands. When her boyfriend had gone her father severely reprimanded her for holding hands, saying that it was "cheap" and "common." She was forbidden to go out with him unless she stopped holding hands. I think that's tough. Is there anything wrong with holding hands?—"For It," Glenelg, S.A.

Plenty of fun

MANY teenagers have complained about the lack of entertainment in their home town or city. If they joined a swimming, tennis, or table-tennis club they would meet new friends and also have an interesting hobby. The entertainments are there, but it is up to them to find them. — Geraldine Graham, New Town, Hobart.

Movie prices

THERE has been much talk lately of the drop in attendances at picture theatres. One of the reasons, for teenagers at least, is that it is too expensive. At our local picture theatre persons over 12 years, regardless of whether they are working or still at school, must pay full price. As most students receive only about 6/- pocket money, one trip to the pictures leaves them broke for the rest of the week. Concessions can be given in other fields to students, so why not for the pictures? — Dianne Jones, Liverpool, N. V. W.

Going steady

FOR six months I went steady with a boy. Then he went away to work for a couple of months and I went out with quite a number of boys and enjoyed myself. My boy-friend is 18 and I am 15 and we both think we are too young to be going steady. I think that all other girls around my age should not go steady, as a lot of them are very immature.—M. Doyle, Carnarvon, W.A.



Page 2 — Teenagers' Weekly

There are no holds barred in this forum. Send your snaps, too, and we pay £1/1/- for every letter used. Send them to Box 7052 WW, G.P.O., Sydney.

Our Cover Girl this week is Roberta Shore, the 16-year-old movie starlet who is visiting Australia with the Mouse-keteers.

Unfair to girls

I WANT to be a radio technician, but have been told that it is very difficult for a girl to obtain a position as an apprentice. It seems that this job is for men only. Apart from fewer opportunities, girls don't even get equal pay. A woman does as much as, if not more than, a man, and is also much more efficient, and in many cases she should receive a higher wage than a man. — Lesley Clark, Southport, Qld.

Word from Dad

WE hear a lot about teenagers and how they are interested only in rock-'n-roll, but as a parent who runs his son home by car three nights a week from the Technical College, I feel I must say that to watch the hundreds and hundreds of young boys and girls streaming from the Tech. every night shows that there is another kind of teenager, who is very serious about his future and is prepared to spend quite a large proportion of his leisure time in study. Older people have always shaken their heads over the rising generation, but human nature changes very little and I have no doubt that our present teenagers will turn out every bit as good as their parents, even with a bit of rock-n-roll on the side.—"Observer," Sans Souci, N.S.W.

New club

OUR school has formed an industrial arts club and we meet every Monday after school. With our tech. facilities we turn out such things as boats, canoes, skis, surfboards and, having installed an arc-welding set, can now make go-karts.—"Industrious," Lakemba, N.S.W.

Holiday switch

I READ recently that the Queensland Board of Education was thinking of reducing the Christmas holidays by one week and adding an extra week to the May holidays. This is a good idea, as it gives you more time to relax after the first hard term in school and to prepare for the next term. — J. Gauci, Mackay, Qld.

Long pants

ALTHOUGH I am a girl I can understand the problem of "Longuns" (T.W., 30/3/60), as I have two brothers. Long pants are to a boy what lipstick and high heels are to a girl, and 13 is not too young to go into them. When a boy is embarrassed because he is one of the last to wear long pants in his class, he should have a talk with his parents and save to help pay for a pair, if necessary.

—"I Agree," Pascoe Vale, Vic.

Pocket-money

I HAVE read various articles by noted authors, who say pocket-money is a child's right and it should be paid to him all at once on a certain day of the week. Yet how many parents do this! Most agree there should be a "weekly wage," but when "pay day" comes around how many teenagers are disappointed when only part of the money is given to them, and the rest has to be asked for later. — Ken Tobin, Floreat Park, W.A.

Dangers of baby-sitting

6 "C o d d l e d" (T.W., 30/3/60) complained that her parents would not let her baby-sit alone for strangers who answered her adseeking such jobs. Most readers agreed there was some risk involved, but suggested this could be overcome if "Coddled" and a friend, or her mother, interviewed prospective employers before any engagement was accepted.



Anzac Day

A NZAC DAY should be kept as a day of remembrance of those who died to save our country. It should not be a day when people go to the races or other such places. We should go to services and remember all the young soldiers who fought. — Margaret Campbell, Mareeba, Qld.

Worth it

EARLY this year, being anxious to grow up, have dates, and really begin to live. I was very disgruntled when my parents decreed that all outings during the week were out, but provided I worked hard at my studies I would be permitted time for enjoyment at the week-ends. Now this rule is paying dividends. I am finding it easy to study at night; with results that are surprising even me. Then, oh boy, do I enjoy that dance or social I have been looking forward to all weekl-"Satisfied," Marion, S.A.

Pick-up girls warned of danger

For . . .

AS "Don't Know" said, many true and lasting friendships have been made by a casual "hello" from a stranger. I have met several nice boys in this way, and although nothing scrious has come of these friendships, I still have these boys as friends. Of course, a girl must use her own discretion as to whether the boys are nice types or ones to discourage. Most girls are quite capable of doing this. There is a lot of difference in being picked up on a street corner or accepting a lift from a stranger, and meeting a boy on the beach, at a show, or a dance.—"Annie," Huntingdale, Vic.

WHEN at the beach I see a girl I would like to meet, I just sit down beside her and start a conversation. There is nothing wrong with me and I hope nothing wrong with this type of meeting. It is easily seen if a girl is not exactly the type you'd like to know.—"Surfer," Ashgrove, Qld.

I SEE nothing wrong in meeting members of the opposite sex in this way if they appear decent types, and one can soon tell if they are decent or not. • Should girls allow themselves to be picked up? "Don't Know" (T.W., 30/3/60) said she and her girl-friend saw no harm in talking to strange boys at the beach or a show, and if they seemed nice would allow the boys to take them home. Readers vote two to one against.

Many young people as well as working all day do courses at night, and their recreation time is very limited. It's so difficult to make friends in the city, so why not take the opportunity on the weekend to be friendly at the beach with teenagers of the opposite sex and of the same age?—"Unprejudiced," Darlington, N.S.W.

... and against

THESE girls are mad to allow strange boys to come near them. Some boys are nice on the surface, but underneath they are not. These girls are taking a great risk.—S. Vallence, Richmond, Vic.

ARE you really serious, "Don't Know"? Do you mean to say that because you "meet" a boy for the first time who seems nice you let him take you home? This is definitely asking for trouble. If you and your girl-friend talk to strangers on the beach where other people are, that is all right, but allowing them to escort you home is an entirely different matter. In the past you have been very lucky that the boys you met were decent, but don't try your luck too far. — "Watch Your Step," Maitland, N.S.W.

A BOY may seem nice when talking to you, but in other circumstances he may be entirely different. As the saying goes, "Never judge a book by its cover," and the same applies to people. The best way of meeting and mixing with boys is by joining a church club. I belong to one and I am surprised at the number of boys I have met during the past two years.—"Good Advice," Hunter's Hill, N.S.W.

THIS method of introduction cheapens a girl. I read an article once in which boys agreed that they never thought much of a girl they had picked up. As to a better way of meeting boys, surely you have friends who have brother? What about the boys at school or work? Don't you ever go to parties? Or belong to a youth club? All these can lead to an introduction without branding yourself cheap. — "Janie," Medindie, S.A.

NEVER, ever, encourage a likely pick-up! You will become so used to it that you won't be able to separate the good from the bad, and the majority of them are bad. It will reward you threefold to wait until an introduction brings you the perfect partner—"Should Know," Melbournet.

SURELY any sensible girl would know that she is just asking for trouble and a bad reputation if she allows herself to be picked up. Surely there is a Saturday-night dance and some clubs in the district where she could meet many nice boys.

"Not a Pick-up," Tatura, Vic.

First Love



10 to 1 it's the real thing

• When your first love lets you down, and your world explodes into a void of misery, don't give way to grief, girls. It wasn't true love after all. Well, not on HIS part.

JUST pin together the tattered fragments of your heart, and carry on. But don't carry on too much! Just simmer down

Very few people marry their est love. Only about one in ten, I read recently in some American college statistics.

They're usually the ones who marry on a shoestring and work, work, work to feed the little mouths that come crowding

Aged about 30, the careworn wife pauses for breath and says: wife pauses for breath and says: 'Where is my lost youth?"

Often she puts on her war-paint and rushes out to find it. One thing leads to another— and it's often another man. And that's no good to anyone.

The girl who can recover from her first love can recover

Don't be bitter

The first heartbreak is a real compound fracture.

It takes good surgery (cutting your losses) and careful nurs-

By March Wingate

ing so that you don't turn bitter

When you've recovered you are more steady and mature, and you can pass the next four or five years summing people up—comparing every other boy with that incomparable first

None of them will measure None of them will measure to him for years after the heartbreak. So you're safe from the wolves if you use your experience wisely and don't rush into the arms of Second Best.

And one fine day, years later, you meet your first love face to face. Your heart thumps, your feet turn to aspic, your lips stutter. You talk to him for stutter. You talk to a time, then move on.

As you walk away the clouds suddenly turn rose-colored and you say to yourself: "I'm free. What on earth did I see in HIM? I can't believe it."

Nearly everyone falls in love in their teens, hopelessly and dreamily in love. Then there's that wretched process of having to fall out of love. It seems that nature plays

this trick on us just to condition us for the future.

I asked ten of my friends if they fell in love in their teens.

"Yes, of course," they all re-ied. "He broke it off and I thought I'd die. I saw him the other day. Gosh, I'm glad I didn't marry him."

Give it a year

Enjoy your first love, Keep it delicate and fine, for the fragile thing that it is. Let it mould your character for you.

I don't want to be a cynic, ut it's most unlikely to last for long.

If it breaks up, use its memory as a coat of armor until you are old enough for a lasting love.

If you are still very young when your second love appears, give it at least a year to see whether it's going to strengthen or weaken under the hundred-and-one incidents that happen in a year.

He misses the train and keeps you waiting. He breaks a date to play football. He loves his mother more than you. He's too popular with

DION DE MUCCI with his First Love - Sue Butterfield. Now famous as leader of Dion and the Belmonts, he was then 16 and Sue was 15.

They both lived in the Bronx, New York, and met in a shop on Belmont Avenue just over three years

"Sue was the first girl I ever went with for a long time," Dion said: "It was strange at first, just seeing one girl. She was the only thing in my life I didn't get tired of.

"Right from the start we felt good together. She was sweet, honest, never noisy. When she was with me she was always natural.

"We thought about getting married—some day later on. That was probably in our

minds, for I bought her a ring, a birthstone ring."

Dion and Sue were inseparable, dreamily happy. This was the real thing...

But those odds of 10 to 1

were against them. Sue's father suddenly announced that the family was moving to Florida, and off she

went.

They were sad at parting—but soon knew their romance was over. Not seeing each other every day, they drifted apart.

But they're no longer lovelorn. In fact they are already looking forward to falling in love again—when the real thing comes along.

other girls. He laughs too much (or too little). Are you going to be able to live with all this and later on have children that take after HIM?

Yes, those are the very things you love him for? Good. Get engaged.

Of course, you might be one of those rare girls who actually wait for and marry their very first love in a sensible fullness of time. Your love path may be smooth.

If so,

If so, consider yourself blessed by the gods . . . the girl whose heart never gets

Not the only one

But I'm writing this to cheer up the girls whose hearts do break—and badly. Those who walk round for weeks in gloomy unhappiness, feeling as if they actually have a hole in their hearts.

The tears, the feeling of humiliation, the forsaken feel-

About the only comfort is that nearly every woman in the world older than yourself has been through the same experi-

Shed your tears. Tell your mother all about it, and she'll probably cry with you. Or your big sister or your aunt.

Any honest woman will ad-mit that being jilted for the first time is quite the most dreadful thing in the world.

But take heart and try to see as a stepping-stone to the nice man you're going to meet some day.

And every time you manage to laugh and stifle your hurt pride he's stepping closer and closer towards you.

Teenggers' Weekly - Page 3

National Library of Australia



• Are YOU just starting out on the dating game? Like thousands of others you're probably worrying about what is the right thing to do on the occasion of the big deal. In this new-style quiz Jim and Mary have some clues — but not all. At each step of the story, decide whether their behaviour is correct or not, and the answers will give you your dating-rating. If you're right in 16 or more of the 20, stop worrying. Those with less than ten should study a book on etiquette or seek the advice of someone who knows.

JIM and Mary met at a party given by Jane, one of Mary's school friends.

Jane had just introduced them when the jiving began. Mary was whisked off by her partner, and Jimmy wandered back to a crowd of boys at the far end of the room.

- Later in the evening Jim had a dance with Mary and asked her for her phone number.
- 2 Mary went home with her head in the clouds. Next day the phone rang and her mother answered. A boy asked if he could speak to Mary.
- 3 It was Jim, of course. "Are you doing anything tonight?" he asked Mary. "The gang are arranging a party and I'd like you to come." Mary accepted. Jim arranged to pick her up at half-past eight and rang off.

4 Now, what to wear? Mary decided on a pretty cotton dress, with her new high-heeled shoes and a string of beads, and spent most of the day in a flurry of preparations.

- 5 She was ready when the clock struck the half-hour, raced down to meet Jim at the front door, and off they went to the party. Jim explained that he couldn't borrow his father's car that night, so they travelled by bus.
- 6 At the end of the trip Jim rose, stood back for Mary to get off, then escorted her down the road to the party.
- 7 The whole evening was blissful and they danced together all the time. Mary stopped worrying about not knowing anyone and chatted happily to Jim about school, his job, and their mutual interests.
- 8 Mary had only one nasty moment
 Jim went off to get some lemon-

ade for them both, and she was left horribly alone while he talked to the boys. She slipped off to powder her nose to fill in the embarrassing moment,

The time got later and later, and later, and finally Mary suggested that they should go, as her parents would worry.

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- 10 She collected her cardigan and bag and they slipped out with another couple who had offered to drive them home.
- When they arrived at Mary's home she hopped out of the car, thanked Jim for a wonderful evening, the other couple for the lift home, and went inside.
- 12 Jim and Mary's next date was dinner, followed by a theare. Mary decided to wear a printed, full-skirted cotton dress, with a fairly low neckline, short white gloves, and as it was a chilly night she took a white
- 13 "Beep, beep." Mary was ready when she heard Jim blow the horn of his father's car, and ran out to where he was parked.
- 14 They drove to a popular restaurant and Mary followed Jim through the dimly lit room to a table for two where Jim drew out her chair and waited for her to sit down before he took his seat.
- 15 Mary put her handbag on the table and picked up the menu. She gave her order lobster mayonnaise to a waitress and Jim ordered macaroni pic.
- 16 The meal was lovely, and while Jim paid the waitress, Mary went to the powder-room to check ber lipstick and hair.
- 17 By then it was nearly eight, so they went straight to the theatre. Jim gave the tickets to the usherette and followed her to their seats with Mary walking behind him. Jim stood back for Mary to take the first seat away from the aisle.
- 18 After the show, Jim suggested a cup of coffee. Mary was embatrassed, but explained that her mother was expecting her straight home. "Couldn't we have some supper at our place?" she asked. So he drove her home, and when her mother opened the door, Mary introduced them: "Jim, this is my mother."
- Out some biscuits while her mother talked to Jim about the play. After they'd finished supper, Mary showed Jim to the door, and said goodnight and thank you.
- "When will I see you again?" said Jim. They arranged to go to the football match at the weekend, and Jim left for home.

Don't look now, but ... Here are the answers

- Although it is normal now for boys to ask girls for their phone numbers, it would have been far more polite if Jim had asked Jane for Mary's number.
- 2 Wrong. Jim should have introduced himself to Mary's mother.
- 3 Three mistakes this time. First, a boy should never ask "Are you doing anything tonight?" because it makes it awkward for the girl to refuse gracefully. Second, for a first date, the invitation should be given at least two days ahead. Lastly, Mary should have checked with her mother. After all, her mother didn't know Jim and Mary had only just met him herself.
- 4 Mary was in a difficult spot. She had no idea how informal the party would be, and should have asked Jim for some idea of what the other girls would be wearing. She made a good choice, though; a cotton dress can be worn successfully to most parties.
- \$ Good and bad. Mary was ready when Jim called, but she should have paid him and her parents the courtesy of introducing them. It was perfectly all right to catch the bus. All girls know that boys aren't made of money, and they don't expect taxis everywhere.
- 6 Wrong. Boys seem to have rather a muddled idea of the "ladies first" rule, and on a bus they shouldn't leave their girls to fall into the gutter alone. Jim should have got off first, then helped Mary down.
- 7 Nice, but wrong. Jim should have introduced Mary to his friends.

- 8 Again Jim was at fault. Before getting the drinks he should have taken her over to another group and introduced her.
- Right. It was Mary's place to suggest they leave. But if Mary had introduced Jim to her parents when he called, he could have asked them the deadline.
- 10 Wrong. Although saying goodbye is always difficult and seems unnecessary, they should not have left the party without thanking their hosts.
- II Jim's manners were sadly lacking. First, he should have got out and opened the door for Mary, and taken her to her front door. Second, he should have thanked her for com-
- 12 Mary's clothes judgment slipped this time. The frock and stole would have looked most suitable, but without the gloves. Gloves would have been necessary only if she had been wearing a coat or a formal gown.
- 13 Never, but never, should a boy wait in his car and toot for the girl. Jim should have come to the front door, escorted Mary down the path, opened the car door, and helped her in. Mary, of course, should have waited inside for him, and taken this second opportunity to introduce him to her parents.
- 14 Right on all counts. If the manager had shown them to their seats, Mary should have followed him directly. But as Jim chose the table himself, he was right to lead the way.

- 15 Two marks against Mary. She should have put her handbag on her lap, or at the side of her chair, and waited for Jim to hand her the menu, or suggest something she might like. Then he should have given the order to the waitress. It is also tactful not to choose the highest-priced dish on the menu. But don't go to the other extreme and choose the cheapest!
- 16 Mary had the right idea. But if the bill had to be paid at the counter, she should have stepped quietly back and taken no notice of the proceedings.
- 17 Wrong. Mary should have followed the usherette, and taken the seat away from the aisle. If there is not an usherette, the boy should lead the way, then stand back while the girl takes her seat.
- Right. If you have a curlew, stick to it. Boys don't like to think that the girls they date are allowed to roam round all night. It's also nice to take a boy home for coffee, provided your parents are waiting up for you. But Mary's introduction was wrong. She should have said: "Mum, this is Jim Smith. Jim, my mother," or words to that effect.
- 19 Right. This gave her mother a chance to get to know Jim. It was also proper for Mary to escort him to the door, for a private "goodnight."
- 20 Wrong. Another question a boy just shouldn't ask. It's up to him to provide the initiative.

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Tennis, not Soccer, for young Stan

by Bon Kelleher in London

 A few years ago Britain's elder statesman of Soccer had a quiet chat with a number of leading British sports writers.

"PLEASE, fellers," said Stanley Matthews, "don't make a peep-show out of my son. Don't make a fuss of him just because he is my son. Treat him as you would any other kid learning to play tennis."

For some time the critics were able to go along with Mr. Soccer's wish. Shy, gangling Stanley junior was just like any other kid learning to play ten-

But as the months passed more and more people began to sit up and take notice of this son of the most famous Soccer player the world has known.

There was more to Stanley junior's tennis than merely a "good young-un." He was be-ginning to blossom as an excel-lent prospect for Britain's muchdepleted stock of tennis talent,

Today, 15-year-old Stanley, still gangly, still shy, but im-mensely more confident on court, is rated as Britain's best hope for the future.

He has a Wimbledon champion's racquet in his grip, according to men who should

> YOUNG STAN during the Junior Ten-nis Championships at Wimbledon.



know — among them his per-fectionist coach, Australian George Worthington, and the British L.T.A.'s coaching man-ager, Dan Maskell.

Every time young Stan plays, older Stan watches if he can; and every time older Stan plays, younger Stan watches. This firm father-and-son partnership is unlike any other parent-and-child pairing in the tennis world: it is actually welcomed by the tennis experts.

Stanley imnor dired into the

Stanley junior dived into the world of gut and rubber, rather than Soccer boots and ball, almost by accident.

Soccer first

At the age of nine micro-scopic-sized Stanley was spotted playing tennis by talent-hungry L.T.A. scouts. They did little except keep a close eye on him for a few years. It seemed until

Supplement to The Australian Women's Weekly - April 27, 1960



PETER PAN OF SOCCER, 45-year-old Stanley Matthews, and the youngster who is tipped to carry on the Matthews name in sport: Stanley junior, aged 15.

He played Soccer for his school and showed exceptional promise. Then he changed schools to one that played Rugby instead of Soccer. He didn't like Rugby so he took to his second love: tennis.

Stanley senior told me:
"About this time the L.T.A.
coaching manager, Dan Maskell, asked me what I was
going to do with the lad.

"I told him that I would take him away from school early so he could practise tennis all winter — provided Maskell would help. To my delight Maskell agreed."

Time for tennis

From that time on Stan from a.m. latin, p.m. maths to a.m. tutor at home, p.m. tennis practice, practice, practice, practice, until the twang of ball on gut seemed to be incessant.

When he couldn't get prac-tice with other young players of his own age he took on sister Jean and sometimes mother and father, too.

He had been bitten by the bug that attacks so many top-flight tennis players. He grew to love tennis and couldn't get enough of it.

In April, 1956, he entered the Northern Club trials before L.T.A. selectors who were look-ing for talent to include in their special coaching scheme for promising youngsters. Matthews junior gritted his teeth, played hard — and won a place.

Maskell said then: "When he was first proposed for coach-ing, Stan was too small. But

he was about 11 that his path lay in his father's footsteps—on to the football field.

he's been under observation since he was nine—and he's improved and grown a great deal proved and grown a great deal

In 1957 he won the under-16 boys' singles in the Northern Junior Tournament and in 1958 became the youngest-ever Lan-cashire junior champion. The following year he was selected by the L.T.A. for the junior team to meet Cambridge Uni-

A move up the scale came when Stan entered the Junior Covered Courts Championships at Queen's Club last year. Earlier this year in the same event he showed the tenacity and programship which have and sportsmanship which have made his father a legend in his own

In 1958 Stan junior found himself in a country that he may see plenty of in future years—Australia.

Harry Hopman, that old cam, paigner of many countries and tournaments, gave him a week's intensive coaching when the Matthews family travelled around Australia following Matthews senior in his Soccer tour with Blackpool.

Now Stan junior is a mem-ber of the Nominated Young Players Fund and gets the V.I.P. treatment of a Davis Cup star.

Constant coaching

From the beginning of Nohe lives in London so that he can have his schooling from a tutor in the morning and coaching from Worthington in the afternoon.

Between them they have managed to iron out a weakness in the backhand, and now experts say Matthews junior is an excellent all-court player particu-larly strong on the forehand.

Another part of his game which needed strengthening was the volley. He had a tendency to hang back rather than come into the net to slam the ball

away. So Worthington devised an unorthodox but effective method of countering this failing: he tied a rope around young Stan-ley's middle and attached it to the walls on either side of the court, thus preventing him from retreating.

Davis Cup 1965?

Then he brought in top British amateurs such as Bobby Wilson and Mike Sangster to drive ball after ball at the tethered Stanley.

"Young Stan has already improved more than 40 per cent. since he has had regular coaching," Worthington declares. "If he progresses at the same rate for the next five years he will be really great. He could easily he representing Britain in the Davis Cup by the time he's 20."

Worthington makes the point that the quiet, modest Stanley is an eager and good learner.

Stanley senior has also noted another factor that may make his son a champion: like all the sporting greats (Stanley senior included) young Stan loves the hig occasion. big occasion.

"The larger the crowd the better he likes it," said footballer Stan. "He also is at his best when something's at stake."

Britons still fondly remem-ber the "Fred Perry Era" in tennis. Now they're equally fondly hoping for a future "Stan-ley Matthews Era" in the same

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At 18 a star for 11 years

 Eighteen-year-old actor Brandon de Wilde says his parents are wonderful, understanding, and have always given him straight answers to his questions.



BRANDON DE WILDE is no musician, but he likes strumming a quitar and is saving up to buy bongo drums. Keen on outdoor sports, he spends a lot of time exercising to keep fit.



BUT he's pretty fed-up with adults in general. "They're using too much psychology on teenagers," he says. "It's ridiculous. It doesn't work.

"Now they're talking about treating us rough like they used to . . . hitting

"It's too late to start hitting kids by the time they reach their teens, Parents should get tough with their children when they're younger."

Brandon's glad his parents didn't get tough with him, because he's never been particularly susceptible to dis-

Take the matter of homework. Brandon's a poor student. He knows he has to get his high school diploma, yet he just can't buckle down to home-

His teachers complain, and he comes

up with the age-old excuses.

And he doesn't want to go on to

"What for," he asks. "All I ever wanted to do was act and direct."

Going steady "awful"

He's not sure what he'd do with total independence, but he fights for it, anyway. At the moment, he has his own room and his own telephone, and most of his allowance goes towards paying for the terrifying amount of talk he manages to do over the telephone.

Whom does he talk to? To girls They're his latest hobby, but he doesn't believe in going steady.

"I tried it once," he said. "It was awful. She was always saying, 'Why did you look at another girl?' and I was always saying, 'Why do you talk to other fellows?"

Last year Brandon's favorite girl seemed to be a New York model (15 at the time) named Bonnie Trumpeter.

When Bonnie had a six-page spread in "Life" magazine, Brandon was so proud he nearly bought out the issue, and the first couple of days on the set of "Blue Jeans" he was desolate be-cause Bonnie hadn't written to him.

But within a week he had fallen for

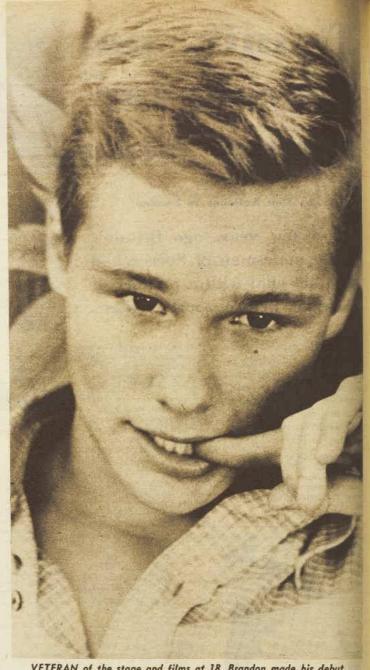
his co-star in the film — Carol Lynley.
"When did you first become romantically interested in Carol?" asked a columnist one day,

"After we kissed on the film set," said Brandon truthfully.

Brandon is no flash-in-the-pan teen-

His first acting job was in the Broad-way play "Member of the Wedding" at the age of seven. With it he won

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VETERAN of the stage and films at 18, Brandon made his debut on Broadway at the age of seven, and in Hollywood at nine.

FOR A COLOR PIN-UP OF BRANDON, TURN TO PAGE 16

the Donaldson Award for "Outstanding Debut Performance" of that season (1949-50).

He made his film debut in "Shane" at the age of nine, and became the youngest actor ever to win an Academy Award nomination as "Best Supporting Actor" for his performance.

Since then he has played major roles in five more films and many national network TV shows,

Keen to learn

Brandon was born into the theatre on April 9, 1942. His father, Frederic de Wilde, is an actor and stage man-ager, his mother, Eugenia Wilson, gave up acting when he was born.

Although he has decided not to go to college, he would like to go to the Yale Dramatic School.

He wants to learn all he can about acting, about the history of the theatre, stage-managing, and directing, but he thinks he can learn more from actual experience in the theatre than from schooling.

Brandon is very definite in his opinions about nearly everything. He likes books by F. Scott Fitzgerald and Ernest Hemingway.

Ernest Hemingway.

He likes water sports — swimming, skin-diving, water ski-ing — basketball, horseback riding, and ping-pong.

He likes jazz and popular music, with Johnny Mathis his favorite singer.

He dislikes most rock-'n-roll.

At the moment Brandon's allowance is about £6 a week, which seems pitifully inadequate when a guy wants to buy bongo drums and take dancing lessons.

Not that he's so crazy about dancing-

Not that he's so crazy about dancing. "I don't like it, but girls do, so you might as well get to be good at it."
What does he demand from girls in return for his efforts at dancing?
First of all, that they be ladies. "I like a girl who doesn't wear rouge, or too much lipstick, or slacks," he said. "I like a girl who doesn't drink or use bad language.
"I like one I can sit with and talk to for hours, one I can walk with and laugh with and have fun with, but one who can be a little serious, too."

LISTEN HERE

Pops: From dish-washing to disc-waxing with hubby is the story of Shirley Boone. And quite a good fist she makes of it, too, in "Side By Side" of it, too, in (London LP).

After five years of marriage and four children, Shirley and Pat can still harmonise with a lot of conviction in such sen-timental ditties as "Let Me Call You Sweetheart," "I'll Never Be Free," and "Melody

Shirley, says Pat, is his fav-orite singer. Which, pleasant enough though Shirley's voice is, goes to show that love must have clouded 'Pat's musical judgment.

FRENCH pop singers, particularly of the female sex, have a peculiarly intimate, caressing style which quite eludes singers from any other part of the globe.

The French school is at its most fascinating in the person of Genevieve, who sings (London EP) six songs from Cole Porter's "Can-Can."

The disc — it's entitled "Genevieve" — includes, of course, such vintage Cole Por-ter songs as "C"est Magnifique" and "I Love Paris."

Archie Bleyer's orchestra and accordionist Dominic Cor-tese help Genevieve to com-pound the subtle fragrance of a French perfume in music.

Incidentally, Genevieve, ow a TV star in the States, back in her native Paris had her own club, "Chez Gene-vieve," where she was not only chanteuse but also buyer head waiter, and chief cook.

WHILE we are still talking of things French, let me recommend the "Paris By Night" series (Pye EP). The

high-gloss three-volume series features the orchestras of Jonah Jones, Jack Ary, and Jacky Noguez. Jonah's best is "Blues of the Whale," Jacky's "Ciao Ciao Bambina," and Jack introduces something new in cha-chas—"The Cha-cha of the Assassin,"

Drums: The most primi-tive of all musical instruments -the drum-is still the most exciting. A novelty record to set the spine a-tingling and the feet a tapping is "The the feet a-tapping is "The Drums of Richard A. Doo" (Top Rank).

(Top Rank).
This presents the West
Texas Marching Band in a
medley of well-known marches
from the deep, deep South.
The insistent beat of the
drums also calls you to the
colors of Dicky Doo and the
Don'ts on the catchy flipside,
"Wabash Cannonball."

FABIAN is "Fabulous" or "The Tuncless Terror," according to your point of view. His latest release (H.M.V.) is "About This Thing Called Love" and "String Along."

Local talent: On the local scene Judy Cannon has an intimate style which helps her to make the most of the ballad "Laughin' on the Outside." Can't admire her choice of that brassy old "Ma — He's Making Eyes at Me" for the flip side. Judy is a Melbourne girl and the disc is from Rex.

IF hard work is the key to hard work is the key to success, then the Allen Brothers (Peter and Chris) certainly deserve to go places. At their Sydney home the boys do a 10-hour-a-day stint

studying music, composing, writing lyrics, and rehearsing. Their reward: More than 50 I v appearances on Six O'clock Rock, Bandstand, the Bobby Limb Late Show, and others. And now the release (Leedon) of their first platter — beaty ballad "Bells, Bells, Bells" and "Summer Clouds," a likeable number of their own composition.

Londoners by birth, the Londoners by orrin, the young Allens have been out here 11 years, which makes them pretty well "naturalised." At school in Brisbane, Chris was boxing champion in his division.

Incidentally, show business is in the boys' blood. Dad was a sax and clarinet player with Bert Ambrose and Mum was leading dancer with the famous Jackson Girls.

Movie musie: If you enjoy lush melodies, soaring violin, and throbbing cellos you'll want to add to your record library "Silver Screen" (W. and G.). Award-winners from the movies are played by an orchestra calling itself The 101 Strings.

The award-winners: "Love is a Many Splendored Thing,"
"Moulin Rouge," "Ruby,"
"Around the World," "The
High and the Mighty," "Spellbound," "Three Coins in the
Fountain," "Picnic," and 'Tara's Theme.'

You'll need to be in stereo

Daneing: Performed by experts, the tango is a delight to the eye and the music is certainly a delight to the ear.

If you are a tango addict you'll welcome Decca's LP. "All-Time Top Tangos." Anglo-Saxon Stanley Black and his orchestra put plenty of Latin fire into 12 of them.

They include the irresistible "La Cumparsita" and "Adios Muchachos."

We sat through Opera: two and a half performances of "Madame Butterfly" the of Madame Butterny the other night to compare the merits of the R.C.A. version (stereo and monaural) and Decca's (stereo). It was a Decca's (stereo). It was a clear win on points for the R.C.A. stereo. Young American soprano Anna Moffa is "Butterfly," Metropolitan Opera star Cesare Valetti is Pinkerton, and Erich Leinsdorf conducts the Rome Opera House Orchestra and Chorus,

The R.C.A. version has a celery crispness, a vitality which breathes fresh life into Puccini's melodies.

Decca's version, the great Tebalbi notwithstanding, sounded perfunctory by com-parison and — for once — the engineering lacked the uniform excellence we have come to expect from Decca.

Not so long ago we would have thought the monaural version fine. But let's face, it it's thin-bodied and lifeless when stacked up against stereo.

At 12 he wins pops jackpot



WARREN McCOWAGE, who was the first contestant to win the jackpot in the teenagers' session "Name This Tune," on Sydney's Channel 9, proudly displays part of his prize to an admiring group of mates.

WARREN, who is only 12, identified correctly about 30 tunes from the cur-

rent Top Forty.

His prize was two new LPs—the Sammy Davis Jar. and the Buddy Holly albums—a camera, a watch, a portable transistor radio, and a transistor radiogram

transistor radio, and a transistor radiogram.

He had to identify the tunes after hearing only the first couple of bars.

Warren said he didn't really try to remember the names of the hits, but he and his two brothers—Mike (13) and Christopher (7) — had the radio tuned in to popmusic most of the time.

"Mum likes more classical music, like Mario Lanza singing the "S t u d e n t Prince," he said, with an engaging grim, "but she doesn't get much of a go except when we're at school." Warren likes swimming and plays football with his school team. He goes to De La Salle, in Ashfield, a Sydney suburk.

His idols are Elvis and Johnny O'Keefe, and he keeps a scrapbook with colored pictures of pop singers. There was no hesitation about his favorite record. "Johnny singing "What Do You Know?" he said.

WORTH HEARING

MAHLER: First Symphony

THIS year we commemorate the centenary of the birth of Gustav Mahler, a noted Viennese conductor and a highly individual composer.

As a composer Mahler was something of a paradox: he always tended to "think big" and to be inspired by vast, universal themes (his Second Symphony is called the "Resurrection," and his Eighth is nicknamed the "Symphony of a Thousand" on account of the

is nicknamed the Symptony of a Fhousand on account of the enormous orchestral and choral forces it requires), yet he had a simple, childlike side to him as well.

You have this combination of the sophisticated and simple Mahler in the attractive First Symphony, a city-dweller's descrip-

tion of Nature.

The only locally pressed recording, by Bruno Walter with the New York Philharmonic (Coronet), is now hard, to get. But the more enterprising record shops will import for you the versions by Kubelik (Vienna Philharmonic Orchestra, Decca) or Kletzki by Kubelik (Vienna Philharmonic Orchestra, Columbia). -Martin Long

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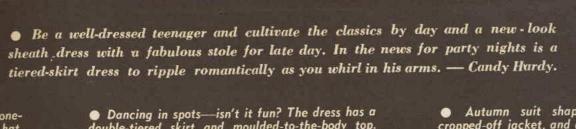


THE ALLEN BROTHERS, Chris (left) and Peter. Supplement to The Australian Women's Weekly - April 27, 1960

What's new in fashion

 Everyday favorite — the slim-jim classic coat with a belt slung low. Striking sheath dress with an ultra large stolecollar. The dress is trimmed with a single rose. Symbol of autumn piece dress, worn with





rn he tailored wool one-ook high-crowned hat.

● Dancing in spots—isn't it fun? The dress has a double-tiered skirt and moulded-to-the-body top.

Autumn suit shaping — slim skirt, cropped-off jacket, and a rib-cage blouse.





Steady or not?

"I AM 16 years of age with a very good typist-clerk-switchboard job. Since I turned 15 I have been allowed out with boys as long as my mother met them first. Since I turned 16 I have met them first. Since I turned 16 I have met a very shy and quiet boy who is an assistant operator at our local theatre. He works every night except Sundays and we go out together on that day. It is four months since we first met, and ever since the start he has paid my fare into the theatre twice a week. Although it is four months ago that we must me he has near bissed me or held Although it is four months ago that we met me he has never kissed me or held hands with me. He buys me a drink and a few things at interval. Do you think it is because he is very shy? Other boys still ask me out and I say I can't go. I feel that I would be making use of the boy at the theatre on the nights I go boy at the theatre on the nights I go there. What would you suggest? Do you think I should ask this boy if he wants to go steady, or do you think he is taking it for granted. Mother told me that a boy won't hang on to a girl that long if he doesn't want to go steady. He gave me a rhinestone necklace for my birthday, and then I had only known him for about three weeks. I have met his parents and I think a great deal of day, and then I had only known him for about three weeks. I have met his parents and I think a great deal of them. He has met my parents and they think a great deal of him. I like him a lot and would hate to lose him. Do you think he is interested in me? If so, would you suggest I stay with him?

I do not like boys who keep kissing you all night. I think at my age one goodnight kiss is sufficient. Don't you?" "Wishing Star," N.S.W. I think you are going steady. Twice

week to the pictures and out every unday and home to meet Mum and Dad surely means you are going steady. There's nothing so true in a case like this as actions speaking louder than words. For goodness' sake, don't ask him if you are going steady. I'm certain he's interested in you,

As for the kissing — well, maybe he's a bit shy and maybe he is waiting for the perfect opportunity, but eventually you'll get your kiss.

Whether or not you accept other boys' invitations is entirely up to you. Whom do you like best? Whom do you Dad surely means you are going steady

Whom do you like best? Whom do you most enjoy being with? You are the only one who can answer these questions and decide what you want to do and where your loyalties lie.

Engaged thrice

"I HAVE a girl-friend three years older than myself whom I love as a sister. We have been very close for five years now. Just lately she had been treating her fiance very badly, and as a result he has broken the engagement. She has been engaged three times. I like this boy very much and think he would make an ideal husband for her. She doesn't seem worried at all and has started going out with other. all and has started going out with other

boys. There is nothing wrong in this, I suppose, but she asks her ex-fiance to come around when she knows she is going out with someone else. I can't understand her attitude in this matter. She no longer confides in me and is ignoring me quite a lot in the past few weeks. Do you think I would make things worse by saying something to her? Please advise me what to do as she hurting more people than she

"Worried and Hurt," Vic.

You should retire to the sidelines and keep out of your friend's affairs unless you want to lose her as a friend altogether. Friendship does not give you

the right to run another person's life. You say you can't understand her attitude in this matter. I can't underattitude in this matter. I can't under-stand yours. What does it matter that you think the boy she has spurned would make a good husband for her? You are not the person who would marry him and live with him for the rest of your life.

I don't wonder your friend has been ignoring you. Let her have some privacy in her own life; don't meddle in matters that are not your affair.

Absent parents

"I AM writing to ask you if you think I am old enough to have a party with mixed friends. I am 174, and should I ask first? Mummy and Daddy are going away for a few days and would be away when I wanted to have it. I know if I ask Munmy she will say 'No.' But I would have a girl-friend in to stay with me. Do you also think I am old enough to stay at home by myself with a girl-friend the same age? We are well-behaved teenagers."

S.T., N.S.W.

I think you are quite old enough to stay home with a girl-friend, and I think you are quite old enough to have

a mixed party.

The unfortunate thing about this is that now I have to say: BUT I don't thank you should consider having a party in your parents' absence unless you first have their permission. And if it is the first mixed party you have had your mother probably will refuse permission. If she does, ask her can be a contract have been as her can be a contract have been somethance. you have a party when she comes home, and spend your free time while she's away planning it with your girl-friend. I know it sounds dreamy to have a party without parents around, but it's actually not as good as it sounds.

actually not as good as it sounds. Every-one has a far better time if there are one has a far better time if there are a couple of parents who fade into the background after the guests arrive and appear at the height of the fun with a lush supper. It may not sound as sophisticated as a party without them, but really it is more so.

Talking about supper if your parents.

but really it is more so.

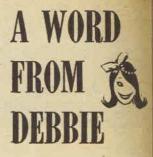
Talking about supper, if your parents allow you to have a party, why not have a fix-it-yourself supper in the kitchen. This disposes of the parent problem (if there is one) at suppertime, is awfully good fun, and cuts down on the work of preparation.

Hot dogs with piles of rolls, bottles of tomato sauce and mustard and frankfurts to cook are good, steaming bowles.

furts to cook are good, steaming bowls of tomato soup with crackly toast are mighty, or just loaves of bread with a variety of fillings to make Dagwoods are fun, too.

But don't get angry with your mother if she says no to a party while she's away. I would if I were her. Be as you said you are — a well-behaved teenager.

Although pen-names and initials are always used, letters will not be answered unless real name and ad-dress of sender is given as a guaran-tee of good faith. Private answers to problems cannot be given.



PANCAKE parties are wonderful winter do's, especi-ally if you entertain in the kitchen and serve conversation pancakes. They're the latest. Naturally everyone cooks their own and delivers them per-

Make a basic pancake mixture, just plain common or gar-den batter, then make some heavier chocolate batter mixture and write your message in the chocolate.

Cook one side first, and drizzle your message from the end of a teaspoon on to the unturned pancake in the pan, just before you turn it. A few minutes later the pancake is ready to eat with your message cooked into it.

sage cooked into it.

If you are the direct type, it could be a statement like "Deb (Debbie is too long for a pancake) loves Herman," but you can be more subtle if you can think of something small enough to fit. Name and telephone number is a hint for a the bear. a shy boy.

Insults are the easiest things to say pithily, but don't be too rude.

Here is your basic pancake recipe mixture:

You need a cup of plain flour, I egg, enough milk (start with half a cup) to make the with half a cup) to make the batter the consistency of cream. Put the flour in a basin, and make a well in the centre of it. Beat the egg with half a cup of milk, pour into the well, then beat until the mixture is smooth and the consistency of cream. Stand the mixture to one side for half an hour (longer doesn't matter), then cook.

To cook, heat your frying-pan till it's fuming. You'll know it's fuming by testing it with water. Drop some in from the end of a spoon. If the pan is fuming the water dances and jumps around be-fore it turns to steam. fore it turns to steam

At this stage coat the pan with a little cooking oil or margarine, pour the pancake mixture in, enough to cover the bottom of the pan, or what-ever size you want, and cook for 1 to 2 minutes or until the top starts to bubble.

At this stage write your message. Then turn it over and cook.

To make the chocolate batter, add about a tablespoon of drinking chocolate, dry, to a cup of batter, or enough to make it a rich brown so that your message can be read.



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• There is no need to sigh for slim hips and flat thighs, like those of envied fashion models. If you are over-upholstered, these simple exercises will give you both. They will take only the first 10 minutes of your day and your own bedroom floor is the best place to do them. Postscript: Give yourself about three weeks and see how your measurements change.

By Carolyn Earle

FIRST stretch out full-length on your side, head on upflung arm, feet together, one hand placed palm down on floor for balance. Hold this straight position throughout.

NOW s-l-o-w-l-y raise the top leg, as illustrated, then bring it forward and hold steady for 10 seconds. Looks easy? It is if you happen to have a nice sense of balance.

STILL in the same position, bend your leg back at the knee and hold for five more seconds as you move the limb back to its original position. Straighten it and relax.

NEXT bend the knee deeply and rotate your legs as though you are pedalling a bicycle. Do this 20 times and relax. This is a fine way to trim bulges and get into good shape.

FINALLY stretch leg forward, pointing the toe. Raise the limb forward as far as possible without bending your body or the other leg. Repeat several times, then relax completely.

exercises with the other leg.
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PAM TINWORTH, who found U.S. schools "very different."

FUN AND GAMES IN AN AMERICAN SCHOOL

 Can school be all fun and games? Pretty Pam Tinworth, Leaving Certificate student at Ascham School, Sydney, says it can-in one American school, anyway.

PAM "sat in" on lessons at Lowell High School, San Francisco, while she was on a three-month trip with her mother, Mrs. F. A. Tinworth, of Sydney.

"It was terrific," said Pam.
"I attended Lowell with my American cousin, who was in graduation class. I just went out of curiosity, really."

And Pam found that SHE was the curiosity. About half the thousand co-ed students crowded round the shy 15-yearold from "Down-Under," curious to know how an Australian spoke. After that Pam settled down

to be quietly amazed at the dif-ference between her "new" school and school in Australia.

She knew that American schoolchildren didn't wear school uniform, but she hadn't expected the boys to be wearing Ivy League pants "so tight that they were almost bursting out of them.

And she was surprised that the girls—between 13 and 18 wore so much make-up, jewel-lery, and "those awful black stockings."

She'd expected that there'd

be less formality about school-work than in Australia. And

she was right.

Between each half-hour lesson she could go out to the near-

est soda fountain in the school building and eat anything from a hamburger to an ice-crean

She could have chewed chew. ing gum right through the les-

ing gum right through the les-sons, if she'd wanted to. And discipline? "There was a bell for silence," smiled Pam, "but there wasn't silence—ever. And there was a lot of note throwing between boys and girk when the lessons were going on

"I hardly noticed any school rules—only that the girls weren't allowed to leave the school grounds in the afternoons and the boys were—and the student seemed to discipline themselves.

"Of course, if they're rude the teachers clamp down and give them detention.

"And there was a rule that

the girls couldn't wear slacks to school."

to school."

Pam, who had never been to a co-ed school, found it odd to see boys of 12 going steady with 12-year-old girls.

"The girls wore the boys' rings and pins, as a sign that they were attached, and none of the other boys would dare ask them out," she said.

Pam blushed when she admitted that she'd been offered pins.

ted that she'd been offered pins by three or four fellow students.

Modern girls are unromantic

By Beryl Penwill

• Gone are the days when the bashful young man took the ring from his pocket and slipped it on the finger of a surprised sweetheart. The engagement ring is no longer the pledge of love it was intended to be.

Instead, it is something to show off to one's friends, an investment, or a symbol of permanence, stability, and respectability.

Talking through my hat? Well, maybe

Talking through my hat? Well, maybe you're different.

But for many years I sold rings at a leading city jeweller's, and I believe that most Australian girls have their feet planted too firmly on the ground. They are too unromantic,

Nine out of ten times when a couple

Nine out of ten times when a couple walk into a store to buy an engagement ring, it is the girl who will answer the questions about design and price.

And when the ring is finally chosen and fitted for size she will keep it on.

This shocks me. I'm the romantic type who feels that the man should put the ring on his beloved's finger and seal the ceremony with a kiss, in private. the ceremony with a kiss, in private.

I asked a number of young girls why they always went with the boy to select the ring. The answer from all was the same. What if he chose one you didn't

like?

If you can't trust a man to choose a ring — and learn to like it if it wasn't what you had in mind — then how can you trust him with the rest of your life?

Sometimes the man buying the ring doesn't seem half so important to the girl as the diamonds she hopes to flash in front of her friends — and enemies.

Many boys and girls drift into an engagement. They start dating each other, then going steady becomes a habit that neither feels like breaking. They are in love with love, not with each other.

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For every couple with the love-light in their eyes there are those who show annoyance and discontent. They are not even in accord when buying the ring.

The boy might have £30 to spend, and the girl has ideas which would cost £300. Some girls accept the situation and settle for what there is for the amount avail-able. Others sulk and grumble and take



the unfortunate male off, obviously to work on him. Usually they return and buy something a little more expensive than the original £30.

If the girl feels she should choose a ring, the most satisfactory way is for the man to visit the jeweller's first. He can select rings in his price range and have them put aside for the lass to make the final choice.

As for those girls who decide not the

As for those girls who decide not to have an engagement ring and to spend the money saved on "something useful," most of them regret it later.

most of them regret it later.

The ring is a symbol of romance. How can a washing-machine take its place?

In forfeiting her ring the girl is not only depriving herself of something she will cherish, she is cheating her fiance of the right, the pleasure, and the satisfaction of doing the right thing and giving her a pledge of his love.

In later years she will possibly feel resentful at having missed the pleasure a lovely diamond can give, and the thrill of showing it off.

Many women to whom I have sold

of showing it off.

Many women to whom I have sold eternity rings, to take the place of the engagement rings they never received, have told me that if the choice could be made again they would choose a ring. There is a time and place for everything, and to be practical and sensible in a courting period is not always wise. If girls invested the ceremony of ringbuying and becoming engaged with a little more romance and glamor, and let it be understood that they expected the courting period to be one of thoughtful and loving attention, it might pave the way for happier marriages.

Supplement to The Australia.

Only four subjects

On the more serious aspects of education, Pam said that the American school didn't seem to offer as high a standard as the Australian.

"They study only four solid subjects, and we have seven or eight," she said. "But then most American students go to college—or university—and we

don't so much."

Lessons, she thought, were run rather like university lectures, and there were many more clubs and extra-curricular activities, all strictly run, with quite a let of formality. quite a lot of formality.

At one club she went to the meeting began with a solemn salute to the American flagthis formality began every school day, too—and they all sang "The Star-Spangled Banner" and "California, Here I Come."

FOOTNOTE: Pam is pos-sibly the only Australian teen-ager to turn down the chance of a date with singing star Bobby Darin.

Bobby Darin.

One day in a Los Angeles retaurant a boy wearing tight black pants and a leather jacket came over to her table.

"He was Bobby Darin," she said. "He'd heard I was Australian, he said, and wanted to talk to me. He even got to asking me out, but I declined."

Treasure hunting fathoms under

Australian skin-divers in all States have taken on an exciting line of underwater sport - searching for loot and treasure among the wrecks of old ships.

FATHOMS deep in a misty, silent world of shadows, who knows what they'll find in a ship that sank more than a century ago -gold sovereigns, jewels perhaps?

One group of divers who go prospecting in Davy Jones' Locker are from the Under-water Research Group in

Hobart, Tasmania.

There are 14 of them, ranging from teenagers to a 50-year-

old.

In their clubhouse on the Derwent River I saw some of the loot they have brought up from the old ships. A century-old cannon, the lamp from an old whaler, a collection of jars from an old sailing vessel.

The group's secretary, 26-year-old Don Reid, told me, "We took on this sport because we have so many wrecks in Tas-

we have so many wrecks in Tas-mania. Some of them are quite close to Hobart. We found this cannon in the wreck of an old ship right under the Hobart bridge."

Ships' graveyard

Tasmania has been called a ships' graveyard. Between 1803 and 1951 more than 550 ships were sunk along the island's rugged coasts. Around the bleak Bass Strait Islands, for ex-ample, is Australia's largest number of wrecks.

The Underwater Research Group started its activities on the wreck of the Lintrose. Built in Scotland in 1897, the Lint-rose—a paddle-wheeler—was torn apart on the jagged reef of the fron Pot Lighthouse a few miles down the Derwent River from Hobart in 1932.

"We dived from a boat," said Don. "Visibility was very poor, the wind and tide were working together, and the water was extremely rough. Strong underwater currents kept aweeping us away from the week." wreck.

"But at last we reached it, about 30ft down. The ship is broken up, covered in seaweed, with hundreds of crayfish crawl-

ing around it.

"I saw something half buried and when I pulled it out I was holding a brass dolphin in my hands!"

The dolphin was a part of the Lintrose's binnacle support, the only interesting souvenir the old paddle-wheeler yielded to the divers.

Today they use the Lintrose as a training ground for

as a training ground for new

members.

The group's best haul came from the Katherine Shearer, which sank in Esperance Bay, South Tasmanis, in June,

By Harry Franca

1855, after a fire which reached the gunpowder store. People said there was a for-tune in copper coinage on board. Two years ago the Hobart divers decided to find

Recalling this dive to adven-ture, 19-year-old Michael Tobias said: "It took us a long time to find the wreck, about mine fathoms down on a sandy marine plateau. The hulk is still whole; only the decking beams are charred and broken.

beams are charred and broken.

"We brought up some earthernware jars painted with
scenes from the Crimean War
and from Switzerland, and
some bottles containing stillusable olive oil, and a cask of
gunpowder."

The Katherine Shearer's
anchor, which weighed about
500lb, was also salvaged, and
today is in a Hobart museum.

botto, was also salvaged, and today is in a Hobart museum.
"But there was no treasure,"
Don Reid said. "The copper coinage must be a myth. We've been down to the wreck about six times and have looked it

over pretty thoroughly."

Members do most of their diving from boats, Don's father, Col Reid, and Merv Morley, both active members of the group, own a 26ft. launch, which is at the group's

disposal.

A wooden ladder is hooked to the boat's side for diving operations and the loot is hauled aboard in a crayfish pot.

Last January several members went to Port Davey on a crayfishing boat, working their way by helping the fishermen.

At Port Davey they found three old wrecks, and from one of them, the whaler Maid of

Erin, they scored an old com-pass, a sand clock, and a lamp.

"Rough, risky"

"Diving to wrecks can be pretty rough and risky because most of them are on dangerous parts of the coast, among reefs and rocks," said Don.

"And finding a wreck isn't easy. Even if the water is clear, tree kelp makes searching very

difficult.
"Tree kelp is like an underwater rainforest, which divers must break through to reach

the seabed.
"You have to slither and twist your body through and if you get tangled up you have to cut yourself free with a knife."

Proper equipment for skin-diving costs something between £55 and £90

A rubber suit costs anything from £10 to £25; a mask 15/to £1/10/-; flippers £1/10/- to £2/10/-; an aqualung, with

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about 45 minutes' air supply, £40 to £60, and each air refill, 6/- to 11/-. Knives range from £1 up. A lead-weighted belt can be made by the diver or bought for about £3.

Before you fasten on your goggles and dive into the ocean, here are a few tips from the Hobart boys:

• Join a club to get diving ex-perience and instruction in the

use of diving gear.

• Always carry a knife. You may need it to cut through a tangle of kelp, and many divers use it for signals. To attract attention, the diver strikes his aqualung with the knife hilt and the clank of metal can be heard 200ft, away underwater.

Before a dive, check that the relegies catch of your helt and

release catch of your belt and aqualung can be opened in a hurry, in case you want to drop them and surface quickly in an emergency.

• Always hold your breath as

you rise to the surface.

• If your mask fills with water, press it hard against your fore-head, then blow through your nose vigorously to eject the water from the mask.

Never dive alone.

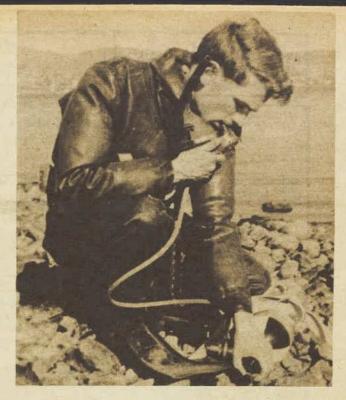
Never dive alone,
To find wrecks, check the lists of missing or wrecked ships in the shipping files of your State. Fishermen may also

State. Fishermen may also know of some.

When you dive to search for a wreck, watch for artificial-looking things in the seabed. Straight or round lines bulging underneath marine plants often indicate watches.

"If you stick to these safety rules, diving for wrecks isn't any more dangerous than other forms of diving," Don Reid

"It's great fun and you never know when you'll strike it rich."



BEFORE he dives Michael Tobias, 19, checks the air supply for his aqualung, an essential precaution before diving.



DON REID, above, brings up a brass dolphin which was part of the binnacle support of the Lintrose which was wrecked in 1932. BELOW: Members of the Underwater Research Group (from left), Don Reid, Merv Morley, Col Reid, and Michael Tobias, with some of their loot from the deep.

















girls' taking ways discusses

• I'll agree with the old jazz that goes "Don't go down the mine, Daddy, etc." If it's the mine from which the old man extracts his weekly wage, that is.

FOR, as far as I can see, it's not worth the effort.

As soon as Dad reefs it off the reef his daughter reefs it off HIM!

Yes, the girlish habit of biting the old boy for boodle is one of the most (truly) "touching" sights I've ever excountered.

(truly) "touching" sights I've ever encountered.

The thing that gets me is that they have it down to such a fine art.

Certainly, a boy will sink the fangs into his father for a florin or two now and then. The average girl, however, works horder a get and the such as t ever, works harder at extraction than

dentist!
But let me give you some concrete (I'm really mortar-fied about this!) examples of how a daughter really "digs" her Dad (his pocket, of

digs her Dad (his pocket, of course!)...

The ace in the jack pack is The One-Armed Bandit. She plays her old man like a poker machine.

The only difference is that instead

of pulling a handle for a payout she pulls her Dad's leg.

The Bandit should be arrested regularly for assault and flattery,

She throws Father a line that would moor the Queen Mary. He's generous, always helping out his loving daughter, and unselfish.

He's also, in the long run, a sucker who shells out!

Another (fob) Pocket Venus is Inthe-Red Turpin. For highway rob-

Girls will be girls

IT'S time Robin Adair stopped his war against girls. His ITS time Robin Adair stopped his war against girls. His biggest fault is that he thinks he is helping us. Rubbish! Everything he says is true, but that's not the point. Girls are girls, and nothing Robin says is going and nothing Robin says is going to reform us. He doesn't approve of any of our feminine charms, but would be the first to complain if we acted like cavewomen. Anyway, most boys like us how we are.—Gerry Hall, Alexandra, Vic. bery she makes the original Dick look

Red takes the Black Bess boy's old "Money or your life" line and twists it, devilishly, to "Your money or I'll make your life a hell!"

She bullies, rants, and raves at Dad for a hand-out until he gives in for the sake of peace at any price.

This technique, actually, is famous. It's as well known as the method of making a silk purse out of a sow's ear (bashing).

The Poor Little Match Girl also bites" better than a bulldog.

She wants money from Dad for a new pair of stockings. But she's more subtle than either The Bandit or

She slips into a pair of stockings that are so laddered that any fire brigade would gladly take them over.

Then the Match Girl shows a leg in front of Pop. He's shocked that his poor little girl's hose is so on the nose and asks what gives.

Oh, she says in a small voice, she's got to wear them. They're her last pair.

Well, Dad's no match for the Match Girl and his dough is extended as well as his misplaced sympathy. Late Kate is in the running in the

dunning, too. Her gimmick is to bustle her old man into a sling. She'll arrange to go to the pictures or a dance with the girls, knowing full well that her purse is as empty as her mates' heads.

But she has no worries about where the cash is coming from. As she rushes out for her fun she suddenly screeches to a halt in front of Father and wails, "Oh, goodness, I've put my purse down somewhere and I can't remember where. And, oh, I haven't time to find it."

time to find it."

Odds on Daddy — the dope

Odds on Daddy — the dope — comes to the rescue and finds the money — his own!

No, I can't pay those girls who think their fathers are finance companies. Maybe I'm standing in an overdraft, but they leave me cold.

And I'm really frozen by girls who complain when their Dads jack up on coughing up the jack.

These lasses who whinge that they don't get all they deserve should think themselves lucky.

If they got what they deserved they'd get a pounding instead of a pound!

- Robin addair

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other people's jobs . . .

Meet our Margaretsecretary in an Advertising Agency...

Our pursuit of people-with-interesting-jobs, who also read the Newspaper continues to range far and wide. However, last week we found Margaret Courtenay on our own doorstep. Margaret works for the advertising agency that helps us spread the good news about the good news and other features that make the Daily Telegraph the brightest of daily newspapers. Margaret is secretary to the man who controls the Agency's commercial radio division. We asked her about the job and she told us . .

"Working in an advertising agency is definitely not for people who like a calm life. Most of the work has to be done in a very short timeand if you have the right sort of attitude this can be very stimulating. On the other hand, it can make you rather nervous!"

"And what about your particular part of it?" we asked.

"Well," said Margaret, "like most specialised jobs, it has its own particular technical jargon-which saves us time, but would take hours to explain to an outsider. Our lives are governed by schedules—the detailed timetables for all our commercials. There are scores of radio stations in Australia and, literally, thousands of our commercials are broadcast through them. Most of our commercials are recorded here in Sydney and then sent to the stations as discs-others are broadcast

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'live'; we send the right script and a station announcer' reads it. As a department we consist of radio writers, producers, time-buyers, our

"Very interesting," we murmured, "but how does reading the Daily Telegraph fit into all that?"

"It has to!" said Margaret, "besides the obvious things that make the Telegraph required daily reading-your radio news and criticism, for instance-I make sure of a really relaxing tea-break by reserving my favourite Telegraph features until then. I start off with Ray Castle, then Pogo, then readers' letters then-"

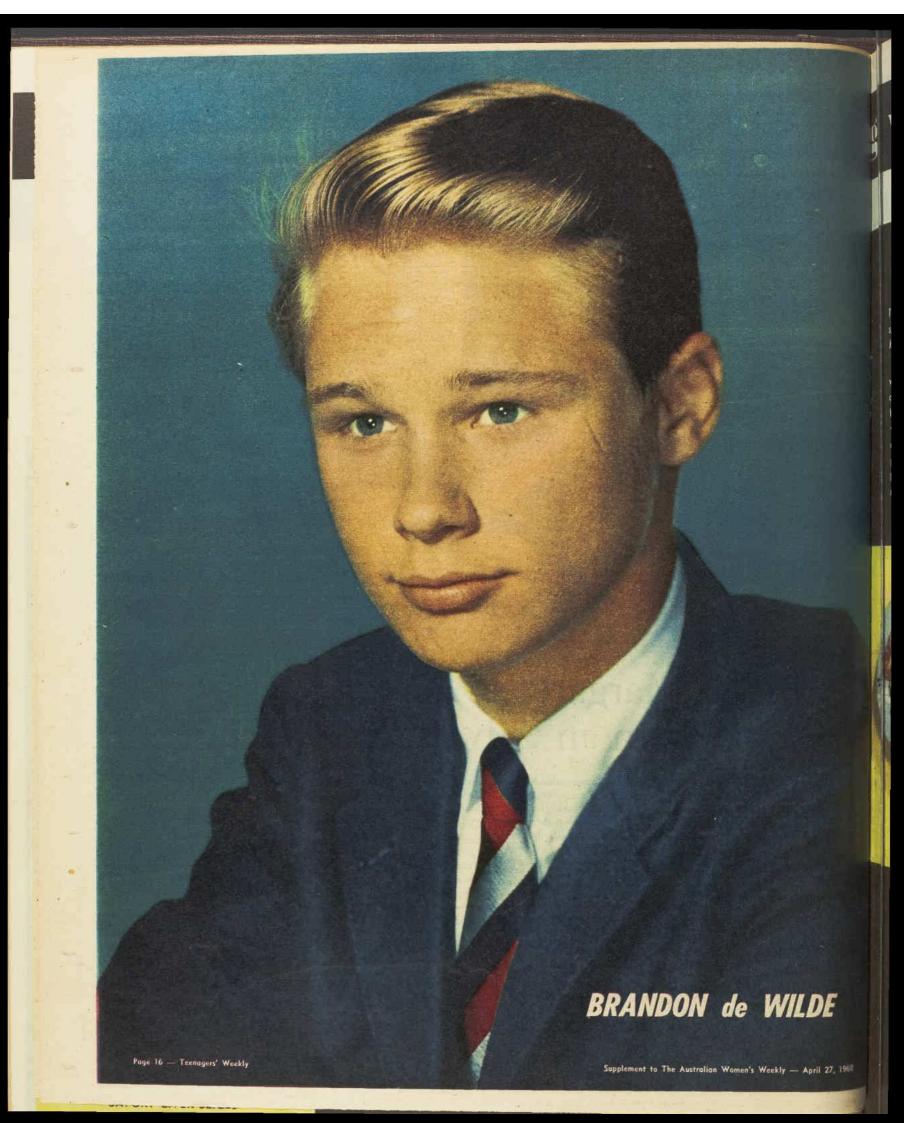
"End of commercial," we said gratefully.

PEOPLE AT THE TOP TOMORROW

READ THE TELEGRAPH TODAY!



Teenogers' Weekly - Page 15



weight

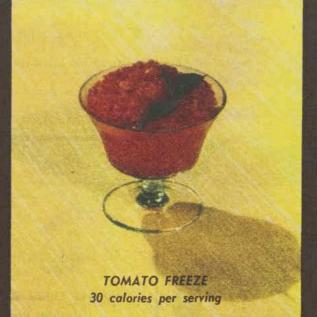
• These nine delicious dishes, appealing to the eye as well as to the palate, will help conscientious dieters to keep to their prescribed daily intake of calories without any hardship.

MORE RECIPES OVERLEAF

BAKED STUFFED ONIONS

Six large mild onions, 2 slices bread, 1 tablespoon meited butter, 2 tablespoons chopped parsley, 4 teaspoon mixed herbs, 4 teaspoon salt, pinch pepper.

Parboil peeled onions in lightly salted water for 15 to 20 minutes. Drain and cool, remove centres, and chop. Toast bread slices, cut into small dice, mix with diced onion, butter, parsley, herbs, and seasoning. Pack into hollowed onions, place in greased ovenproof dish, and bake in moderate oven 25 to 30 minutes. One onion per dieter's serving.



TOMATO FREEZE

One large tin tomato juice, pinch salt and pepper, dash Worcestershire sauce and vinegar, squeeze lemon juice, sprigs of mint.

Shake tin well, open, and pour into basin. Add seasonings to taste, fill into refrigerator freezer-tray and freeze to a sherbet consistency (1 to 1½ hours). Stir a few times during the period of freezing for a uniform texture. Spoon into 6 individual glasses and garnish with a mint sprig.



TOSSED SALAD

One medium lettuce, 3 stalks spinach, 1 large tomato, 12 stalks shallots, 6 baby radishes, 1 small cucumber, 2 tablespoons vinegar or lemon juice, salt, pepper.

Wash and separate lettuce, wash spinach and remove stalks, chill all ingredients thoroughly. To assemble salad: Tear lettuce and spinach into bite-size pieces and arrange in bowl with shallots, tomato wedges, sliced cucumber, and radish roses. Sprinkle with seasoned vinegar and serve to 6.



TOSSED SALAD

16 calories per serving

PRAWN SUPREME

One and a half pounds fresh shelled or frozen prawns, 3 onions, 1 tablespoon butter or substitute, 1-3rd cup non-fat skim milk powder, 1 tablespoon flour, 6 tomatoes, ½ teaspoon salt, ½ teaspoon pepper, pinch oregano.

Prepare prawns, cooking if necessary. Cook sliced onions in heated butter until soft. Mix milk, flour, and skinned chopped tomatoes together, add to onions, and stir until thickened. Add prawns and seasonings, continue cooking until heated through. Serve with a few low-calorie wafers or slices of Melba toast. Makes 6 servings.

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GRAPE JUICE DAINTY

Two packets diabetic lemon-flavored jelly crystals, 1 cup hot water, 1½ cups unsweetened grape juice, 2 tablespoons red wine, few drops red food coloring.

Dissolve jelly crystals in hot water. Add grape juice and wine. Set aside until cool and slightly thickened, divide into 2 bowls, one containing 2 parts, the other 1. Set bigger bowl in ice-water and whisk with rotary beater or detachable electric mixer until thick and foamy. Add food coloring to remaining bowl, and when both are barely set spoon in layers into 6 parfait glasses. Decorate with a little of the clear jelly and serve.

THE WEIGHT-LOSING GAME

It's not a gamble when you keep to your diet and eat nutritious low-calorie dishes like those below. The winner of this game is the loser - in pounds.



NO-BAKE CHEESE CAKE 125 calories per serving

NO BAKE CHEESE CAKE

CHOCOLATE BAVARIAN

CHOCOLATE BAVARIAN
Three teaspoons gelatine, 2 tablespoons water, 2 tablespoons cocoo, 3
cup skim milk (made from non-fat powdered milk and water), sugar substitute,
3 teaspoon vanilla, 3 cup non-fat dry
milk, 1 cup ice water.
Soften gelatine in 2 tablespoons
water. Blend skim milk and cocoa, heat
over boiling water, add gelatine and
sugar substitute to taste. Stir until
dissolved. Remove from heat, add
vanilla, cool slightly. Combine powdered
milk and ice water, boat until creamy,
fold in chocolate mixture. Pour into
mould, chill. Serves 6.



CHOCOLATE BAVARIAN 64 calories per serving



LAMB MEDLEY 256 calories per serving

lalf-pound dried dessert prunes, 1 water, 1 teaspoon gelatine, 1 table n water, 4 egg-whites, 2 teaspoons n juice, sugar substitute.

LAMB MEDLEY

One tablespoon butter or substitute. 11b. minced lean lamb, 1 cup each sliced onions, celery and carrots, ½ cup peos.

2 bay leaves, ½ cup borley, 1½ quoris
stock or water, 1 tablespoon lemon juice,
1½ teaspoons salt, pinch pepper, 2 table-

Heat butter, add lamb, onions, celery and carrots, saute, stirring constantly until browned. Add remaining ingredients except parsley, cover, and simmer 45 minutes. Sprinkle parsley over each of the 6 servings.



PRUNE WHIP 98 calories per serving

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So fine, so light, softest powder compressed with beautifying creams!

Final

This unique blending makes Final Touch (derniere touche) the most wonderful, complete make-up ever created.

Final Touch veils complexions in a delicate mist of exquisite beauty.

Add the final touch to your beauty with Final Touch!

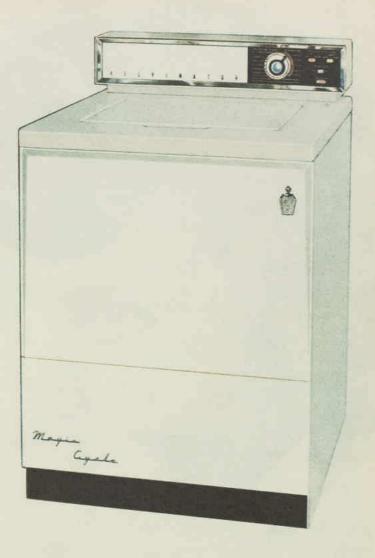




Final Touch compacts are the smartest ever! old-engraved! Ivory or black cases! Hinged ud mirrored! With puff, 14/11 (refills 9/11).

and disappear





on washdays

Model W89 with "Magic Cycle" 3-way pump, no hot water system required, saves hot, sudsy water for re-use, 218 gns. Model W69, 199 gns.

This and only this is Totally Automatic Washing

Most women don't realise it, but there's a big difference between "semi-automatic", "automatic" and totally automatic washing. Washdays cease to exist with this new Kelvinator Totally Automatic Washer . . . you just dial and disappear! dial and disappear!

This fabulous machine "mothers" you! You don't have to play nursemaid waiting for cycles to end, twisting and pulling dials every few minutes. You're as free as a bird ... spending the time every mother likes to spend with her family.

Take a washday vacation

Unlike most vacations, this one lasts for years and years. The Kelvinator Totally Automatic Washer washes 3 ways, rinses 5 times and spin dries all with one simple dial setting. You can be miles away or out in the gar-den, while your clothes are washed with loving care, rinsed as clean as new, and left damp-dry - ready to go out on the line.

You do a complete family wash in just one minute of your time. It could hardly be easier.



Lint-free wash every time

There's never a trace of lint or fuzz on your clothes when they're washed in a Kelvinator Totally Automatic

Washer. This exclusive Filter Fountain actually filters all the wash water every three minutes . . . removes every trace of lint from the water. clothes are soft, fresh . . . lint-free after every wash.

See the free demonstration

Why not find out more about this exciting new way to live? Ask your local retailer for a free demonstration of the world's most glamorous, most advanced washer — the Kelvinator Totally Automatic Washer

VINCETO P TOTALLY AUTOMATIC WASHER

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - April 27, 1960



Ovaltine provides the best in vitamins and food nourishment so vital to your family's health

There is nothing more important to a mother than the health of her family. In providing for their well-being, she does everything in her power to give them nourishing food, but there is always the doubt in her mind that they may not be getting their full requirements of nourishment and vitamins.

To minimise the risk of nourishment deficiency, the wise mother gives her family Ovaltine every day. Experience has proved to her the wonderful benefits that Ovaltine gives her family. She knows that the nourishing goodness of malt, milk, eggs, essential vitamins and minerals in Ovaltine builds up and maintains abounding good health; and its rich, satisfying flavour delights the entire family.

If you have not experienced the benefits that Ovaltine can bring your familygive them Ovaltine today - it's the best and surest way to protect their health.



Page 44

Ovaltine will be used at the 1960 Olympic Games on the special recommendation of the Food Advisory Committee.

Enjoy Ovaltine's goodness at all meal times







AFTER SCHOOL

the food you drink for health and strength Choose from two delicious flavours MALT OR CHOCOLATE

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - April 27, 1960

Continuing: HONS and REBELS

from page 15

"'Out of Bounds' was banned at Wellington last term. But 142 copies were sold." Rumors of these fascinating goings-on reached us from time to time in London, I envied Esmond tremendously and longest to follow him of envied Esmond tremendously and longed to follow him, or at least to find some appropriate and dignified way of notifying

and dignified way or nousymentim of my existence.

But meanwhile preparations for my London season went inexorably ahead. Since I was the fifth girl in the family to make her debut, these preparations consequently assumed a

make her debut, these preparations consequently assumed a
certain routinism.

Nancy had been married a
short time before, while I was
in Paris, to Peter Rodd, and,
following the custom of the
rime, she accompanied my
mother and me to be presented
at Buckingham Palace, the is
a bride and I as a debutante.

A hairdresser came to the
house to arrange the regulation
white ostrich feathers in our
hair, and we set forth in a

hair, and we set forth in a hired Daimler for the hour-long journey down The Mall, inching forward in an endless procession of debs and their mothers.

Crowds of Londoners traditionally turned out to ap-praise the new debs; one would hear their comments as they peered through the car win

dows:
"Ow, ain't she a corker!"
"That one ain't much.
Lookee 'ere, there's a beaut for

ye!"
"Ain't the mother an old battleaxe!"
Clambering finally out of the car, we stumbled through the rainy dark into a brightly lit, crowded corridor, filled with bare shoulders and the musty smell of rented ostrich feathers.

Grown-up

More hours of inching, this time through seeming miles of slightly overfed human flesh. Occasional gasps:
"I think I'm going to faint!"
"You can't. There isn't room."

The girl in front of me stops

The girl in front of me stops dead.
"Oh help!" in an agonized whisper. "I think my knicker are coming off," but she steps gracefully out of them and tucks them away in her evening have

bag.
Finally, the end of the road; a magnificent flunkey arranger our trains, another bawls out. The Lady Redesdale. The Honorable Mrs. Peter Rodd. The Honorable Jessica Mitter!

The Honorable Jessica Mitford."

We are in the presence of
what appear to be two largestuffed figures, nodding and
smiling down from their
thrones like wound-up toys.
One more river to cross: the
curtsies, one to each of the
stuffed figures, then backing
away without stumbling until
one is out of the Presence.

The specific, English upperclass version of the puberty rite
is over.

is over.

I am now a Grown-Up.
Or am 1?
I surreptitiously cram several chocolates from the buffet ind my little Victorian bouquet of flowers. After the presentation, we have an appointment at a photographer's to have our pictures taken in our Courf dresses. To my consternation, the chocolates tumble out all over the floor just as she is readying the camera (Copyright Jessiea Mittord, 1960. Published by Gollanez.)
NEXT WEEK: Jessica clopes

NEXT WEEK: Jessica clopes with Esmond.



DELICIOUSLY MOIST GINGERBREAD RING served with lemon-flavored stewed apple is the main prizewinner this week. See recipe below.

Two desserts win prizes

• Two recipes for desserts with the flavor of apples win prizes in our cookery contest this week.

THE main prize of £5 is awarded for a good gingerbread recipe which can be served as a cake or a dessert. Peanut butter and apple combine well in the £1 consolation prize - a steamed pudding.

All spoon measurements are

FRUITY GINGERBREAD

Five ounces butter or substitute, 4oz. brown sugar, 5oz. golden syrup, 1 tablespoon water, 7oz. flour, 2 teaspoons baking powder, 2 teaspoons ground ginger, 1oz. ground almonds, 1 teaspoon grated lemon rind, 2 eggs.

Filling: Two pounds cooking apples, ½ cup water, 6oz. sugar, ½ teaspoon cinnamon, juice of ½ lemon, whipped cream, walnuts, and cherries.

Place butter, brown sugar, Place butter, brown sugar, golden syrup, and water into a saucepan; heat gently until melted. Sift flour, baking-powder, and ground ginger into a bowl. Make a well in centre and pour in the syrup mixture. Beat until thoroughly blended. Add ground almonds. lemon rind, and eggs; beat well, Pour into greased ring-mould and bake in a moderately slow oven for approx. I hour. Cool slightly, turn out on to dish.

Meanwhile peel, core, and slice apples. Place in a saucepan with water, sugar, cinna-

mon, and lemon juice. Cover mon, and temon jurce. Cover and cook gently until tender. Drain well: pile apple into centre of gingerbread ring. Garnish with whipped cream, walnuts, and cherries.

First Prize of £5 to Miss M. Kalutczyk, 61 Stacey St., Bankstown, N.S.W.

PEANUT-APPLE SURPRISE

Two ounces margarine, 20z. peanut butter, 40z. castor sugar, 2 eggs, 80z. grated apple, 10z. candied peel, ½ teaspoon vanilla essence, l teaspoon vinegar, 3oz, flour. I teaspoon baking-powder, \(\frac{1}{2}\) teaspoon bicarb. soda, pinch salt, \(\frac{1}{2}\) teaspoon nutmeg, \(\frac{1}{2}\)

Home hints

TWO readers are awarded prizes this week for the following

hints:

Jam which has been set
aside and become hard
and sugary can be restored
to a freshly made condition if it is put in a warm
oven for a short time until
the sugar melts, and then
let coal

Prize of £1/1/- to Mrs. M. McIntosh, 18 Glen Rd., Roseville, N.S.W.

* * * *

If icing-sugar is hard
and lumpy, spread it on a
sheet of greaseproof paper,
cover it with two more
sheets, then iron with a
warm iron. It will become
soft and ready for use.
Prize of £1/1/- to Mrs.
Hebir 61 Darcbin St.,

J. Hehir, 61 Darebin St., Mile End, S.A. * * *

If you have a household

If you have a nousenou hint to pass on to other housewives, send it to Home Hints, Box 4088WW, G.P.O., Sydney. We will pay £1/1/for every hint published.

Sauce: Two ounces glace cherries, 40z. butter, 60 icing-sugar, little fruit juice.

Cream margarine and peacream margarine and pea-nut butter with sugar until light and fluffy; add eggs one at a time, beating in thoroughly. Stir in apple and candied peel, add vanilla essence and vinegar. Sift flour and remaining ingredients into bowl, then stir into ents into bowl, then stir into creamed mixture. Pour into greased mould, cover and steam 1½ hours.

To Make Sauce: Chop cherries, reserving a few for decoration. Cream sugar and

butter, adding fruit juice if necessary. Add cherries. Turn pudding on to hot dish, decorate, and add sauce.

Consolation Prize of £1 to Miss R. Spurrier, Bethesda Hospital, 30 Erin St., Rich-

Rub-a-dub-dub twins in a tub!



Paul and Bruce, 4-year-old twin boys of Mrs. Birchnoff, are full of life and always on the go. Mrs. Birchnoff says:— "At the end of the day they're worn out—and I am, too! I pour a little Dettol into their bath water and mine. It is most refreshing." You, too, will find a Dettol bath is a real reviver.

Dettol is used in our great hospitals and is the chosen antiseptic of modern surgery.

Do as your Doctor does (ask him) use Dettol. Use it on the cut which may lead to blood-poisoning poisoning in every emergency where speedy, thorough cleansing of a wound is essential in the all-important de-tails of body hygiene tails of body hygiene (especially in the bath)

which sickness may spread to disinfect linen and crockery.

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ROBINSON'S Now! Baby Rice Cereal

the new pre-cooked weaning food ...in powder form

Robinson's Baby Rice Cereal is specially made as a weaning food for babies. It is precooked rice in powder form, containing vitamins and minerals to provide easily assimilated nourishment essential for your baby's strength and growth. This new baby food has proved most popular in the United Kingdom and is recommended by Infant Welfare Centres there. Now, for the first time, Australian babies can enjoy it, too.

FOR STURDY GROWTH AND CONTENTED FEEDING When your baby is ready for weaning, an all-milk diet ceases to be satisfying, and this is the time to introduce Baby Rice Cereal. Babies love the delicious creamy flavour of this nourishing new baby cereal, which provides, in easily digestible form, the variety needed during the weaning period.

READY IN AN INSTANT

Baby Rice Cereal is prepared in an instant by simply stirring it into warm (boiled) milk TODDLERS, TOO!

Toddlers, too, thrive on Robinson's Baby Rice Cereal. They love it sprinkled on their food. or made up into the special recipes given on

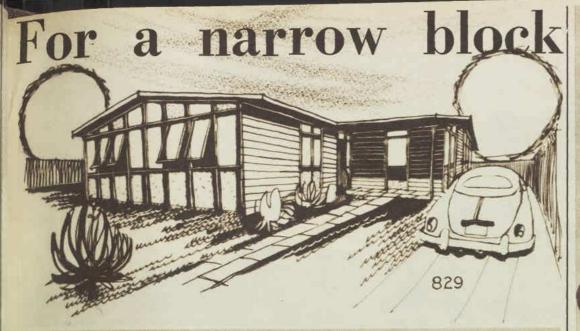
ROBINSON'S

Send for a free trial sample to Reckitt & Colman (Aust.) Ltd., Box 2515, G.P.O., Sydney, N.S.W.

THE Australian Women's Weekly - April 27, 1960







PERSPECTIVE SKETCH for Home Plan No. 829. This illustrates the contemporary version. A more conservative plan, No. 829/1, is also available. The living-room is at the rear of the house, which makes this design suitable for a built-up suburb where the back garden is used for an outdoor living area. The windows on the left of this sketch belong to bedrooms one and two.

• Home Plan No. 829 is in contemporary style and was designed for our Home Planning Service under the direction of architects Borland and Trewenack.

MORE conservative plan, No. 829/1, can seen at your local Home Planning Centre. (Addresses for these Centres are listed below right.)

The conservative version has an extra toilet in the bath-room and a balcony to the liv-The ing-room with the fireplace wall continuing to form a bar-

The kitchen windows have been rearranged to allow the roof to be extended to form a carport behind the kitchen.

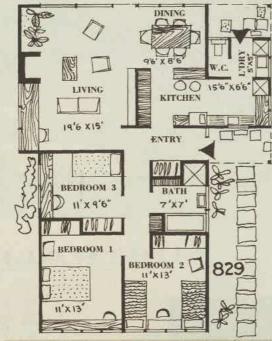
In both versions a working or study area has been included in the living-room and there is space for book-

The kitchen is a long shape and has abundant cupboards. A breakfast bar divides it from the dining area.

In bedrooms 1 and 2 there are large, extended dressing tables which can supply plenty of drawer space or cupboards.

Approximate cost of this house in timber is from £3600 to £4500, and in brick from £3950 to £4900. Area in tim-ber is 11.8 squares, and in brick 12.6 squares. Frontage

Plans for this house and wide variety of other small Home Plans can be bought for £10/10/- a set from our Home Planning Centres, where free advice on all aspects of home building is available from the architects in charge



FLOOR PLAN No. 829. Kitchen has break-fast-bar dividing it from the dining area and a laundry leading directly off it. There are three bedrooms with built-in cupboards.

But you don't have to be a dress designer to appreciate the liner. neater stitching - the fabulous range of 340 boilproof shades you get with Super Sheen size 50. Super Sheen size 30 is the thread-

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choice of experts (sewing machine manufacturers recommend it. too), simply because it sews so well. Ask for it by name...Super Sheen size 50, on the slim, modern

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Our Home Planning Centres

● They are situated in large stores throughout Australia and staffed with qualified personnel who will help solve all your building problems.

AS well as the architect in charge of the Centre, who will advise you about a suitwill advise you about a suit-able plan, color consultants, interior decorators, lighting specialists, and other skilled advisers on the staff of the store in which the Home Planning Centre is situated will give you free advice on dec-orating and furnishing.

orating and furnishing.

If you have any troubles with plans or tenders, or queries from finance authorities or local council, return your plans or specifications and the Centres will solve your problem and groups, the your problem and return the plans quickly. Modifications can be made

to any plan. If drafting and printing are involved in al-terations an extra charge is made. All plans are available in mirror reverse position. They can be placed at any angle on the site. They can

angle on the site. They can be built flat, on stilts, or on the side of a steep hill. Internal wall finishes, wall boards, and quantity of tiles can be varied as required. Ceilings can be flat or pitched (unless it is stated to

the contrary on the plan). Window areas and positions

can be varied to suit your per-sonal requirements. Kitchen arrangements can be varied in most of our plans. They are THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - April 27, 1960

quite often shown opening to the living and dining area, but they can be made into separate rooms.

Fireplaces can be substituted by oil, electric, or gas heating. Cooling systems can also be incorporated.

For a small fee the Centres will arrange for an expert to inspect the proposed site for you and advise as to the house most suited to the land, your family's requirements, and your budget.

Addresses of the Centres are: ADELAIDE: John Martin's. HOBART: FitzGerald's. (Please telephone 27221 to

consult architect at this Centre.)

TOOWOOMBA: Pigott's.

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(Please address all mail to this Centre to Home Plans, Box 7052, G.P.O., Sydney.

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BRISBANE: McWhirter's.

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FOR GOOD WITH COATS

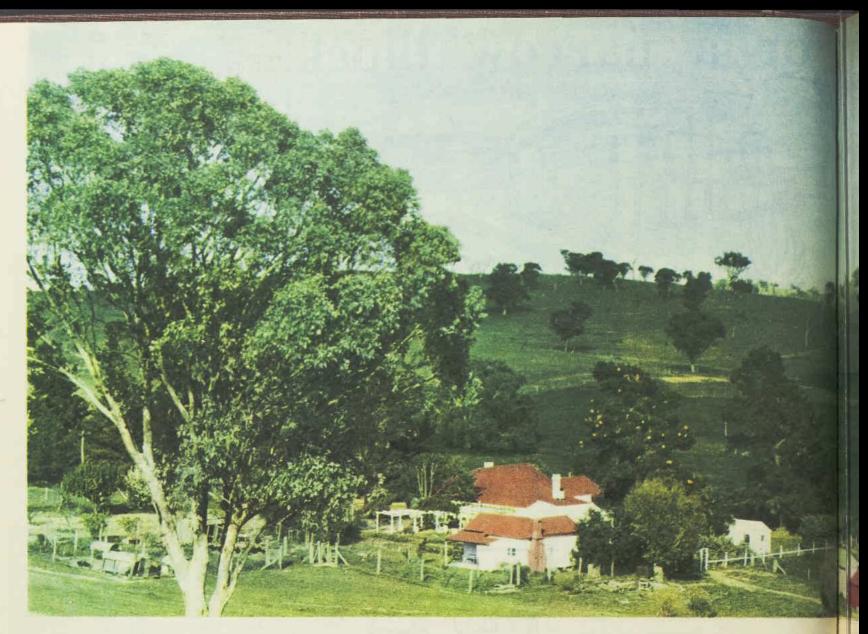


Keep up-to-date MODERN MOTOR

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GUMS and kurrajongs dot the hillsides where "Rawilla" nestles in the valley. Pictures by staff photographer Ron Berg.

AUSTRALIAN



TWO VIEWS of "Rawilla's" magnificent garden. Mrs. Last spends hours in the garden and orchard. She bottles the fruit and vegetables.

HOWES



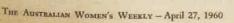




SUN PORCH at "Rawilla." Mrs. Last painted the furniture herself, and made the chair covers for this airy, attractive room.

• "Rawilla," the 96-year-old home of Mr. and Mrs. Cecil Last and sons, Ross and Philip, at Muttama, in southern N.S.W., is a charming colonial-style homestead. "Rawilla" (it means "high and dry place") is built of pise (mud and lime). The Lasts have modernised the homestead, while retaining its solid colonial grace. The property, now 2000 acres, was originally owned by the Mainwaring family.

A CORNER of the living-room at "Rawilla," showing the old, carefully worked sampler firescreen. Above it crystal lustres gleam beside a lovely old mirror.





Page 49

Looking better things!

Happy you! You're the kind of girl who won't settle for same-ness. You try whatever's new and wonderful-new lines, new shapes, new colours-smart new ways of living. Like so many of today's smart young moderns, you choose the nicest in sanitary protection, too . . . Tampax internal sanitary protection! Because it's invisible and unfelt when in place. Because it's so dainty to use, to change and dispose of. Because you never have worries about odour or problems of carrying "spares". Because with Tampax, you can all but forget about differences in days of the month! Who wouldn't use Tampax, you say! It's the modern way! In two absorbencies — Regular and Super—to meet personal needs. Ask for Tampax at any chemists



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terrified by RHEUMATISM



i met my doctor socially remarked how well I told him I was taking s and he replied. 'They seem to be doing you



grating, bright-eyed, eager, and teady for a romp.

"Look at them!" cried Sally. 'Oh, Mother, they're so cute! They're so little! How can you let Daddy give them to the dogeatcher?"

"Sally, dear," I said desper-ately, "haven't you got some schoolfriend you can give them to? Then you can go over every day and see them."

"But they're mine! They couldn't belong to anybody else! I brought them up! I nursed them, Mother, on condensed milk. They need me! They think of me just like their mother!"

their mother!

She caught sight of the gunny sack, still lying by the grating. "What's that for?"

"Well . . . that's to put

them in."
"But they'll smother in

there!"
"No, no it's only to carry
"No, no it's only to carry
"I put my "No, no it's only to carry them to the car." I put my arms around her, not being able to stand the look of woe on her face. "Now look, Sally, Daddy's going to try to make friends with them. He's going to feed them. So there's absolutely nothing to worry about. By the time he's fed them a few times, he'll be so attached to them he won't be able to give them up. In this, however, I was quite wrong. It wasn't that Dan was so stony-hearted, but the kittens wouldn't co-operate. From

tens wouldn't co-operate. From a discreet distance Sally and I watched his attempts to feed them that night.

DAN opened the grating. He got down on his hands and knees. He chucked and chirruped. He waved a sardine at them. He made noises like a mother cat. It was quite a performance. But the Little Red Ridinghoods had got a good look at the wolf that morning. They would not come near him for all the sardines in Norway.

We were treated to this spec-

We were treated to this spec-tacle of wheedling and coaxing for two days. Dan was persist-ent. His stubborn streak was

had died in the French Resist ance and the other had fought with Leclerc. "My children," he said with apparent irrelev-ance, "are all little girls." ON THE SIDE OF THE ANGELS

Continuing . . .

up. Morning and evening, regular as clockwork, he was out there, cooing, purring, and dangling a sardine. All to no purpose. Each time he had to leave them their food and go

Things might actually have solved themselves out of sheer impasse, except for Sally's mis-take. Oh, it was a big mistake. To Dan's legal mind it had all the proportions of a deliberate, felonious malefaction.

-"Look at this," he said, bursting into the living-room Wednesday morning just as I was getting her off to school. "Who did this?"

He displayed a gunny sack. slice had been cut in its bottom.

You could hear Sally swallow all over the room.
"I did," she said.
"Why?"

'I wanted them to get some

"Air!" repeated Dan. He put his arm into the ganny sack and his whole fist came through the hole. "You knew what would happen! As fast as I put them in the top, they'd get out the bottom!"

get out the bottom!"

"But they'd smother in there! Oh, Daddy," she cried, abandoning everything for a last plea, "why do you hate them? Why do you want to give them to the dogcatcher? They never hurt anybody! I love them, Daddy!"

"I don't hate them," said Dan, "it's just that I can't for-get what happened the other time. You loved Cucaracha just as much, but you forgot about animals needing a drink, and—"

"But I've changed!" cried Sally. "I'm different now! I'd never let them get thirsty! I didn't know any better then! How can I ever show I'm dif-

from page 27

ferent if you don't give me a

She had him licked, lawyer She had him licked, lawyer or no lawyer, except for his stubborn streak. He shook his head. "No, they have got to go." He put his fist through the hole in the gunny sack again. "For doing that, you have got to pay the penalty. And the penalty is, you have got to help me catch them." Sally went quite pale.

Sally went quite pale.
"You are the only one that

destroberte destruite de alemante de a An old American colored mammy's recipe to happiness: "Don't let the seeds spoil your enjoyment of a water-melon. Jest spit out the seeds." Terreronomonomon

they'll come to," he said. "So you have got to go down there and make them come out to

me."

Sally sucked in her breath. Her cyes were like saucers. Her chin, her button of nose, even her pigtails quivered. "Daddy, you can't ask me to do that? They love me! They trust me!" The tears burst from her and she flared out wildly, "I'll never do it! Never! I don't care what you do to me!" And she plunged out of the house and ran headlong off to school.

There are times of crisis in

There are times of crisis in all families. This one looked just a little too big and too threatening for me to go on wringing my hands on the side-lines. As soon as I was alone, I hunted up Dan's fishing creel,

filled a saucer with milk, and went down to the grating. To my relief the kittens bounded up to me, nearly fall-

ing on their heads in the saucer trying to lap up the milk. When they had finished, I scooped them into the fishing creel and drove over to my mother's.

"Darling," I said, "here are me individuals who are

some individuals who are threatening to break up our home. Will you take care of them for a while until I see what's going to happen?"

"Splendid," said my mother, who always said "splendid" when she hasn't the faintest idea what something is about. "I'll just move the turtle into the backyard and put them in the screen porch with the parrot."

I came but

came back home I came back home and scrubbed everything scrubbable in the kitchen, which I have found to be a very good outlet in times of stress. About 3.15, when Sally was due from school, I heard a bumping outside the door. I opened it and there was Dan door, I was Dan,

was Dan.

"Hello, Madge," he said, somewhat sheepishly. "I was a little red-headed this morning. I wouldn't want you to think I'd make Sally catch those cats. Besides, it would be as much as for me to admit defeat." He came into the kitchen with a large crate. "Now this," he large crate. "Now this," he said, setting it on the floor, "is the solution. You see, I'll make a door here—" he tapped the front of the crate "—and put the sardines inside and run a wire out to the lilac bush, and as soon as they come inside to eat, I'll pull the wire and close the deet."

He straightened up, his eyes sparking and triumphant. "I don't know why I didn't think of it before. I came home a little early so as to rig it up and catch them before dinner."

"Oh?" I said. "But they're

"Gone!" He gaped at me.
"Yes, I went down and col-

lected them this morning me took them over to my mothers. He looked very much like Sulphis chin dropped, his eyes rome and his tongue moving up and down in his open mouth.

"But how did you can them?" them?

"Oh, it was simple mon
I said. "I just brought the
saucer of milk and they
right to me." I added, "
ever has been feeding
the last couple of days has gotten to give them anything

He sat down—luckily there was a chair behind him or he would have sat on the flow. His face had a collapsed stricken look—an expression stricken 100k—an expression theorem, self-reproach, and complete admission. He was self-sitting in this thunderstraid way when Sally walked in from school. She stopped short at sight of the crate.

"What's that?" she demanded.

"What's that?" she demanded.

There's this about Dan: he's a good loser. When he hain down his flag, it's with the but grace in the world.

"Well, Sally," he said, producing out of the stunned expression the biggest, most wanting rails.

pression the biggest, most wining smile I ever saw, "that a sort of project I am making a sort of bungalow for kitten, which is going to stand in the backyard and is going to be equipped with twin bees and a supply of running water."

She stood for a specehic moment trying to realise that here was, after all, the most wonderful father in the world. "Oh, Daddy!" she cried. She took off in a standing bread-

took off in a standing broad jump, hit him in the middle with a flying embrace, and al-most knocked him off the chal-

So that was about all there as to it, except that, when we were leaving to drive over my mother's, Sally started sclimb into her usual place it he front seat. "Just a minute, I said, "I believe I'll sit there."

Because, you see, I have learned the proper function of a wife and mother. It is this to sit in the middle

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Continuing . . . A PLACE CALLED BELLEAU WOOD

The Frenchman understood. "Unfortunately in the next war there will be no noncombatants. But this is a cheerless subject, my friend. Let me tell subject, my friend. Let me tell you how delighted I am that your father will dine with us. My comrades will be equally delighted. Tell me, though. This fall of his in Belleau wood. He did not injure himself?"

"I guess not. At least he insists he didn't." Martin frowned. "But I'm still puzzled about how it happened. It was getting quite dark when I left him in Belleau Wood and went for the car. When I returned he was—well, as you saw him. He said he fell down. He said he remembered too well

men speak who have fought on the ground. Perhaps war is less personal in the air." Souillat shrugged. "A man

Soullat shrugged. "A man who fights on the earth, who hugs the earth for precious life itself, the carth where he fought and saw his comrades die becomes a part of it. As if he had left something of himself there even though he escaped death."

E looked at Martin gravely.

left him in Belleau Wood and went for the car. When I returned he was—well, as you saw him. He said he fell down. He said he remembered too well and fell down."

"Ah. He was in the wood and alone, and it was dark?"

"Yes. But not long. I couldn't have been gone fifteen minutes."

"It need not take long."

"What doesn't take long."

"What doesn't take long."

"What doesn't take long."

"There's right."

"I believe you told me once, Monsieur Kelley, that you were an aviator in the American war with Japan?"

"That's right."

"I do not understand about flying." said Souillat reflectively. "The aviators from the American base come here often and I hear them talk, but I do not understand. They are always making with the hands like so." He pressed his palms together and imitated a pilot describing aerobatics.

"And when they speak of the war—the few older ones who experienced it — it is not as

from page 26

believe or do not believe, nothbelieve or do not believe, nothing will induce me to return to certain spots. Not alone. Not in the dark. I have done it and I will not do it again."

"Because of — ghosts?" said Martin sceptically.
Souillat shrugged. "It is an inexact word. Besides, I do not believe in them."

Souillat bowed and departed. G hosts, thought Martin faintly. Ghosts! After that I need another brandy.

faintly. Ghosts! Af I need another brandy.

I need another brandy.

It was past eight o'clock now and the bar was filling. Three American lieutenants with pilots' wings on their blue uniforms were drinking Alsatian beer next to him and wrangling amicably. Martin listened and grinned reminiscently.

"Now, don't argue with me.

"Now, don't argue with me,
Al," said one of them severely.
He was maybe twenty-two, with
blue, far-seeing flier's eyes.
"Just don't argue with me. The
best women are in Copenhagen,
I've been there and I know."
"London" objected Al

"London," objected Al.

"Barcelona," said the third pilot with weary superiority.
"You guys wait till you've been in Europe long enough to know what you're talking about. Barcelona."

Martin laughed silently. The old topic. The old, imperishable topic of young soldiers and sailors and airmen everywhere. For an instant he was back again in the bamboo alert shack on the strip at Port Moresby, waiting to go out on a mission and killing time with his crew, arguing the comparative merits of Sydney and Hobart and Melbourne as leave towns.

Martin felt a warm sense of brotherhood with the three lieutenants.

He turned on his stool geni-He turned on his stool geni-ally and offered to buy a round of drinks. They looked at him with cold astonishment. They looked through him, past him, and returned to their talk. Mar-tin gaped. His mouth closed foolishly and he tingled with angry embarrassment. He sighted himself in the bar mir-ror then, saw himself as he ror then, saw himself as he looked to the lieutenants, a solid-fleshed family man of thirty-eight, a corporation executive with thinning hair.

THEY did not consider that they were being rude to him. He simply did not exist for them. He was not of their world. He was of an older time, ancient in their eyes as Methuselah. Martin calculated their ages swiftly. Why, when his war was going on they were little boys in short pants. It was a shocking realisation.

Respectful porters were hold-ing the big plate-glass doors wide, and Souillat was welcoming his comrades. They were nine elderly Frenchmen dressed in black. They were white-haired or bald, they were

fat or they walked with canes and in brittle hesitation, and they all wore ribbons on their

They were old men, full of years, but they were men who in youth had proved their valor and they bore themselves with

dignity.

Martin looked at them and Martin looked at them and in spite of himself he was moved. The Old Guard, is thought. And these kids at the bar with me, he thought, talking about English and Spanish and Danish girls, I suppose they're the Young Guard, not yet proved, but waiting to be called to the test. And what does that make you's he thought ironically. The Middle Guard?

Martin looked up at the

Middle Guard?

Martin looked up at the painting of Grand-pere Soullat in his dashing cavalry uniform of 1870. Everybody to his own war, eh, grandpa? thought Martin.

Now the elevator door opened. Sylvester Johnson appeared. He looked ruggedly North American, almost Lincolnesque.

Coinesque.
Souillat spoke to his friends, and the nine old veterans of Verdun turned towards Sylvenders of the control of the

Verdun turned towards Sylvetter expectantly. A warm rush of affection, of pride and comradeship for his father-in-law surged through Martin.

He came off his stool quickly. He intercepted Sylvester half-way across the lobby. "You look swell, Dad," said Martin. "The boys in Deltatown would really be proud of you tonight. Sylvester grinned. He touched Martin's shoulder lightly and winked at him. Then he turned to meet Monsieur Souillat and his friends.

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - April 27, 1960



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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - April 27, 1960

Every mother should know these facts about laxatives



NASTY-TASTING laxative oils are now known to be bad for children. Castor oil irritates the system, causing griping, colic and pain. And paraffin oil interferes with the absorption of food and vitamins. The recommended modern laxative is Laxettes chocolate squares. Easy to take a no spons no fusel at Laxettes. laxative is Laxettes chocolate squares. Easy to take — no spoons, no fuss! — Laxettes give a thorough, gentle action, without griping or embarrassing urgency, and do not deprive the body of nourishment. Laxettes are safe to take with other medicines. They do not affect the stomach, cannot overdose, and are seldom needed the next day. Get Laxettes today from your chemist or store and "when Nature forgets, remember Laxettes."

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old turnspit fireplace, his back to the door. The woman took Fraser's order.

Kline had turned at the sound of voices. Fraser crossed the room. Apart from the woman, they were alone in the bar. Kline leaned forward, hand outstretched. "Kit! This is spiendid!"

hand outstretched. All: This is splendid!"

Fraser lifted his drink, avoiding the hand, "Let's sit down," he said. The corner settle seats were as far as possible from the bar. He kept his name level. voice low.

voice low.

"I'm not going to ask any of the things you probably expect, Kline. How you managed to find me—stuff like that. Just one question — what do you want?"

"I suppose one might call it help," Kline said mildly. "I prefer the term co-operation."

prefer the term co-operation."
"The sort of co-operation, you gave me?" Fraser held his wallet open but hidden from the bar. "There's a tenner, here, Kline. Take it and go back where you came from!" He folded the bill and slid it under the ashtray. "Forget you ever knew me," he added.

under the ashtray. "Forget you ever knew me," he added.

Kline left the money there.
"That could have been a friendly gesture," he said quietly. "But it wasn't. We're going to have to start all over again, Kit. With no hard feelings about what happened years ago." His voice was sad. "I've been to gaol myself since then, Kit."

"I read." Fraser said shortly. A noisy group had come in. "A tenner, Kline," he repeated. "Get this right—next time you bother me, I'll call the law."

"This isn't going to be pleasant, Kit." Kline's gift for you'll have to listen. You say you read my case in the newspapers." He spread both hands, head bowed. "Prisondishared — penniless. It isn't casy to make a new start at my age."

"If a job's really what you

may age."

"If a job's really what you want," Kit said, "it's just possible I could help."

"I said I'm too old to make a fresh start." The lawyer dusted ash from his jacket fastidlowshy

dusted ash from his jacket fastidiously.

"No," he said softly. "My talents..." his hand deprecated the boast."... my gifts are still of some use. No. I have a backer, Kit. A young man — very much like the one you used to be. Brains. And above all guts." He nodded judiciously. "I'm going with him, Kit. Which is where you come in."

Fraser looked at his watch. "Tm going home, Kline. I'll wish you good luck. Heaven only knows whether I really mean it."

mean it."
The lawyer's hand plucked Fraser's sleeve, his voice a whisper. "Insurance!" Fraser sank back in his seat, his eyes never leaving the older man's face. "It's taken five months to find you, Kit," continued the lawyer. "Three weeks alone spent going through telephone directories."

He tapped Fraser's arm.

spent going through telephone directories."

He tapped Fraser's arm. "You sell insurance. Burglary insurance. For your father-in-law. Patterson, Gilchrist, and Todd, 120 Suffolk Street. You're married and live in a pleasant house a few miles up the road. And you own the blue car that was parked in the station yard this evening." Kline's lips were close to Fraser's ear, barely moving. "Your firm insured a woman against burglary for eighty-five thousand pounds. Last May, Mrs. Chester Garrett. That's what my partner and I want, Kit. The terms of the Special Conditions clauses from that policy."

Conditions clauses from that policy."

"The Special Conditions clauses," Fraser repeated stupidly. "You must be out of your mind."

A L Characters in the Assertain and abort steries which appear in The Assertain Women's Weekly are fletifious and have no reference to any living person.

Continuing . . . DANGEROUS SILENCE

"You have access to all these papers," Kline urged gently, "You see, I know the game, Kit. For that amount of insurance, your father-in-law will have gone to one of the Lloyd's syndicates, They'll have ent a surveyor to inspect the house. And if their man wasn't satisfied, the underwriters will have added security measures.

house. And if their man wasn't satisfied, the underwriters will have added security measures of their own. All of it's there in the policy. Isn't it, my boy?"
"You're crazy!" Fraser said suddenly. Heads turned in the bar. Kline laughed good-humoredly. He wrapped a heavy arm round Fraser's shoulder and led him to the door.

In the shadows they stood e to toe, expectantly. Kline

Wuff, Shuff & Tuf

-FOR THE CHILDREN-

from page 25

got to have time," Fraser said.
"I've got to ..."
The lawyer checked his watch. "You've always found me reasonable enough, haven't you? Drive me to the station. I can catch the six-fifty-two back to town. I'll meet you at two tomorrow. Jacques' Barit's quiet there."

At the station Kline climbed out penderously to lean back through the window. "Till tomorrow, then. There's one thing I seem to have forgotten. You're on a full share in this venture, of course. Good night!"

night!"
When the lights of the train

by TIM

days a week—forty-eight was a year—the same old this Weaseling introductions these old bags your father kee listed. Waltzing like a p

forming dog."
"My father never forced we to do anything, Kit," she a quietly. "And you certain haven't done too badly live the way you said you ways wanted to live. Anythin we do is done the way you wa

He nodded grimly, "I kee the lines—I wrote them. No comes the piece about the pen niless tramp with a poli-record that you met and me ried."

ried."

Her head was hidden he shoulders working. He king at her side, stilling the that with his arms. After a who she looked up, wet-eyed he sure of herself. "It was he ghastly man, wasn't it?" described.

sniffed.

He hid his face in her hat the better to lie. "I dunnstended have better to lie. "I dunnstended his forehead." He touch his forehead. "Policies – procentages — this business might finished it. I lost a guy and the account."

The next morning he took a early train. He was at Was loo at nine. He jolted the subway stops to Trailie.

subway stops to Trails Square then walked north F, the shuttered tailors on Say Row he came to the an facade at its end. There was sign over a flight of steps Police, it said.

facade at its end. There was sign over a flight of steps—Police, it said.

Across, the way was was We Central Police Station. They know over there what had mail was. And the way to do with it. He went across to street quickly. At the top of the steps he turned left, uniformed policeman came in the counter. He wore sergeamy stripes and said, "Sir."

"I want to see someone from the Griminal Investigation Department," Fraser said.

The man had his pad as pencil ready with the speed custom. "What's the nature a your complaint, sir?"

Fraser looked at him steady. "It's urgent and it's personal." If see," The policema lowered his voice. "May I have your name?"

Fraser gave thim one and incitious address to go with it. "Take a seat, sir. I'll sin C.I.D. a ring for you."

It was quiet in this his, airy room. The memories camback to him all too cally. There'd be a place across the hallway they called the Demotion Room. As long as they held you there, you weren technically under arrest. (In the far side of the room would be a second door. That an would lead to the cells. Out through it there was no question of your status. You were pinched.

The man was back to like a flap in the counter. "Wall and the said a flap in the counter."

The man was back to life a flap in the counter. "Will you come this way, please sir?"

Fraser followed him through glass doors, down a corridor a a door with C.I.D. painted at

a door with C.I.D. painted as it.

This was not the main G.I.D. office. Just a small room with a barred window that gave to a well in the building. A may may studying photographs at the empty chair but made as move to get up. "Sit down, if Bishop. What can I do knyou?" he asked.

"A fellow who's working fir me says he's being blackmailed." Fraser kept his voicimpersonal. "The man's been agaol," Fraser added. "It seem that somebody he knew thes has been threatening to tell me his friends and family about his past. The works."

"Why hasn't he come her himself?" There was neither undue curiosity in the man's voice nor aggressiveness.
"Because he's scared. I'm his

"Because he's scared. I'm hi

To page 55

were gone Fraser slammed a fist at the dashboard. Tomorrow he'd be back in a world of fear and suspicion. The unexpected phone call — the casual summons — part of a gauntler that he must run alone. He had put himself in a position where no one could help him.

Met."

Kline wagged his head.
"Patterson's not the sort of man you'd have told your story to!"
He moved a step nearer. "I don't suppose for a minute you'd have told that girl you're married to either, You'd have too much at stake with both of them." The curtains were drawn in front of the house. He backed the car into the garage. No matter how he handled Kline, Barby had to be kept in ignor-He walked into the kitchen He walked into the kitchen ready with his first lie. Barby was in the living-room. She was sprawled deep in the armchair, watching the flames snake up the wide chimney. She stretched her arms above her head.

He pulled his sloping shoul-

broke the silence, "This is my last chance at really big money. I don't care how dirty I get, my boy. I'm ready to go to your wife — your father-in-law if you force me. Tell them the fascinating story of your past from the first day we ever met."

He pulled his sloping shoul-ders square. "I don't give a damn if you did. Once the committee at Lloyd's know an ex-con's been underwriting burglary insurance, they'll ruin the lot of you. Father-in-law included."

RASER started for the car, moving mechanically. Kline followed. The two men sat in the stuffy darkness, already bound in conspiracy.

Fraser slumped down in the seat. He spoke quietly, his tone an acceptance of defeat. "I can raise four thousand pounds. Half of it's yours on one condition."

dition."

"I'm the one who makes the conditions, Kit. I've told you what I want. Unless I get it, you leave me no alternative."
He twisted his body to face Fraser. "I underestimate nothing about you, Kit. Your intelligence or your nerve. But short of killing me, there's nothing you can do. And you've far too much sense for that."

His voice wheedled. "Look.

you've far too much sense for that."

His voice wheedled, "Look, Kit. We can make a fortune with complete safety. I know all about this woman's jewellery. It's mostly diamonds — gem quality diamonds. If anything, it's under-insured, It'll sell up for a guaranteed sixty shousand pounds. It means that I can sit out what's left of my life, somewhere in the sun. And, I promise you, you'd never hear of me again."

He had to get away from this coaxing assurance. "I've

"The motor cut off at the bottom of the hill," he said defensively. "And I'm no me-They are behind drawn cur-tains, each apprehensive of the other. The table cleared, she stood hesitant, then switched on the television set. On the the television set. On the screen gloved fighters pawed at one another ineffectually. With the commentator's first dra-matic words, Fraser spun the control.

"Come here!" she ordered.

"Come here!" she ordered.

When he leaned down she locked both hands behind his neck. "The dinner's ruined; it's fish-flavored rubber by

Barby sat on the rug at his feet, her hands clasping her knees. "What's the matter, Kit?" she said quietly.

"What's the matter!" We give this thing a rest for just one evening in our lives and you're looking for tragedy!"

Barby leaned her head against his knees. "I loathe that man you went to see," she said savagely. "I hate him! Running his beastly business into our home. I only wish

He was suddenly incapable of controlling the hysteria in his voice. "Stop it, Barby," he

"What is the matter with you, Kit?" she demanded. "I'll tell you what it is," he said heavily. "I'm tired. Five

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - April 27, 1960



The Australian Women's Weekly (1933 - 1982)

Issue 1960-04-27 Page 69

Missing Page



BUTTER RECIPES for cookies



BUTTER BONBONS

They look like a posy of flowers - take just

4 ozs. soft butter, 1 cup sifted icing sugar, grated rind of 1 an orange, 4 ozs. (1 level cup) plain flour, 1 oz. (1 cup) self-raising flour, 30 dates or glace cherries.

Cream the butter, icing sugar and orange rind. Blend in the plain and self-raising flour. If you are using dates, roll them Self-raising flour. If you are using dates, roll them Mould a little of the cookie mixture around each date or cherry. Bake on ungreased trays about 10 minutes in a brisk oven. When cold, frost lightly with orange butter icing and press into coloured decorettes or hundreds-and-thousands Makes 21 dozen.

COFFEE BUTTERSNAPS



Mellow with butter, deliciously crisp - and intriguingly flavoured with coffee!
6 ozs. butter at room temperature, 1 cup

each white and brown sugar, 1½ teaspoons vanilla, 1 small egg, 4 ozs. (1 level cup) plain flour, 4 ozs. self-raising flour, 1 level tablespoon cocoā, 1 level dessertspoon instant coffee powder.

Cream the butter, sugar and vanilla. Beat in the yolk of the egg, then add both flours and mix well. Divide in two equal portions. Leave one plain, and work the cocoa and coffee into Roll into two thin layers as nearly the same size Place the white layer on the brown layer and roll up firmly. Wrap in greaseproof paper and chill several hours. Cut in thin slices. Brush with the slightly-beaten egg white and sprinkle with sugar or chopped nuts. Bake in moderate oven

BUTTER VALENTINES



For all the chocolate-lovers at your house hight, crunchy — crisp and sugar-frosted.
3 ozs. (3 level tablespoons) butter, 4 ozs. (4 level tablespoons) sugar, ‡ teaspoon vanilla, 1 small egg, 2 ozs. (‡ cup) plain flour, 2 ozs. self-raising flour, 1‡ level

tablespoons cocoa.

Cream the butter, sugar and vanilla. Blend in the yolk of the egg, then the flour and cocoa. Roll out thinly and stamp into hearts with a heart-shaped biscuit-cutter. Brush with the slightly beaten egg white and sprinkle with sugar. Bake on ungreased trays about 10 minutes in a moderate oven. Makes about 3 doz.

BUTTER-NUT SHORTCAKES



Butter, walnuts and brown sugar make a mouth-watering combination. They're quick and easy — MUST be made with butter. 4 ozs. butter, ½ cup (tightly packed) brown sugar, I teaspoon vanilla, ½ cup finely-chopped walnuts, 4 ozs. (I level cup) plain

chopped walnuts, 4 ozs. (1 level cup) plain flour, 2 level tablespoons self-raising flour. Cream the butter with the brown sugar and vanilla. Add the nuts and flour and mix thoroughly. Roll fairly thinly on a floured board and cut into rounds with a scone-cutter. Bake on ungreased trays in a moderate oven for about 12 minutes, or till lightly tinted. Wonderful just as they are, but to make them into party biscuits, sandwich together in pairs with raspberry jam and decorate with lemon icing and coloured candies.

Makes 24-3 dozen single biscuits.

Makes 21-3 dozen single biscuits.

BUTTER FANCIES



Conversation-piece for your next party! You'll have everyhody guessing! 6 ozs. butter, 1 cup castor sugar, 1 teaspoon vanilla, 1 small egg, 4 ozs. (1 level cup) plain flour, 4 ozs. self-raising flour, red and

green food colouring.

Cream the butter, sugar and vanilla. Beat in the egg. Add the flour and mix well. Colour one-third of the mixture pink. Form into a long roll about 11" in diameter. Wrap in grease-proof paper and chill till hard. Using a sharp knife, carve 4 or 5 deep grooves lengthwise along the roll, at equal distances apart. Wrap the roll in half the remaining mixture, pressing it well wrap the roll in half the remaining mixture, pressing it well into the grooves. Chill till firm. Tint the remaining mixture pale green (or use cocoa if you prefer a chocolate border), and roll it out, and wrap the roll in it. Chill again till quite hard. Cut in thin slices and bake in a very slow oven till cooked but not coloured. For special occasions sandwich them together in pairs with berry jam or melted chocolate. Makes 4-5 dozen.

CARSON FOR WAL YOUR GROCERY ORDER

Check your cupboard for these ingredients - put my you require on your next grocery order.

Butter, Sugar (White & Brown), Icing Sugar, Castor Sugar, Vanilla, Eggs, Plain & Self-Raising Flour, Walnut Pieces, Red & Green Food Colourings, Cocoa, Instant Coffee, coloured decorettes or hundreds-and-thousands and Raspberry Jam, Dates or Glace Cherries.

リングスス カスションスプ THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - April 27, 1960

Continuing . . . DANGEROUS SILENCE

employer and I've known every-thing about him from the be-ginning. The man's a good worker and in a position of

worker
trust."
"What's his name — his address?" The man pulled a
scribbling pad from a drawer.
"My business is down in Surrey — that's where we both
live." Fraser kept his eyes

"Surrey!" The policeman shook his head. "There's noth-ing we can do here in that case, sir. You'll have to go to your local police station."

Fraser was incredulous. "Are you kidding! Don't you know what a village constable's office is like? I'm trying to help the guy — not have him run out of the neighborhood!"

of the neighborhood!"
"You're an American, aren't
you?" the man said. Fraser
let it pass. "Over here blackmail's something the courts
know how to deal with." The
man's tone was as if close contact with crime had left him
indifferent to its drama. "But
countries on saidence as sidence." courts only convict on evidence, Mr. Bishop. Nailing a black-mailer isn't a job for amateurs — no matter how well-inten-tioned."

He opened the door to the corridor. "I suggest you see your Chief Constable. You'll find he can't do anything with-out the co-operation of the man involved. But he'll be ready

Fraser took the steps to the street at a fast clip. There had been no time to think last night. Now he knew that he had to convey the menace of the building he had just left to Kline.

The crossed to Bond Street, saying his piece without sound: "I've got enough to shove you inside, Kline. Tell your story from there. If it finishes me, okay. I'd be better off digging ditches than with you round my neck."

my neck."

He stopped in front of a long display window. A printed sign

He stopped in front of a long display window. A printed sign read: We Have Not Only The Biggest But The Smallest And Whatever We Have Is The Best. The show of electrical appliances made the point. Giantscreen television sets, box-like affairs for use in cars. Radios. Tape recorders.

He had to find some means of scaring Kline. Evidence of some sort.

some sort.

The salesman was keen and knowledgeable. He showed Fraser the tiny wire recorder with pride. "Now, the Germans really know how to make this sort of thing, sir."

He put the set in the palm of his hand. "It's the smallest machine on the market." He touched the switch and spoke into the minute mike. Then he reversed the button. The voice was metallic but recognisable.

was metallic but recognisable.

"As you see, the mike acts as speaker on the playback, sir. And here..." He fitted a long cable to the set. "This is the buttonhole mike — let me show you!" He dropped the mike behind Fraser's breast pocket handkerchief. Then he threaded the cable through Fraser's raincoat.

"Fasten your belt, sir," he instructed. "Now switch on." He read rapidly from a list of gramophone records. "Notice that I can't see the set or the mike," he added. "Now play back." The reproduction was faithful.

The half-hour had always and the set of the half-hour had always as the half

back. The reproduction was faithful.

The half-hour had almost sounded when Fraser reached Suffolk Street. The tall, thin house at the north end had unimpaired elegance. The upper floors were given to accountancy and general offices. The five rooms at street level formed the partners' suites and Fraser's own office.

He shut his door gratefully. It was a restful room with arched windows overlooking a leaf-strewn garden. His secretary had his personal mail waiting.

He hurried his way through

from page 52

the mail, then made his voice casual. "I'd like you to get me some files from General, Miss Donnelly!" He gave her six names. Mrs. Chester Garrett was fourth on the list.

When the girl came back, he managed compelous to let the

When the girl came back, he managed somehow to let the folders stay where she had put them. Five long minutes went by before he selected one. He started checking dates and figures ostentatiously against his memo pad. At the end of a quarter-hour, he'd worked down to the Garrett folder.

Of its kind, this was a com-prehensive and imposing document. The premium was high, the security measures stringent, the name of the syndicate at Lloyd's old and honored.



"What's 11 stone 10 pounds divided by 3?"

Attached to the policy was a copy of the Underwriter's Survey Report. Security meas-ures had been incorporated in a sub-section of the Special Conditions Clause.

Gonditions Clause.

"Brick-built house fronting South Street, Mayfair. No garden or rear exit. Access to servants' quarters gained by steps to a basement with windows barred by mild steel bars, one inch in diameter. Front door has three locks, One Ingersoll, two Hobbs mortise. Two bolts and a fifteen-inch burglar chain on the inside.

on the inside.

"There are four windows facing South Street on each of three floors. The rear of the house fronts a churchyard and has three windows on each floor. All but the top floor windows are Tectathief wired to West Central Police Station.

"Insured property normally kept in a two-hundredweight Milner wall safe in master bed-

"Household: Mrs. Chester "Household: Mrs. Chester Garrett, widow, no occupation. Employed persons number four, all of whom have been in Mrs. Garrett's service for more than ten years. One cook, two maids and a chauffeur."

A list of Mrs. Garrett's jewellery followed—its dimensions, origin, and description. He closed the file. Someone had scrawled "all risks" across the front and added a signature

It was eleven when his desk buzzer sounded. It was his father-in-law. He dropped the files on his secretary's desk as he went out.

he went out.
George Patterson was alone.
He walked the carpet from
door to window with the restlessness of a man who has
something difficult to say. He
waited till Fraser was seated.

waited till Fraser was seated.

"'Morning, Kit! I've been looking at the figures for the last quarter. They're good, Kit. And most of the accounts are yours. You've worked hard." He halted to rub the small of his back against the jutting mantel.

Fraser was uncomfortable under the older man's look.

"I've had the names, sir. And a lot of luck."
"That may be," said Patter-son. "You've worked at it, too. How's Barby?"

How's Barby?"

"She's pretty good, I guess."
Fraser tried to grin. "You know how it is, sir. Summertime, I'm a kind of Pony Club widower. This time of the year it's better. We get along."

Patterson nodded for his own benefit. "I want you to take a few days off, Kit. Get away with Barby somewhere. I'll design the state of the st

a few days off, Kit. Get away with Barby somewhere. It'll do you both good."

Father and daughter were close. Watching Patterson's thin face, Fraser recognised more than just friendly concern. Barby was worried and she'd told her father. The scene last night had obviously disturbed her. He had to be careful.

"We've only been back from we've only been back from Spain a couple of months," he remarked. He had been rid of the need to lie to those near him for too long. He went back to it with resentment.

"I've been thinking a lot about you and Barby, Kit. It's easy for ambition to flag in a man of your age unless he

man of your age unless he knows just where he's going. I was the same myself." Patterson seemed to speak freely for the first time. "Barby's mother and I always Barby's mother and I always regretted not having a son, you know, but you've made up for it in many ways. What you've been doing was never meant to be a permanent job, Kit. That's partly why I want you to take Barby away for a couple of weeks."

His long head punctuated s words. "There'll be somehis words. his words. "There'll be some-thing more responsible for you to do when you get back." He gave Fraser a thin, warm hand. "Sometimes a chap needs some-body to talk things over with. And I don't mean his wife! Remember you're one of the family, Kit."

Patterson's eyes were steady. Fraser avoided them. "I'll have a talk with Barby tonight, sir. Thanks very much."
"You won't! You'll take your

hat and get back to Two Bridges this morning," Patter-son corrected. "Let us know where you are." He flicked the pages of a calendar. "Pil ex-pect you back on the twenty-fourth. Just tell Barby what-ever you think best," he said quietly.

with his secretary to straighten out his engagement list. Once on the street, he used a booth to phone Barby. His brain was working coolly now, resolving the intricacies of strategy.

"A fine thing you pulled behind my back!" he joked. "Twe just had a half-hour with your father. He seems to be under the impression that I'm a potential psychopath!"

She was cautious. "I haven't the first idea..."

He interrupted her. "I know.

He interrupted her. "I know He interrupted her. "I know. You've no idea what I'm talking about. When somebody sends a message with a foghorn I get it—that's what the old man did. Guess what—I'm on two weeks' leave of absence. Are you surprised?"

"Not very." She was laughing. "There's racing at Chellenge.

ing. "There's racing at Chelten-ham next week. I've already called about a hotel room. Clever?"

"Very," he said dryly. "You know, Barby, seriously—you're not the only one disturbed by last night's exhibition. I'm going to see a doctor. If the rocks in my head are shaking loose I want to know why."

She wasted no time with her.

She wasted no time with her answer. "I never met anyone who needed a doctor less. Did Daddy say anything else—about the office, I mean?"

"He did," he said shortly "I get promoted after the vaca tion. That's another reason tion. That's another reason for seeing this doctor."

"What doctor?

"What doctor?"
"One in Kensington who's supposed to have a treatment that relaxes you in a half-dozen sessions."

She made a sound of exasperation. "The whole thing sounds completely ridiculous. Why should you see a doctor?"
"This rest's your idea, remember." He was adamant. "It's probably a good one." He used the name of a doctor well known in insurance circles. known in insurance circles.
"Burns gave me the address of the clinic. A visit can do no

Her voice was suddenly far away. "You do whatever you think best, darling." "Obviously the last person I want to know about this is your father," he said. "Prom-ise."

"Promise," she answered.
"What do you want me to do
about the hotel room? Are we
going racing or not?"
"Let's see how things work
out. I've got to dash. I'll try
to be home at the usual time."

He atte are ware beachers. Promise."

to be home at the usual time."

He ate an early lunch in a pub. Behind a locked door there he experimented with the recorder. Moving the mike from door to window. Manoeuvring volume till he was able to catch the traffic sounds outside — record his softest whisper. He threaded the flex carefully from his mackintosh pocket to a spot behind his breast pocket hand-kerchief. Then he buttoned the mackintosh and made the belt fast.

crowded. Kline sat at one of the window tables. He raised a hand in greeting.

"You've lunched, I hope, Kit? Good!" He wore the same dark suit as the day before and carried a briefcase. For an absurd second Fraser imagined it holding the coun-terpart of his tiny recorder. They stood for a moment on

imagned it holding the counterpart of his tiny recorder.
They stood for a moment on the steps.
"You've made up your mind, of course, Kit?"
"A man with a gun at his head has no mind to make up,"
Fraser answered bitterly. It

Fraser answered bitterly. It was an easy part to play.

Kline slowed a passing taxi. "For gosh sake, get the tragedy out of your voice, Kit. You're on your way to twenty thousand pounds. Not years," He gave the driver a direction. "The tea place by the bridge in Hyde Park."

The diver turned "Tea

The driver turned. "It's closed for the winter season,

Kline nodded. "You chaps are a mine of information," he said admiringly. "Drive us there, nevertheless," he instructed.

They stopped before the closed building, shuttered and melancholy with stacked tables and wind-blown leaves. Beyond the Serpentine Bridge and the Magazine cars were parked. A small Jaguar had been drawn up on to the grass verge at the end of the row. Kline opened one of the doors of the Jaguar.

Fraser got in after him.

Over at the water's edge a man was throwing sticks for a setter. He moved easily—like a man in good condition—tall and barcheaded. When the dog a man in good condition and barcheaded. When the dog raced to its owner the man walked over to the Jaguar. He climbed behind the driving wheel. Very blond, he was in his early thirties. He slewed in his seat to face the two men in the back of the car.

"This is Mark Drummond, Kit," said Kline.

"The heard a lot about you." Drummond said pleasantly. It was a cultured accent.

The angle at which Fraser was lolling hid the bottom half of his body from Drummond Kline's eyes were on his partner. Fraser found the button

To page 56

in his pocket, flipped it without sound. He settled into his role: reluctant victim faced with his

Kline lit a Turkish cigarette Kline lit a Turkish cigarctic.

"I don't know whether I said
this before, Kit, but you two
remind me so much of each
other in many ways. Mark
probably has more vision than
you had, Kit," Kline said

judiciously. "In fact one might say that the success of this scheme depends on Mark's expertise." He cleared his throat. "Although the germ—as it were—of the idea was mine." Fraser chose words calculated to do the most damage on a playback. "Congratulations. I always

"Congratulations I always wanted to meet a blackmailer."
Drummond's face reddened. He said at length, "I suppose it's understandable." He pointed over the back seat. "One thing, nevertheless—since we're going to see something of each other, I suggest you adopt a more civil manner. I don't give a damn about this righteousness of yours. For me you're just

damn about this righteousness of yours. For me you're just an ex-thief."

He shook his head. "My conscience doesn't trouble me. That's one of the reasons I've made this business pay."

Fraser shrugged. Thought of the time real providing in

of the tiny reel unwinding in his pocket was good. "Quite a guy!" His voice was level

Notice to Contributors

DLEASE type your manu-script or write clearly in lak, using only one side of the paper. Short stories should be from 3500 to 6000 words; articles up to 1500 words. Enclose stamps to cover return postage of manuscript in case of rejec-tion.

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Continuing . . . DANGEROUS

but mocking. "What do I can you—Raffles?"
One of Kline's long arms wrapped around Fraser. The set in his pocket forgotten, Fraser tried to jerk himself free. Drummond jack-knifed his way up, hand stretched over the back of the front seat.

back of the front seat.

A foot of flex dangled from the gap in Fraser's mackintosh, dislodged by his sudden movement. He started stuffing it back mechanically. Then the weight of both men hit him simultaneously. Fraser gasped as Drummond's knee drove into his stomach. He fell forward, powerless. Drummond retrieved the wire recorder.

the wire recorder.

He could do nothing but squat, his mouth sour with bile. Drummond's weight bile. Drummond's weight shifted; then he climbed into the front of the car. He had the recorder in his hands. The reel was unwound. First came the sound of a car horn, squealing tyres, a dog's bark. Finally the voices of the three men.

"Get up," ordered Dram-mond. He tossed the set to the seat beside him.

Fraser climbed up cautiously.

Kline heaved his body round to lean on Fraser. "What did you expect to achieve by this nonsense? I vouched for you to Mark," he complained.

Fraser concentrated. Self-ontrol was returning slowly— t was important to hide his fear. It was no use answering

"I'll tell you what he ex-ected," Drummond said easily. 'One of those cinema double crosses. With the battered hero outwitting the crooks!" he

Kline shook his head. "This rather alters matters, Kit," he said indignantly.

from page 55

Surely this was the end. They could have no use for a man they didn't trust. "I told you yesterday I'd give you half the money I have, Kline," Fraser said. "FII make it the lot, Give me a couple of more lot. Give me a couple of more days to realise my securities and the four thousand's yours."

Neither man answered. "I'll

Neither man answered "I'll keep my word," he insisted

*** When scaling a fish, 3 use a dessertspoon inuse a dessertspoon in-stead of a knife. The work is more easily and quickly done and the scales do not fly about.

"Only, once the money's paid there's no more." He looked from one to the other. "If you keep at me I'll kill you Life won't mean enough to be

Life won't mean enough to be blackmailed for the rest of it."
Drummond answered for them both. "I don't need two thousand quid, Fraser. Nor does Kline." His blue eyes were steady. "You're not going to be foolish enough to try anything else. You've got only one chance of keeping your ob — this reputation you've job - this reputation you've built up. That's with us."

built up. That's with us."

His voice was thin, "You'll
get your share. And once it's
over you'll never hear from
either of us again." He
shrugged, "You'll have to take
my word for that!"

Fraser knew that the decision.

my word for that!"
Fraser knew that the decision had been made for him. He pulled a blind on the future.
"If I'm in, I'm in," he said slowly. "I'll do my part. All I ask is that it's over as quickly as possible."

Drummond shrugged. "That

suits me! You know the infor-mation we want?" Fraser nodded. "How soon can you get it? There's nothing you can tell me about the outside of the house. I've devoted over a month to Mrs. Garrett. It's the inside I'm interested in. Where's the stuff kept?" he asked suddenly. "In a safe in her bedroom." "I want to know its size, its

SILENCE

"In a safe in her bedroom."

"I want to know its size, its serial number. What the report says about the locks on the doors, the servants. Everything."

Something was amusing Drummond. Smiling fancifully, he leaned his chin on a hand, watching Fraser. "You're supposed to have been a good thief. I'll give you the chance to prove it. You can come with me, old man." Waryeyed, he added, "When I make my visit to the Garrett house."

Kit sat incredulous. "You

my visit to the Garrett house."

Kit sat incredulous. "You must be kidding."

Drummond shook his head, then asked, "Can you get this information by tomorrow? The plan I have requires action on everyone's part."

"I can get a copy of the Special Conditions clauses any time after 5.30 tonight," Fraser answered.

Drummond started the motor.

Drummond started the motor. "All right. Give Kline the stuff. How could I reach you in a hurry if I had to?" "That's necessary?" asked

Fraser.
"It might be."
"My number's Two Bridges
twenty-six," Fraser said. "No twenty-six, Fraser said. No matter who answers the phone, you're Dr. Landers. You're a mental specialist who's treating me for depression." "Dr. Landers," repeated

"Dr. Landers," repeated Drummond.
"I'll meet you at six, Kline. In the buffet at Waterloo." Fraser shut the car door.

"I'll be there, Kit." Kline's face was beaming through the rear window as the car drove

He boarded an eastbound bus at the Albert Hall. The Public Library at the back of Leicester Square was quiet. A girl brought him the books he requested. Grangers "Nervous Disorders" and the "Medical Register."

Landers was a name familiar in the insurance world as an expert witness in cases involving mental health. Fraser found the address. Paul Landers. Campden Hill. He leafed through the thick textbook. "Anxiety Neurosis—Lack of Concentration."

He tried making sense of the stilted language. It was past five when he left the build-ing. He telephoned his office. ing. He telephoned his office. There was no reply. He found more coins and rang Two Bridges. Barby answered. He made his voice urgent. "I'm going to be late after all. I'm just on my way to see Dr. Landers. I'll try to catch the six-fifty home. Okay?"

"I'll drive to the station and pick you up," she promised.

He walked south ready to

He walked south, ready to duck into a doorway should he see one of the office staff. Everyone would know that he was supposed to be home in the country. He stopped at country. He stopped at the corner, reconnoitring Suffolk Street. It was at least three years since he had used his office keys. He was fumbling at the door, feeling for the right one, when a cracked voice sounded behind him.

"Evenin', sir." The woman was red-faced and sixty. "I like bein' on time," she said cheerfully.

He turned the key and let her pass. The charwoman's bird-bright eyes watched him intently.

"Something I forgot," he said

hurriedly and shut the door in her face.

If her duties took her patairs, he had a long nead. She must not see there. There were upstars, he had a long ahead. She must not see up there. There were when his father-in-law we late. An old biddy like might easily prattle. "So nice young man, sir, your a in-law. Only the other ever I was up in the General One cleanin' . . ."

Cleanin'..."

Even now he had some mon for being in his own officupstairs, none. He opened a door slightly. The charwon was in Patterson's rooms not sight. Fraser ran upstairs. The two big offices a strangely unfamiliar. He pull a pair of gloves on. The file doors creaked as the swung out.

He pulled the drawer label.

He pulled the drawer labelle G. The Garrett folder with missing. Clurssy with has he went through a batch green covers. Pulled out he went through a batch green covers. Pulled out to ther drawers. It was useled None of the files he had requested earlier were there. It was useled hands and crept downstain three quick steps took him to his office.

The missing folders were where he had dropped themother hands and crept downstain the missing folders were where he had dropped themother hands are createry's tray. It used her typewriter, copying the vital clauses from the Gister of the control of the

the vital clauses from the Garrett policy. Finished, he wiped the roller of the machine with a handkerchief dampened win lighter fluid.

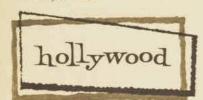
Down on the street again he hailed a cab. The big cloci in Waterloo station showed two minutes to six as he pushed open the glass door of the buffet. Kline was sitting at one of the round tables. A large briefcase was in front a him.

him.
Fraser slid the folded slip across the table. Kline donned heavy-framed spectacles to read

To page 58

-especially true of Hollywood bedspreads with their timeless, enduring loveliness. In luxurious Chenille, they wash beautifully, need no ironwon't wrinkle, crease or crush. Whether your decorator scheme be traditional or sophisticate, Hollywood brings you a host of enchant-ing designs to add new beauty to your bedroom. Choose from an exciting range of heavenly high-fashion colours — including classic, immaculate white.

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - April 27, 1960



Brassaia actinophylla (the umbrella tree) is a native of Queensland. The pictures above and right show the tree growing and a close-up of the foli-age. It is recommended for coastal windy gardens. Grows to about 40ft.

For windy places

STRONG winds have considerable influence on the behaviour of plants, shrubs, and trees.

Familiar symptoms of wind damage are browning of the leaf margins or a mottled browning of the whole leaf. These markings may be mistaken for disease. Similar damage is sometimes caused by sun scorch, and it is often difficult to decide whether a particular multipart outbreak is due to wind a capture. ticular outbreak is due to wind, sunburn,

But what to plant is the real problem. For exposed gardens, select only hardy shrubs and trees which have harsh or narrow leaves.

Many Australian native shrubs and small trees come into this category. They have fibrous, hairy, or tough surfaces which resist heat and wind damage.

Foremost among these are leptospermums, malice eucalypts, melaleucas, grevilleas, albizzias, some of the wattles, banksias, calistemons (bottle-brushes), Backhousia citriodora (lemon-scented myrtle), Callitris cupresalormis (Port Jackson pine), calothamnus, hakeas, and clearias.

hakeas, and olearias.
Others are myalls, wilgas, the hardy Cassia



artemisioides, tamarix, Spanish broom, N.Z. Christmas bush (Metrosideros tomentosa or pohutukawa), and the lank Brassaia actinophylla, which withstands even cyclones.

For shrubberies exposed to strong winds, gardeners could consider the pretty, flowering diosma, with its sparse foliage, Abelia chinensis, a flowering shrub about 4ft. high, and Kolkwitzia amabilis (Chinese beauty bush), which flowers only in high, cool climates.

Trees and shrubs for windy areas include

Trees and shrubs for windy areas include Trees and shrubs for windy areas include Acer pseudoplatanus (sycamore), Almus glutinosa (alder), Aucuba japonica, berberis of most kinds, crataegus (hawthorns), most of the ilex family (hollies), Pinus montana (dwarf mountain pines), Sambucus nigra (golden elder), Ulex europeus (double gorse), and Ulmus montana (wych elm).

Larches, silver birches, Quercus ilex (holm oak), Taxus vaccata, Tilia vulgaris (lime), and Kerria japonica will also stand up to stiff blows once established.

It pays always to enrich the soil with ample leafmould, compost, and old manure so that the roots can strike deeply



• Kolkwitzia amabilis, or Chinese beauty bush as it is commonly called, flowers in high, cool climates. It is extremely resistant to powerful winds.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - April 27, 1960

Closes soon! Rules of "The Velvet Touch" Contest as announced on radio:

"The Lady of the Year" with

The "Velvet Touch"



So easy-lots of fun. The Velvet Touch is the happy knack of good housekeeping. Every user of good, pure Velvet soap has it. Listed below are the beginnings of seven sentences about some of Velvet soap's many wonderful good-housekeeping features. The endings of all but one of these sentences are shown separately.

Carefully study the beginnings and endings and fit them together by placing the appropriate numbers in the squares provided.

Then complete the remaining sentence, using no more than twelve addi-tional words. There is no limit to the number of entries.

Rules of Contest

1. Prizes will be awarded according to the skill and judgment shown.
2. Judges' decision will be final and no correspondence will be entered into.
3. Each entry should be accompanied by the name "J. Kitchen & Sons Pty, Ltd." cut from a Velvet carton or wrapper — except in States where the law prohibits their inclusion.

4d. Every entry must bear the name and address of the contestant. Entries may be sent on a plain sheet of paper if desired,

5. Prizewinners will be notified by mail,

and the names of major prizewinners pub-

and the names of major prizewinners published in leading metropolitan morning papers on 22nd June.

6. Entries should be addressed to The Velvet Touch Contest,
N.S.W., Box 7061, G.P.O., Sydney.
Vic., Box 4229, G.P.O., Melbourne.

O'ld., Box 1448T, G.P.O., Brisbane.

S.A., Box 224C, G.P.O., Hobort.
W.A., Box 274C, G.P.O., Hobort.
W.A., Box 1000 B.O., Nib. Fearmanking. W.A., Box 1000, P.O., Nth. Fremantie.

Entries must arrive no later than 29th May, 1960.

Entry Form	
BEGINNINGS:	ENDINGS:
Velvet saves the life of clothes because Velvet saves hands because Velvet helps the family budget every day because Velvet is so economical for all household cleaning because Velvet is so efficient for collars	It is 100% pure — so gentle. Delicate fabrics are safe with gentle Velvet suds. A single tablet lasts for ages. It cleans extra grubby marks easily, thoroughly. It does a whole week's dishwashing.
Velvet users have the Velvet Touch because Velvet can be trusted for those 'extra special' garments because Please write clearly. Get more entry forms from your local store.	for only 41d. 6. There is no harsh ingredient to cause washday wear. 7. (YOUR ENDING)
NAME ADDRESS	
(Please write clearly) STATE VI9A	

it. He noduce approx." The slip disappeared into the brief-case. "Well done, Kitl Mark will be pleased."

"What do you do in all this?" he asked. "Apart from being the mastermind?"

"Ah yes, that!" said Kline casily. "I sell. For cash and with complete safety." He posed both hands on the briefcase. "In fact, the stuff's sold already. All I have to do is deliver the goods."

"Still doing business at the old stand?" Fraser wondered. "The less you bother yourself with such matters the less reason you'll have to worry. Kline said quietly. "You seem to have developed a tendency to worry. It's important that you don't. How do you get along with that wife of yours?" "Let's keep my wife out of it," Fraser said shortly, "None of this has got to touch her. Is that understood?"

Kline sighed. "Anything a man does touches the woman he lives with. If you're not acting normally your wife will start wondering why. You've got to behave normally."

Fraser shook his head. "I've got two weeks away from the office. If you think my wife won't notice anything unusual, you're crazy. That's why she's got to think I'm getting psychiatric treatment."

Kline was suddenly very solicitous. "There isn't any possibility of your really being ill, is there?"

"I never felt better in my life." Fraser grinned. "I've got toe my the story of the my life." Fraser grinned. "I've got for my life." "I've got for my life." I've got for my life." I've got for my li

five minutes to catch my train Kline got to his feet. afraid we're going to have to meet again tomorrow, Kit. Same place, same time— Jacques And Kit—"he pushed a slip of paper into Fraser's hand "You read this phone hand "You read this phone number backwards—dial the last digit first. The exchange is easy to remember. If you're ever in trouble, this number

ever in trouble, this indinoce will get me."

"If I'm ever in trouble."
Fraser repeated. The two men smiled at each other. "Goodbye Kline," he said.

BARBY was waiting at the station. They crossed the station yard, arm in arm.
He took the driveway fast as usual, ready with a detailed tlescription of his interview with the doctor. Barby was determined to talk about anything else. The rascality of a timber else. The rascality of a timber merchant who'd sent wet logs a pony gone lame—Kate

"She was in tears when she phoned," said Barby, "It seems it's every night now! Jim comes back from town sober igh. But an hour later, he's sing. Their maid's given

The triteness of the tale irri-

The triteness of the tale irritated him. What did these people know of trouble? "Living with Kate would drive me to drink, too," he said sourly. They are breakfast in the little sunroom. He had awakened early to consideration of the past thirty-six hours. He had no appetite. He toyed with his meal, parrying the questions Barby asked with determined disinterest.

Continuing . . . DANGEROUS SILENCE

The phone rang in the living-The phone rang in the living-room. She went to answer it, carrying the breakfast tray with her. It was impossible to hear what she was saying on the phone. But he had a lie ready for her when she came back. Any call now might be from Drummond.

Not a worry in the world, he thought, looking at her. She wore a green jersey dress and carried a cashmere coat on her arm. "It was Daddy," she said. "We're going to lunch together. What are you doing?"

He got to his feet "To

He got to his feet. "I'm driving up to town. It looks as though I'm going to have to see the doctor every day

"Then I'll come up with you," she decided. "I can do some shopping this morning go to Mummy for tea. Is nice, this Dr. Landers?" I tone was far too casual.

'I don't know whether he' nice. What matters is that he's

You still haven't told m what he says is wrong with you," she pointed out. "I'm suffering from an anxiety neurosis," he said

anxiety neurosis," he said calmly. He went ahead of her down the corridor.

Her heels tapped as she hur-

ried to catch up with him.
"And what does he say is the

remedy?"

He stopped, one hand on the living-room door. "He doesn't-not yet. First you have to find out what creates an anxiety neurosis. That can take time."

It was past ten when he manoeuvred the Buick to the kerb behind Harrod's. He leaned across and kissed Barby's cheek. Her skin was clear and

free of make-up.

"I'll pick you up at your mother's about five," he prom-

At Knightsbridge he cut into the park to halt at the end of the South Carriage way. To the left was the white pile of the Dorchester Hotel and beyond, South Street and the Garrett house. He'd been there just once. Six months before when he'd taken the policy for signature.

signature.

Elizabeth Garrett had outlived two husbands—both wealthy. He saw her as she had been at the interview. Ashblonde, slim. In spite of her age, still attractive. She had the modified accent of the American long in England.

modified accent of the American long in England.

She told him of the seven attempts over the years to robher. Four had been successful. For a year her jewellery had stayed in a vault. Last January she'd called in an expert on burglary prevention. Bolts, bars, and alarms were to his design. The underwriters' surveyor had approved them.

Fraser's impression had been that there wasn't a thief in

that there wasn't a thief in London capable of beating the house without inside informa-

He started the motor and moved into the eastbound stream of traffic. In a mews across Park Street, chauffeurs were washing their cars. He locked his car and walked to South Street.

were washing their cars. He locked his car and walked to South Street.

As he turned the corner he slowed. He walked across the street to the Garrett house side. He looked cautiously at the white-painted house.

A sun blind had been lowered over the front door. The brass mountings of three locks glittered. The lower windows were down six inches. An apparent invitation to the first prowler with the nerve to step from doorstep to window-sill. Once the guy had broken the beam, the street would be swarming with cops within minutes.

He proposed of feet with

He propped a foot on the railings at the top of the base-

from page 56

ment steps. Re-tying a shoc-lace, he inspected the barred windows in the area. The door down there was open. Next to the garbage can was a dog's drinking bowl. He straightened up and walked on. He'd seen no dog when he'd been to the house—there had been no mention of one in the insurance policy. Either it had been overlooked or the dog

FROM THE BIBLE

• "Fear God, and \$ keep his commandments; for this is the whole duty of man."

-Ecclesiastes 12, 13.

These words are at the end of a book written by Solomon. He sums up all that he has been teaching throughout the book by telling his readers to fear God and keep His com-mandments. Solomon re-minds them that by so doing they are performing the work man was created to do.

had been bought sometime within the past six months.

Back in the car he sat with a cigarette. Without a continuous watch on the house there was no way of determining the dog's size. Great Dane or Pake just one win would or Peke, just one yip would ruin the most careful planning. Drummond had to be told im-

mediately.

With the thought of creeping into that house at night he felt sick again. He drove from the mews towards South Street. At the corner he braked suddents.

denly.

A Bentley moved to a silent stop in front of the Carrett house. The chauffeur ran down the basement steps. Fraser pulled some maps from the glove compartment and pre-tended to read them. He was fifty yards from the house.

KIT waited the space of two nervously smoked cigarettes. The man reappeared through the front door. He was

cigarettes. The man reappeared through the front door. He was carrying a mink coat and leading a long-haired dachshund. Mrs. Garrett followed.

A maid waited at the street door till mistress and dog were settled in the back of the car. When the Bentley passed Fraser bent double.

He ate, then found an empty space in St. James' Square. Leaving his car he walked north to Jacques'. By the clock over the bar he was early. There was no sign of Kline.

A few tables behind him were littered with magazines. He took a seat, leating the pages. In front of him steps led down to the cloakrooms. He watched incuriously as a tall man climbed them unhurriedly. Then, suddenly, he had the certainty the man was going to speak to him.

The stranger had a farmer's red face and wore tweeds. His

The stranger had a farmer's red face and wore tweeds. His brusque voice was out of keep-ing with the rest of his appear

"Mr. Fraser?" he asked "Mr. Fraser?" he asked. Uninvited, he took the seat next to Fraser. A small folder peeped from his fingers. "Detective-Sergeant Bannon," he said quietly. "I wonder if you'd mind coming with me, Mr. Fraser." It was at once a request and an order. Fraser tensed, shifting his weight. The open street was a dozen steps away.

Bannon was watching him.
"That isn't going to be necessary, I don't think. I'm not going to take more than ten minutes of your time."

He stood waiting as Fraser looked up uncertain. "You don't even have to come, sir. But I suggest you'd be saving yourself a great deal of bother if you did." He jerked his head at the door. "There's a pub round the corner where we can talk quietly. I'll wait for you there."

Nohody else in the har had.

you there."

Nobody else in the bar had given the detective a second glance. It was still only five minutes to two. Fraser walked to the glass door and out to the street. Beyond the corner was a hanging sign. Wine by the Glass, On impulse he hurried back to Jacques' and left a message.

left a message.

Bannon was waiting in the wine bar. He looked at Fraser curiously. "I won't waste any time, Mr. Fraser," he said.
"You know a Kline — a Mr. Maximilian Kline."

Fraser watched him warily.

"Before I'm going to answer any of your questions," he said easily, "you're going to bave to tell me what this is all about."

Bannon leaned back

Bannon leaned back, creaking the seat. "Fair enough, Mr. Fraser, I won't beat about the bush." He lowered his voice. "The Kline I mean represented you eight years ago when you appeared on trial at the Old Bailey. We're talking about the same man, aren't we, sir?"

Fraser made no answer.

Bannon's voice was patient, almost gentle. "You take my word for it, mister. If we'd had any other way of getting hold of you without upsetting your family—your employer—we'd have used it."

He leaned both forcarms on

the table. "I'm not trying trick you or cause you troul," You know we keep an eye us our old customers—the one that make good as well as he repeaters. I know a lot about you, Mr. Fraser. In the insurance business now, aren't you, sir?"

you, sir?"

He made his answer mean anically, sure that his gun must show in every genue "I'm in the insurance business" you. he agreed.

he agreed.

Bannon flicked an inch of ash to the floor. "Kline's ben inside himself since your day—did you know that?"

"What's Kline got to to with you dragging me labere?" Fraser said edgily.

"A fore question."

"A fair question if you don't already know," Bannon answered, "You meet all kind on this job. Personally, I never met a blackmailer worth more than a rope round his never met a blackmailer worth more than a rope round his neck. That's what Kline went inside for, you know. Gad taught him nothing. Since he's been out, he's ruined a couple of people, both of them fellows trying to make good with a prison record to hide."

Fraser shrugged. "You still haven't said why you associate me with Kline now — unless you suspect me of blackmil too?"

Bannon shook his head. "

Bamon shook his head. "I don't think you believe the yourself. You listen to me, Mr. Fraser. When I said this man has ruined a couple of chap like yourself. I meant just that The only treason he walks." The only reason he's walking the streets a free man is be-cause neither of those chaos had the courage to give us the evidence to nail him!"

Fraser stared at the bottles behind the bar. Uppermost is his mind was relief. It was over—that's what mattered. There could be no robbery. Not with the law one short grabbehind Kline's collar. Yet the

To page 61



STILL BEST HAIR FOR THE

Soft, shining hair—not just clean, but shining with health. That's the way Herco Olivol Shampoo leaves your hair. For this famous hair-beauty preparation contains purest olive oil, included in a scientific new way so that your hair absorbs the tell benefit of this health-giving natural oil.

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - April 27, 1960



Hostrated: 'Berkeley' pattern table

New designs to handknit

3 sizes . . . Raglan sleeves . . . 'V' or round neck. Take your choice of size or style. By using thrilling new PATONS RIPPLE you can make these sweaters in a few evenings . . . whilst watching TV! For this new, nubbly wool is equal to 10 ply and knits up like magic . . . and there are nine glorious colours to choose from!

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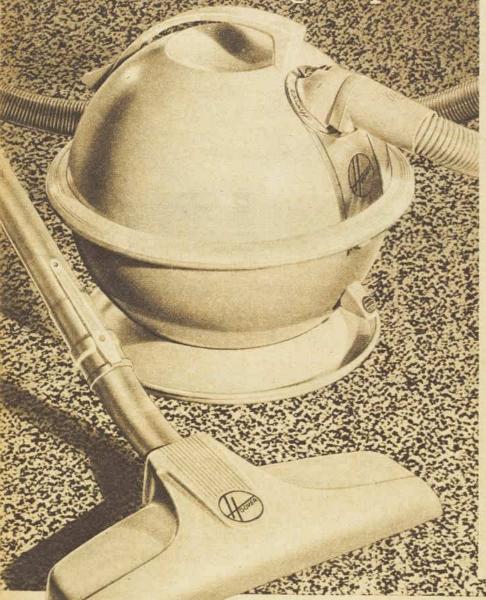
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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - April 27, 1960

ALL NEW

You've never had cleaning so thorough, so easy-you've never had cleaning so quick



Revolutionary cleaning head. You'll never change floor tools again ! Constellation's new cleaning head glides over every type of floor surface. It's extra-wide to cover more floor area, and it cleans the biggest room with far fewer strokes.

Telescopic extension wand. The Constellation's newly-designed one-piece extension wand opens out like magic to just the right length for high or low cleaning, telescopes to a compact 22 inches for easy storage.

Improved "walk-on-air" with specially re-designed cleaner base. New vacuum and dust seals mean stronger suction to lift out even the deepest dirt, the most stubborn threads and fluff.

Completely re-designed cleaning tools There's even a new polishing mop that needs no assembling. All tools are plastic-covered, can't scratch furniture. And there's a spray gun for Dad, too

Colour and styling throughout. From its finned handle to the tip of its radical cleaning head, this is the most exciting cleaner ever designed! You'll love its breathtaking colouring, too - antique

PLUS

these famous Constellation features. You'll

lean right round the room from floor to ceiling with Constellation's

ouble-stretch hose. Throw-away dust bag means your hands never

output of re-used.



this is the most advanced cleaning head ever developed

Hoover Constellation's entirely new cleaning head gives far greater cleaning efficiency. It glides over your carpets on nylon coasters and cleans by suction, brush and comb — it's wider too, covers more floor area to make cleaning far, far

quicker. But, best of all - this wonder cleaning head cleans all types of floors! You go straight from carpet to line or polished wood and back again with just a touch of your toe - you'll never change floor tools again.



PRICE 42 GNS.

ALL NEW HOOVER CONSTELLATIO Page 60

piracy still had to be pro-

He found frankness—a smile.
"You're the first human cop
I ever met, Sergeant. And I've
been on the level with you.
You'll have to be more explicit, You'll have to be made to be but it be say is probably true but it doesn't affect me. I've seen Kline twice in eight free seen Kline twice in eight years. Both times more or less

For seen Killing the consulted a notebook dredged from a pocket. "The day before yesterday" he peered over the frames—"Kline took the same train as you did to Two Bridges. He telephoned your house from the Dog and Fox in the village. About an hour later you drove him to the station in your car."

He dropped the notebook back in his pocket. "If that was one of the occasions you mean, you'll have to admit it doesn't look any too casual."

"That's great," Fraser said sarcastically. "I didn't know you carried your check on old customers that far. It'll make quite a story for my neighbors. And they'll hear that the London police have been snooping around after me."

He pushed the half-empty glass across the table. "There must be someone in authority who'll be interested to hear about Metropolitan Police procedure."

Nobody knows anything in

"Nobody knows anything in Two Bridges," Bannon said calmly. He added. "We're with you, not against you, Mr. Fraser."

"With mel" said Fraser, half up from his chair. "You listen to me! Then go back and report to whoever gives you your orders. Kline came to Two Bridges to ask me for money. When you stopped me today. I was on my way to give it to him. Not because he threatened me, Sergeant." me, Sergeant

me, sergeant.

Bannon's hand stayed Fraser.

"You're in the insurance business," said the detective.

"You've got access to information Kline could use. We have reason for thinking that he's capable of threats to obtain it."

Fraser removed the hand. He kept his voice down, "I'm past blackmail, Bannon. I've got nothing to hide and nothing to

The detective shrugged into his ragian. "I'm glad to hear it That makes it easy for you to help us. When Kline does threaten you, the law's on your

Continuing ... DANGEROUS SILENCE

side. Perhaps you'll remember that, sir?"

Another five minutes had passed. Kline would be getting impatient by now. "I said you're the first human cop I've met," Fraser said steadily. "But met, Fraser said steadily, but you're wasting your time. I don't intend to say anything to Kline about this meeting. You see, I'll never see him again after today," he said steadily

steadily.

Bannon's eyes were inscrutable, "He'll know where to find you. When he does, perhaps you'll give this number a ring." He pushed a piece of paper at Fraser.

Ducking into the heavy traffic, Fraser ran up the steps to the restaurant. Kline was

from page 58

As he pressed the button outside Kline's flat, chimes sounded. Then the door opened Kline beckoned him in. He was wearing a big meaningless smile.

meaningless smile.

"Come in," he invited. He led the way to a bright living-room. "Now sit down, Kit," he said casily, "What's the trouble?"

"Police," said Fraser. "That's what made me late. Have you ever heard of a man at the Yard called Bannon?"

"Bannon." Kline frowned. "No."

"No." "Well, ll, he know said shortly.



not there. Waited and gone, thought Fraser.

He went to a phone booth and telephoned Kline.

Kline's voice was brusque.

"I waited twenty minutes.

What happened to you?"

"Save it," said Fraser. "Just tell me how soon we can meet, When-I say it's important for all of us, that's exactly what I mean. This is bad!"

Kline was irritated. "Relax, for heaven's sake! Where are you now?"

"Piccadilly," he said.

"You know Pont Street?"

Kline's voice took on the reluctant patience people use

Kline's voice took on the re-luctant patience people use with somebody else's child.

"Number four hundred. Use the servants' entrance at the end of the building. Walk up two flights and go through the pass door to the corridor. Number thirty nine's the first flat to your right. I'll be wait-ing."

me." Kline's eyes never left Fraser's face. "If we go on with this Garrett thing," continued Fraser, "we all land inside." He recounted the interview with Bannon.

Kline sat through the recital, a brooding hulk. When he had said his piece, Fraser stood at the open window. Kline was taking this badly, It was in the big man's sudden lack of words, his drooping head.

"We're back to what I offered in the first place, Kline. Two thousand quid. I can't be sure about Drummond. But

sure about Drummond. But you're certainly washed up around here."

The lawyer lifted his head to show dark, amused eyes. Reaching up hazily, Kline rapped on the bedroom door behind him.

It opened. The cop Bannon came into the room. Fraser had sat down. Bannon came over.

"Always make them open their warrant cards, old boy," he advised. He flipped the folder with a thumb. Inside was a printed card. Complimentary Pass White City Stadium.

Fraser was unable to think Fraser was unable to think. The two men's voices sounded in the hall. Kline said good-bye. Then the door closed. As he looked up, the lawyer's face was distorted with laughter.

"I'm sorry about that, Kit.
Of course he's not a detective.
Just an actor who used to be
a client. He owes me a favor, Kit. There's nothing to worry about. He knows nothing of our plan."

our plan."

He lowered himself into his chair. "I never mistrusted your intentions, Kit. Only your ability to stand pressure. The

ability to stand pressure. The honest life's apt to make a man go soft. Now I know we're safe with you, Kit!"

One day, Fraser knew, he'd sink his thumbs deep in the swelling throat.

Fraser, twisted in his chair. "Okay, Now I have a little news for you. There's a dog in the Garrett house. A dachshund."

Kline cocked his head as if

Kline cocked his head as if listening. "A dog! Why wasn't it mentioned on the paper you

gave me?"

"Who the hell knows!" said
Fraser "What matters is that
I've seen it. Tell Raffles there's
a cute little dog that probably
sleeps on her bed. Maybe he'll
know what to do about it."

Downstairs, Fraser hesitated at the exit. Kline's windows overlooked Pont Street. Sooner than pass in front of them Fraser circled the block to

Fraser circled the block to reach a cab.

It was four-thirty when he arrived at the backwater between the Royal Mews and Victoria Street. The short, no-outlet street had a row of Queen Anne houses along one side. At the last house he rang the doorbell. It was answered immediately by a maid.

"They're up in the drawing-

"They're up in the drawingroom," she said, and left him
to find his way.

The room was long, with
tables and a couch in front of
the windows. His mother-in-law
sat with her back to the light,
facing the tea-waggon.

"For once you're early, Kit,"

To page 63

tashion

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"SARA." - A soft and feminine frock for work and lateafternoon appointments. Material is wool angora in forgetme-not-blue, blossom-pink, pearl-beige, forest-green, and bluegrass-green. It has pearl buttons and an embroidered motif on the bodice.

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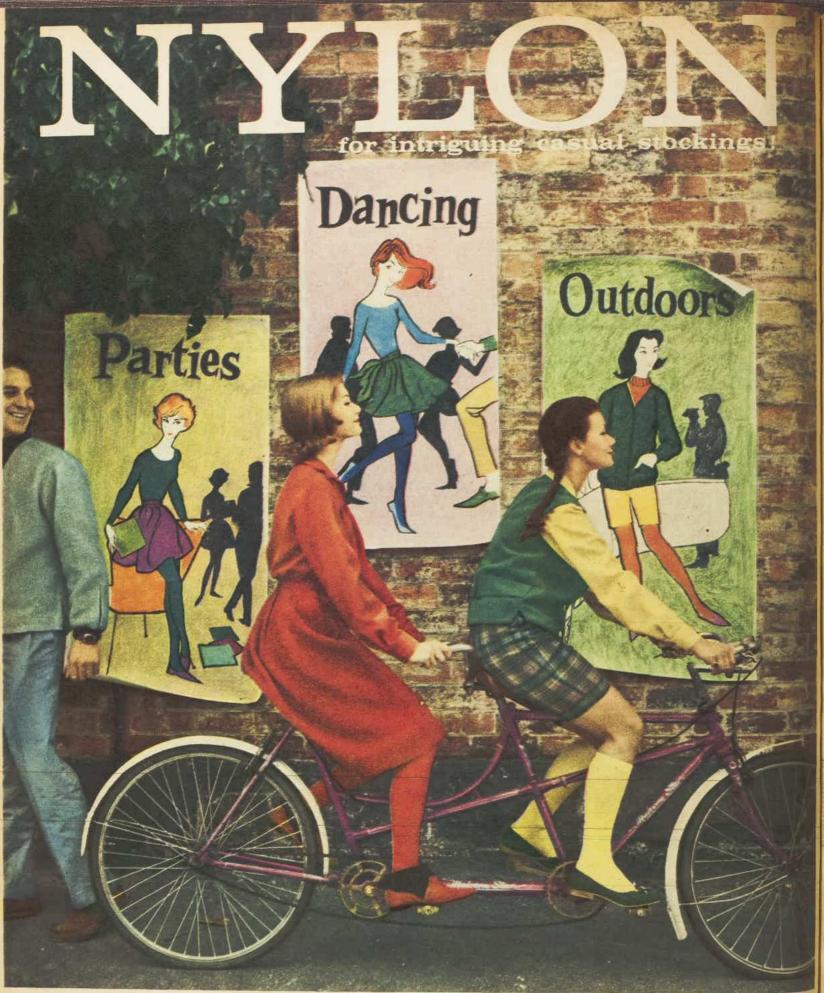
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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - April 27, 1960

DANGEROUS SILENCE Continuing . . .

she said. Her hair was pains-takingly groomed and very she said. Her hair was pains-takingly groomed and very white above violet eyes. She smiled up at him. "What is all this nonsense Barby's just been telling me?" she asked. He looked cautiously at the pair on the sofa. Patterson made room for him. As Fraser sat down, he felt Barby's hand take his, grip it tight.

take his, grip it tight.
"Mother's surprised we're going to spend this couple of weeks at Two Bridges," said

shrugged, holding the nallow china cup of tea care-illy. "Why not?" "Both of you must be fully.

"Both of you must be slightly mad," decided Mrs. Patterson, "Only today I read in "The Times" that it's seventy-five degrees in Malaga, with brilliant sunshine."

"They've already been to Spain once this year, Helen," Patterson said. "Personally, Two Bridges at this time of the year sounds delightful. The woods—" He hexitated, having run out of words.
"Anyway we like it," said Barby firmly, "And we're going to the races at Cheltenham next week,"

Fraser couldn't even manage-

next week."
Fraser couldn't even manage a smile. This ghastly conspiracy had each of them concealing something from the others. And he alone knew how near the end they all were. He looked at his watch. "Okay," darling, It's after five. Let's try to beat the rat race home."

home."

Downstairs, Patterson followed him into the cloakroom.
"I want you to take this, Kit,"
Patterson said suddenly. The blue cheque form he held was on Patterson's private bank.
Fraser could see the figures on
it—one hundred pounds. He
made no move.

Patterson pushed the cheque nto one of Fraser's pockets. 'You're going to need a little

"I don't need it, sir," Fraser id obstinately. "I promise said obstinately.

"Then use it to buy a new set of tyres for that monstrous car of yours," Patterson said dosgedly.

doggedly.

He lowered his voice. "I probably sounded terribly pompous the other day, Kit. I just wanted you to know that I'm there when you want me."

Fraser knew that Barby had talked again. He answered wearily, "I'll remember, sir. Only right now there's nothing to discus."

Patterson nodded a couple of times, then let his breath go. "I know, Kit," he said un-certainly, "You're a good chap. And good to Barby. That's what matters." He opened the door and led the way into the hall.

Fraser stopped the car in front of the house. Smoke from the chimneys drifted into the falling twilight. It was home. Always he'd been safe here

He was barely conscious that Barby had gone into the house. She came back to touch his shoulder gently through the open car window, "You're not proposing to spend the night there, are you?"

He doors around to the

He drove around to the garage and left the car. In the living-room, he pulled the shades, shutting out the night. Then

hen he saw the message ropped on the desk. Mr. Fraser. Dr. Landers has phoned twice this afternoon, sir. He says will you phone this number as soon as you are back.

The number was Kline's He felt the sudden warmth of Barby's body as she leaned over him from behind. She read the message aloud over his shoulder. "You must be his first case

from page 61

in years!" Her voice was un-

eady.
He pulled her down to the mrest. "Daddy's little girl!"
"You armrest mrest. "Daddy's little girl!"
e said accusingly. "You
ouldn't wait to tell your father
was seeing a doctor, could

"I told him," she said de-fiantly. She was suddenly plead-ing. "You can't go on like this, bottling things up, darling. You won't talk to me. I thought a man might be different," she finished sadly.



He pushed Patterson's cheque at her. "T've got a man to talk to," he said. "The doctor. Give this back to your father. Tell him what you like, but keep him out of my hair." He controlled his voice with an

controlled his voice with an effort.

"You were the ones who decided I needed a rest," he said.
"Now Landers is the only one who can help me." He hauled himself from his seat and stood looking down at her. "It isn't that I don't trust you, Barby," he said with difficulty. "Just don't ask for explanations till I'm finished with the doctor."

She was folding the cheque over and over, "All right, Kit." she said at last. "All I ask is that nothing comes between us. Just that, nothing else." Chin high, she went out to the kitchen.

WHEN he heard the sound of running water, he crept upstairs, the scrap of paper in his hand. He made the call, cupping the mouth-piece as though surrounded by envesdroppers.

Kline answered. "Dr. Landers, please," Fraser said softly, Drummond's voice was quiet, discreet. "Good evening, Mr. Fraser. There's no cause for alarm, It's just that the tests we did today were inconductive. we did today were inconclusive. I'd like you here tomorrow at eleven. Here at the clinic," he added meaningfully.

added meaningfully.

"I'll be there." Fraser put
the phone down gingerly. There
was a tinkle from the extension
downstairs. Then he went into
the bathroom and washed
noisily. After dinner, they sat in
front of the fire. Invitation to
confidence, he thought grimly.
They were in bed before ten.
Waking now was a through of

Waking now was a throwback to early mornings at his first prep school—a scared peek at a day that could hold no good. Barby was still sleeping as he

At Tolworth, he stopped the car and called Kline's number from a booth.

"Where are you speaking from?" the lawyer asked.

Fraser imagined the man's eye on the clock. He glanced at his watch. It was 10.30. It was good to hear the urgency

in Kline's voice. Now the law-yer had troubles of his own, the blitz on nerves was no longer one-sided. "I got the message," he said. "I'll be there in a half-hour with luck Kline..."

The lawyer's sucked breath interrupted him. "Be sure you are. It's important."
"It's just possible that my wife has your number," Fraser said carefully. "If she ever rings tell her your place is one

said carefully. "If she ever rings tell her your place is one of Dr. Landers' consulting-rooms. Just one of them," he emphasised.

"Dr. Landers' consulting-rooms, madam," the lawyer intoned. "The doctor is wait-ing."

A milkman was busy at the rvice entrance to Kline' A mikman was busy at the service entrance to Kline's block. Fraser climbed the concrete steps after him and slipped through the pass-door. Kline answered the bell. Chuckling, he led the way into the sunlit room. "Almost like old times," he said said.

he said.

Drummond was lolling in an armchair. He stretched easily, a hand barely raised in greeting. His face was expressionless. "Kline's been telling me about the dog. What were you doing in South Street?"

Fraser took the seat opposite. "Looking," he said.

Drummond smiled, his voice friendly. "How did you deal with dogs in your day, Fraser?"

"I avoided them," said Fraser.

"You mean because you're squeamish about such things?" Drummond's eyes were curious. "That's right," said Fraser steadily. "I was a Boy Scout.

steaday.

"It's a nuisance," Drummond said indifferently. Kline
came in from the bedroom.
"Give me the tools," said
Drummond. He took the came in from the bedroom. "Give me the tools," said Drummond. He took the chamois bag, juggling it from one hand to the other. "If you do have any ideas about the dog I'd be glad to hear them. Before tonight if possible. I'll give it some thought myself meanwhile."

Fraser watched the bag — heard it chink as it landed in Drummond's palm.

Drummond pulled himself out of his sprawl. "Have a look at these!"

look at these!"

Fraser's hand went out to catch the bag Drummond tossed at him. He opened it. Two of the keys inside were thin and functional — their operational parts reduced to a minimum. Skeleton keys of vanadium steel as good as any he had ever seen. The third was shorter, its wards more com-plicated. It had a number stamped on its shank.

stamped on its shank.

Kline was moving about like a stage butler, lowering the blinds on Fraser's side of the room, "Organisation has improved since your day, my boy," he said, "Given the make and serial number of any safe, I can produce a duplicate in twenty-four hours, It's hardly legal, but it's safe."

Fraser throw the base back

Fraser threw the bag back. Drummond trapped it neatly "I've got a rim vice that takes care of the Ingersoll. It's ten minutes" work but it's never failed yet."

failed yet."

Kline towered over the har like a buzzard over a carcase. "Who wants a drink?"

Drummond said no without bothering to turn his head. Fraser took the glass Kline pushed into his hand. He aimed his accusations at Kline but it was Drummond he looked at. "I've had it all this last fortyeight hours," he said bitterly. "Mysterious phone calls, fake cops. Enough to fill a dozen whodunits. You've pushed me where there's no place to go any more.

any more.
"All I know is that my liberty's at stake as well as

To page 73





EmoisELLE high-fashion flats... inspired in France and Italy... made by (CCOSI) "Name" in prob hide Colours Black Many Glace, Irish Setter Once Corsica Green, January Iv. Sapphire Blue, Greyn 39 II Also available in inte a 37/11 (CCOM) Here are just a few styles (C128) "Martine" in hide Colours Bay Leaf, Pole Black, Winter Tan, Marina Blue Black, Jonathan Red, Badine, Whiskey, Cherry Fuzz, Lichen, Bone 36/11 from the wonderful range... (CCD53) "Marie" in sueded hide Colours: Black, Marron Glace, frish Setter, Chateau, Corsica Green, Jonathan Red, Sapphire Blue, Greige, 38/11. Also avail-able in hide at 36/11 (CCD41). (CC056) "Bijen" in tide 1st ours: Bone, Innattur IV. Badine, Whiskey, Cherry Ic. Lichen, Bay Leaf, Pale Bat Winter Tan, Marins Be Black 34/11. (CL127) "Camille" in hide ON-ours. Bone, Jonathan Red, Bodine, Whickey, Cherry Fitz Lichen, Bay Leaf, Pale Blath Winter Yan, Marina Blue, Blath 38/11. Junior Demoisellesthe pretty, young And for those who want a "little heel" . . . here's shoes from 29'11 another Knight star (CK(05) "Gigi" a Junior De-motelle in hide Colours Bay Leaf Ridd Badkne, Black Whiskey, Born, and Black Patent Sizes, 11.1 at 31.11, 25 at 34.11. (MLB35) "Simone" in fide with an embassed vemp. Colours, Bone, Jonathan Red. Bedine, Black, Whiskey, Cherry Fizz, Lichen, Bay Leat, Pale Black, Whiter Yan, Marina Blue, 39/11 EmoisELLE is one of the brands from the famous "HOUSE OF GOODCHILD" (CK007) "Louisa"—a lumor Democalle in hide Colours: Bay Leaf, Badine Red, Black Whinkey, Bone and Black Patent Sizes; 11 L at 29/11; 25 at 33/11. Available at 99 out of 100 stores throughout Australia. THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WHERLY - April 27, 1980 Page 64



Entertainment

IN THIS colorful scene from the film, Mello is playfully teased by Serafina, Marpessa's cousin. A screen newcomer, the handsome Mello is a Brasilian athlete.

All-negro classic

★ With an all-negro cast, the French dialogue ballet film "Black Orpheus" is a modern re-creation of the classical Greek tragedy of Orpheus and Eurydice. Eurydice (Marpessa Dawn), a village girl visiting Rio for a carnival, is pursued by an unwelcome suitor, Death. Orpheus (Breno Mello), her sweetheart, vainly tries to shield her from Fate.



WITH the carnival-gay and bizarre crowd milling round him, Mello wanders disconsolately through the streets searching for his Marpessa.

AS HIS modern Eurydice, director Marcel Campus introduced serene Marpessa Dawn. The star was an unknown dancer from Pittsburgh.



Page 65



SEPPELTS Solero

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Seppelts sweet Solero Sherry is made from genuine Sherry grapes,

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SEPPELTS — THE SHERRY PEOPLE OF AUSTRALIA

Page 66

Return of Charlie Chan

By NAN MUSGROVE

• Entertainment's wily old Oriental Charlie Chan is coming back, this time right into your living-room on your TV screen.

CHARLIE, the original Chinese private eye, will make his Australian debut on Sydney's Channel 9 at 10 p.m. on April 25, and will be seen in other States later.

The series, called "The New Adventures of Charlie Chan," has recently been filmed in England and stars J. Carroll Naish as the inscrutable Charlie.

Naish, a fine character actor, will be the fourth Charlie

The original was Warner Oland, who delighted film-goers of the 'thirties. Oland made no fewer than 24 Charlie Chan films from 1931 till he

died in 1940, when Sidney died in 1940, when Sidney Toler took over the role.

The third Charlie was Roland Winters, who lasted until the series finished, late in the 1940s, some 12 pictures later.

Charlie Chan is always Charlie Chan is always helped and sometimes hindered by his first-born, Barry, whom he always refers to as "No. 1 Son." He is also given to quoting the more polite of the sayings of Confucius.

Charlie Chan has always been popular and the TV

show has been successful wherever it has been shown. The original Charlie made

a nice pile of money for Warner Oland, who became irrevocably typed

SEPPELTS

SOLERO

and known as an Oriental, although he was born in Sweden.

Between Chan films, Oland, unable to break away from the incense and bead curtains of the filmland's Orient, of the filmland's Orient, appeared in films including "Tong War," and as "The Mysterious Dr. Fu Manchu," which has already been shown on TV.

The trouble with the appearance of Charlie Chan, or any new show, is that it always replaces an old one—and this time it's a really good

and this time it's a really good one, "Trackdown," with Robert Culp as Hoby Gilman. "Trackdown" is disappear-ing because it has ceased pro-

duction in America. Executives at Channel 9 are

already worried about the dis-appearance of the show, for Culp is one of the most popu-

lar of all Western stars.
"When "Trackdown' and
Hoby go off our screens the
telephones will run hot," one
of them told me.

"People always think we do these things specifically to dis-please them. We don't, "Track-down' is going off because there are no more episodes." THE "Dave Brubeck Show."

taped for national presen-tation by Sydney's Channel 7 and publicised widely as an





FINE CHARACTER ACTOR J. Carroll Naish 1960's Charlie Chan, the Oriental private ey who has delighted audiences for 30 years. left, Naish as Charlie; at right, as he really it

hour with this famous jazz quartet, was a first-class TV confidence trick if ever I've en one

It was handsomely pre-sented, but it was a medley of cheese, singing and dan-cing about the evolution of jazz, with Mr. Brubeck ap-pearing only for about the last 10 minutes of the show.

You can't lead viewers up. the garden path in this way and expect them to like it, I'll

guarantee there were few of the original jazz fans left wait-ing to see the quartet when it made its belated appearance more than 45 minutes after the "Dave Brubeck Show"

Brubeck seemed to be unin-

spired when he did appear, but that was probably because even his jazz couldn't over-come the sour taste the confi-dence trick caused.

dence trick caused.

Brubeck wasn't nearly as good as he was on the brisk 10-minute interview with piano that ABC-TV did recently.

World-famous musicians need no elaborate, extravaganza build-up. A straight and simple presentation highlights their art and shows it to greater advantage.

BLOND, bouncy Ann Sothern, one of TV's most delightful characters, has a problem. People never think of her as Ann Sothern. First of all she was Susie MacNamara of "Susie," now she's Katie O'Connor.

greater advantage.

started.

ISION PARADE

has made up its mind now call me Katie O'Connor." Miss Sothern could in called herself "Ann." — a almost did, but her butto partners in the talked her out of it.

They said she didn't like like an Ann.

Ann knows her audien and pays great attention their fan letters.

When she left Dan Pon (her boss in

she believed change in

that she had made a big or take and Porter came buck quickly as his contracts a the script would permit.

the script would permit.

"I watch my fan mail carefully," she said, "and I follow the advice of my homesput critics as faithfully as I can.

"It so happens that plant the girl in the series in responsibility of sorts. I m always on the up-and-up, so cause this is the way people expect me to behave.

"Susie — or Katie — in

"Susie — or Katie — la never had a romance with he boss, for instance, because the could upset millions of too ing wives and it wouldn't be fair."

Ann has been twice marri twice divorced in real She now lives quietly in a old-fashioned Beverly Hil mansion with her 14-years daughter, Patricia.

Ann has one big TV wor.
Her charm increases—but s
does her figure. As Katie s
frankly fat, much, much large
than she was as Susie, be
skirts are wider, her from
fichus frothier. fichus frothier.

Illness is the cause of sincrease in size. Between Sar and Katie, Ann contracted rare disease and ever that been forbidden to diet.

eckly offering). "Just as well I love we "Nothing doing. My public skirts," she said.

she's Katie O'Connor.

"I thought I may gain recognition for myself by slapping the title 'The Ann Sothern Show' on my current TV show (ABC-TV's popular weekly offering).



How lovely you look tomorrow appends



depends on how well you clean your face tonight

... and cleansing means more than just soap and water



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discover how POND'S COLD CREAM cleanses completely -whisks out dirt and make-up

Did you realise

Modern make-up is designed to stay on. You can't wash it off with water — you can't clean it off with soap alone.

What do you do?

 You cream it away with light, fluffy Pond's Cold Cream — that's the one sure way to whisk out stale make-up of any kind - and

Pond's Cold Cream works down between the upper skin cells, where dirt hides, and literally floats it out. Pond's leaves your skin soft, smooth — and gloriously clean.

cleanses and cools your skin-relaxes you.

Page 68



Tubes 2/11, Jars — 5/3 and 8/11 Another beauty product of Chesebrough-Pond's.

By MARY

ON her arrival in Hongkong this week to David Playfair will shop for a "wedding gon to wear to Westminster Abbey when she attended the marriage of Princess Margaret and Mr. In Armstrong-Jones on May 6. her arrival in Hongkong this week

The highly coveted invitation reached Mr. and Mn.

The highly covered invitation reached Mr. and Mr. fair on the eve of their departure for a seven month, abroad, via Hongkong and Japan, and Mrs. Playfair a have time to buy a frock locally for the great occasion. In London they will stay with Mrs. Playfair's aum, Vera Coombe, at her home in Chelsea. She is the man Mrs. Giuseppe Lopez, who was the second wife of Mr. Ro Armstrong-Jones, father of Tony, whom the Playfairs me London several years ago.

THE Governor-General, Lord Dunrossil, and Lady Dunnok Sydney by storm with their quick appreciation, war

took Sydney by storm with their quick appreciation, wars and gentle humor. Lady Dunrossil, incidentally, was as thusiastic about the view of the Harbor, seen at night in their bedroom windows at Admiralty House, bathed as magical light of a full moon. Their non-stop round of gent to know Sydney started with a huge civic reception 2: Town Hall, where youthful Mrs. Isindsay Johnson departor her mother, Mrs. H. F. Jensen, the Lady Mayores. When friends admured the high-crowned fox-fur invelvet-brimmed hat worn by Mrs. Frank Clune at the retion, she confided it was an old one trimmed up last party from the cuffs of a twenty-year-old coat. She made renovation under the approving eye of artist William Dewho was staying with the Clunes for the weekend. "When said it looked very nice' I had the courage to wear it' told me. Two fine-feathered willy-wagtails were perched on brim of the Bond Street purchased hat which Mrs. Walkley wore to match the white hand-embroidered frock bought in Granada, Spain.

FINAL-YEAR medical student Frank Stening has go fiancee, Jenny Joyce, 'a lovely engagement rismodelled from a beautiful diamond one willed to franks grandmother, the late Mrs. R. C. Packer.

RAGING enthusiasts are hie-ing to Albury this week Gold Cup Meeting on April 27 and 28. After the first racing the president of the Albury Racing Club, Mr. E. Wallace, and his wife, of "Ring-a-Rah," will join Mrs. Charles Harkin, of "Tararu," Barnawartha, and and Mrs. Peter Bell, of "Goonagullah," in entertaining buffet dinner at the New Albury Hotel.

LACE handkerchiefs carried by her mother, Mrs. Simpson, of "Gunnawarra," Gulargambone, and grandmother, Mrs. Selwyn King, of Edgecliff, at the dings will be sentimental "something old" touch for Simpson at her marriage to Bruce Thompson, of "Or Warialda, at St. Stephen's, Macquarie St., on Am Bridesmaids at the ceremony, which will be followed reception for 200 friends at the Wentworth Hotel, a bride's sister Mary, Patricia King, and Barbara Gibliner sister Sue. Barbara and Sue are the daughters of Grant Giblin, of "Mullengah," Gulargambone, who bridesmaid at the wedding of Janet's parents.

THERE were joint celebrations for Charmian McCam of Yass, and Tony Davison when they dined with Turbrother and sister-in-law Mr. and Mrs. James Davison Narre Warren, Victoria, after the cattle judging Charmian Tony toasted their recent engagement (Charmian apphire ring surrounded by eight diamonds) and Mrs. James Davison drank to the health of their guess bull, which had just carried off a Reserve Championship the Royal Show.

PEOPLE AND PARTIES



LEADER of the Country Party, Mr. Charles Cutler, and his wife chatting with the president of the Graziers' Association of N.S.W., Mr. T. M. Scott, and Mrs. Scott (couple on right) at the State Dinner at the Australia Hotel in honor of Lord and Lady Dunrossil.



THE GOVERNOR-GENERAL, Lord Dunrossil, and Lady Dunrossil pictured strolling in the beautiful grounds at Admiralty House, Kirribilli, when they were in residence there last week during their first official visit to Sydney for the Royal Easter Show, which was opened by His Excellency. Lady Dunrossil said they were enchanted with the view of the Harbor.



MARRIED in London, Patrick Towers-Picton and his Sydney bride, formerly Daphne Raymond, after their wedding at Chelsea Old Church, Daphne, who was given away by Air-Marshal Sir Victor Groom, is the daughter of Dr. R. L. Raymond, of Mosman, and Mrs. K. M. Raymond, of Greenwich.



AT THE DON-CASTER . . . youthful Carot Kelly (left) and Pauline Hardy were a decorative twosome, Carol wore a sage and white houndstooth wool frock,

HOSTESS Mrs. J. W. Hornbrook (left) with Mr, and Mrs. David Playfair at party given by the Hornbrooks for Mr. and Mrs. Playfair before they left for abroad via the Far East on Sunday. In London they will attend the wedding of Princess Margaret and Mr. Tony Armstrong-Jones.



ON THE LAWNS in
Members' Enclosure (from left)
Betty Lark with
Mrs. Burfitt Williams and Mrs.
R. M. Davies at the
Doncaster meeting
at Randwick. Betty
wore an ivory silk
linen suit, Mrs. Williams' white and
green felt hat was
trimmed with mink

The Australian Women's Weekly - April 27, 1960



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The Australian Women's Weekly - April 27, 1960

AA CAN-CAN

Musical, with Frank Sinatra, Maurice Chevalier, Lauis Jourdan, Shirley Mac-taine. In color. Paris, toine. Sydney.

A COLE PORTER get in Lautrec-type canvases establish the Montmartre mood for this twoand-a-half-hour movie of the long-running Broadway show.

Acting laurels go to the irree equally billed males who play their legal roles of con-mating character with scinrasting character with scin-nlating perfection—Sinatra is a fast-talking Bohemian attorney, Louis Jourdan, a conscientious young judge, and Chevalier as the aged, sophisticated senior judge with a disciplined eye for a can-can garter.

Shirley Mac Laine, Frankie's girl and the ma'mselle-owner of a Mont-martre night spot, plays a vigorous, less-convincing role, marred by a strong American

Introduced by Sinatra to the excitement of the banned can-can at Le Bal du Para-dis, Judge Chevalier mandis, Judge Chevalier man-ages successfully to combine law-enforcement with pleas-ure. But not for long. The over-zealous Jourdan, newly appointed to the Bench, is to trap the can-can

The plot swings round the wiles of these four engaging tars as they sing, dance, love, and fight their way through a love-triangle script, against

New Films

Reviewed by Miriam Fowler

*** Excellent * Average

** Above Average No star-Poor

colorful sets Toulouse-Lautrec cafe and a solemn French court.

Color, costuming, choreography, and continuity are sen-sational.

sational.

Highlights of the film are an Apache dance and the Adam and Eve ballet sequence by choreographer Hermes Pan. South African dancer Juliet Prowse excels as the apple-tempting reptile in the Garden of Eden.

In a word . . . IMPRESSIVE.

*** PLEASE DON'T EAT THE DAISIES

Human comedy, with David Niven, Doris Day, In color. Metro, Sydney.

HERE is a delightful comedy of a drama critic (David Niven) recently arrived among New York's powerful top critics, his wife (Doris Day), and one large dog.

The lighthearted fun throughout is given body by sincerity and depth of insight into human frailties.

David Niven is smooth but human as Professor Mackay,

who suddenly finds himself lionised as a wit and a man of power when he becomes a top drama critic.

Doris Day proves herself a restrained comedienne and charming actress, and throws in a couple of songs for good measure.

As her mother, Spring Byington makes a return to the screen in one of the lightly sketched but convincing supporting roles.

There's a laugh a minute in drama critic Mackay's robust home life, which contrasts nicely with the tinselly, sophisticated cocktail parties and theatrical folk he meets in his new job.

Among these is a young actress (Janis Paige) he slates in his first critique, who later makes a play for him with alarming lack of subtlety.—

In a word . . . REFRESHING.

* OPERATION PETTICOAT

OPENING with great promise, this wartime Curtis to carry. farce of a captain's In a word . . . MISSES.

attempt to maintain law and order on his vessel gets out of control and overplays itself.

Determined to get his damaged submarine back into the war, Skipper Cary Grant is forced to rely on Tony Curtis, his newly recruited supply officer, to "shop" for the necessary supplies and equip-

At their various islands of call, Curtis and his offsiders rush ashore to plunder further goodies. After one of his light-ning raids Curtis returns to the sub with anaemic Dina Merill, busty Joan O'Brien, and their three fellow stranded nurses,

From this point the film, which had a good plot, takes a nose dive. The weak, dizzydoll performances from both Dina and Joan verge on mediocre slapstick.

And, although they do a Comedy, with Cary fine job providing humor, the fun Grant, Tony Curtis. In poor support is too heavy a dy by color. State, Sydney. weight for the too-gentlemanly weight for the too-gentlemanly Grant and the over-brash

** THE SHAGGY DOG Adventure, with Fred acMurray, Tommy Kirk. MacMurray, To Liberty, Sydney.

JUDGING from the shricks of delight from the small-fry audience, Walt Disney's talk-ing "Shaggy Dog" — although not in color - is great entertainment for the young.

As the result of an ancient magic spell, shy teenager Tommy Kirk, recurrently and without any warning, turns into a shaggy dog. His sole confidant and excited helpconfidant and excited help-mate is brash younger brother Kevin Corcoran.

While Shaggy's antics in dodging his unsuspecting, dog-allergic father (Fred Mac-Murray) and a couple of incredulous policemen will thrill the youngest, the film's action-packed plot will hold older juveniles.

Tommy's canine troubles lead him headlong into a dangerous spy ring.

gerous spy ring.

With a buddy in an old bomb car, there's rivalry for friendship with the chief spy's daughter, played by a precocious Roberta Shaw.

Complete with Disney's exaggerated expression of "good" and "bad," this is an all American invite adventure.

all-American junior adventure uncomplicated enough for the

smallest tot.

But for their parents, it lacks the artistry, and finesse one expects from a Disney epic, and their only interest would be the canine himself the Shaggy Dog.

In a word . . . KID-THRILLER.

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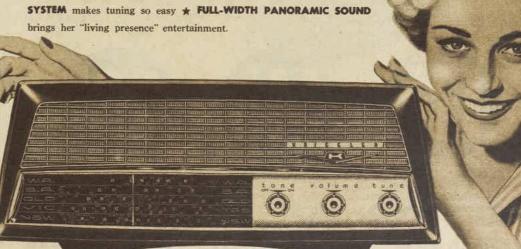
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COLES OWN WINTER PYJA



Page 72

COLES STORES THROUGHOUT AUSTRALIA

AT

THE Australian Women's Weerly - April 27, 1960

own." His hands were

baking.
Drummond leaned forward, head propped in his hands.
"What's worrying you, Fraser?"
"Tve given you my word,"
Fraser said hoarsely. "I'm committed. What I've done already's enough to finish me. Now I've got a right to know when it'll be over. When and how."

Drummond made no answer.

"About the dog . ." Fraser started "You say you've got to know by tonight. What happens tonight?"

"Tomorrow night we're going into the Garrett house," Drummond said evenly. He held an engraved card in his hand. A five-guinea invitation for the following day.

Mrs. Chester Garrett will receive on behalf of the Anglo-

Mrs. Chester Garrett will re-ceive on behalf of the Anglo-American Society in the Ban-queing Rooms of the Westmis-ster Hotel, Park Lane. 8 p.m. Dress Obligatory.

RUMMOND put the card back in a crocodile wallet "She doesn't know it," he smiled "But she's going to receive me. I'm going to make ure she's at the Westminster, then we'll go back to South Street and wait for her."

"Mark needs you to help him it the door tonight, Kit," Kline said. "You know that's noth-ing," he soothed.

ine." he soothed.
Fraier nodded. If the key
did in job—turned off the lock
and you were caught at it,
that was housebreaking. If
they got you trying the key,
the charge was attempted they got you trying the key, the charge was attempted bouse-breaking. Even after eight years, the sweating terror of a key jammed in somebody else's lock was alive.

"You've got to be reasonable about this," he said half-heartedly. "My wife expects me back tonight."

Drummond lit a cigarette. "What time?"

Fraser thought quickly. Keys

"What time?"
Fraser thought quickly. Keys were usually fitted at dead of might, when the house slept and you were free of alarm from the inside. "Eight o'clock."
"Then that's no problem!"
Drummond's smile was cheerful. "It's dark at six-thirty. You'll be home by eight."

ful. "It's dark at six-thirty. You'll be home by eight."
"That sounds a crazy hour to fit a lock." Somehow he made his tone casual. "I suppose if you need me..."

e if you need me . . ."
'Any time I break the law oing to need you," Drum-told him softly, "Any and all the time Don't orget this isn't a Scout

bree. Meet me at six-thirty. Grosvenor Square, opposite the American Embassy."
Fraser made for the park, wevitably. It was a place to be free of people. He found a vacant beach and stretched himself out on it.

Continuing . . . DANGEROUS SILENCE

He couldn't get the dach-shund out of his mind. Some-how, they had to deal with the

how, they had to deal with the dog. He went over the possibilities. Perhaps the chauffeur exercised the dog. He visualised the park—the uniformed man snatching a cigarette as the dachshund ran, barking.

Drummond's elegant figure as he held the man's attention. Himself snatching the dog and hurrying it away. Easy to drive it to the Dogs' Home in Battersea — call the police or Mrs. Garrett once the refuge was closed. She'd know where her dog was but wouldn't be able to get it till next day.

Or maybe she left the animal in her car while she was being

or mayoe sne left the animal in her car while she was being gracious to the Anglo-American Society. There might be a chance to grab it then. The fancies lost conviction, one after

He looked at his watch.
Lunchtime Once he had eaten, a movie would be as good a place as any to kill the hours.
He started the long walk back

He started the long was to the car.

Dusk came disappointingly early. By six, lights already burned on the square. Three sides of the two-hundred-yard space were devoted to official representation of the United States Government. Sixty feet a policemen States Government. Sixty feet away, uniformed policemen were patrolling the front of the Embassy. He cut his parking Embassy. He cut his parking lights and sat watching them. Savile Row Police Station was only a half-mile away.

He touched the dashboard light. It was six-twenty. Traffic in the square was becoming sparser. He started to empty in the square was becoming sparser. He started to empty his pockets methodically, stowing everything but cash, comb, and keys in the locked glove compartment. A card, a hand-kerchief dropped in flight, and you woke in a celf instead of your own bed.

It was six-twenty-five when a car came fast from the direction of Grosvenor Street, Fraser recognised the grey Jaguar.

Jaguar.

Fraser climbed to the back of the big convertible. Drummond had to make the sweep of the square before he could park. The Embassy guard across the way was being relieved. For a moment the squad feelige tread obsting in the

of police stood chatting in the light of a street lamp. As the men moved off, Fraser heard the tapping on the outside of the hood. Drum-Fraser heard the tapping on the outside of the hood. Drummond had walked round behind the line of parked cars. Fraser opened the door. Drummond climbed into the back with him. There was enough light to distinguish Drummond's face, his clothes. He was carrying a large bunch of flowers

from page 63

wrapped in cellophane bearing the name of a fashionable florist. Drummond leaned back in the corner holding the in the corne flowers upright

Fraser started pulling on his thin leather gloves.

Drummond wagged a finger.

"Crepe soles and gloves! Right out of page one of the Burglar's Handbook, And incidentally, the first thing a yokel with six months on the force looks for."

Fraser pulled his fingers away as though burned by the leather. "Put them on later," Drummond said wearily. He pushed the flowers at Fraser. "Carry these. And keep them upright—the keys are hidden in the stems." the stems.

Fraser's fingers dug into the cellophane till he felt metal through the stalks. Drummond's mood was suddenly friendly, "You've got the sweats," he

• When boiling rice,
add a little lemon
juice to the water.
This will give it a • When boiling rice, add a little lemon juice to the water. This will give it a sparkling white appearance. จึงองจองอำจองจองจองจ

said gently. "It's the first job you ever did, all over again. Right?"

Worse," Fraser said. "I

Worse, Fraser Same know too much now."

Drummond gave the answer thought. "I'd probably be uneasy if you didn't dislike me, and the same and the sam easy if you didn't district me.
Fraser. But we're in this together, like it or not. Just remember one thing, I do know
what I'm doing!
"This'll be the biggest job of

"This'll be the biggest job of its kind in twenty years." He fanned himself with his hat, then opened a window.
"We've got a simple story if we're stopped," he said suddenly. "We're on our way to the Connaught for a drink. We parked here because there's always room." He gestured at the flowers. "And you're leaving those for Mrs. Garrett, Any

the flowers. "And you're leaving those for Mrs. Garrett. Any questions?"

"Tve never even met the woman socially," said Fraser.
"What reason could there be for me giving her flowers?"

"You don't need a permit to give a woman flowers," said Drummond.
They crossed the square to

Drummond.

They crossed the square to Carlos Place. They walked shoulder to shoulder without haste. As they entered South Street, Drummond gave in-

"We'll go past the house. Then turn back and straight up the steps. Break the cellophane and hand me the keys. You can cover me with the flowers."

Fraser nodded. "If body opens the door . . started. "If some

"Give her the blasted flow-ers!" said Drummond savagely. The Garrett house was lit on three storeys and in the base-ment. A bright lamp hung over the portico at the top of

the steps. Fraser touched his arm. "We can't go up those steps now," he whispered. "They've got a million lights on."

Drummond's shoulder shoved Fraser forward. "Start walk-ing, you clod!" They walked up the steps. "Keys." whispered Drum-mond Fraser broke the cello-

mond. Fraser broke the cello-phane with nervous fingers and pulled out the leather bag. Drummond leaned a gloved finger an inch above the bell-push. Very casually he glanced at his watch, then moved closer to the door.

Fraser held the bouquet in out of his chest like a shield, ady to thrust it into the arms Fraser held the bouquet in front of his chest like a shield, ready to thrust it into the arms of whoever came to the door and run. Masked by Fraser's body, Drummond's hands were busy with the locks.

Heels were clicking up the other side of the street. Drum-mond bent deliberately as the footsteps drew abreast. He peered through the keyhole shrugged, then looked at his watch—the caller who recogwatch the caner who the nises that he is unwelcome. The two men turned and walked after the solitary pedestrian.

"They only had the Inger-soll on," said Drummond, "Shove these back in the flowers," he said. His voice was Pleased. "The keys are perfect.
I turned both the mortises on
and off. You'll be home by
half-past eight."

Back in Grosvenor Square, they sat silent in the car. Fraser started filling his pockets with the things he'd left. Wallet, licence, keys. His mouth was still sour with fright, his shirtback damp.
"What are you going to tell

"What are you going to tell your wife about tomorrow night?" asked Drummond.

BEFORE, there'd never been any need to lie to Barby. They had lived, fought made their peace with

candor.

During his restless times, he'd packed a bag and driven deep into the country. Barby never asked, nor did he explain, where the trips took him. She always understood, even hid his confusion from her narrents.

parents.
"I'm not much good at lying to her," he answered. The next words came without reason.
"Are you married?"

Drummond's repose was complete. "Not yet," he said quietly. He shrugged, fishing for a cigarette. "Living this sort of life is complicated enough. Once this is over ..."

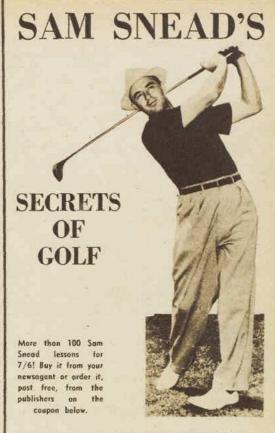
Something made Fraser go n. "I don't get it." he said wkwardly. "You and Kline, ou don't even like him."

Drummond struck a match.
"You don't have to get it." He leaned back, the cigarette end red in the darkness. "You happened to be lucky. You found your alternative to thieving. I've had to wait till I could buy mire."

His laugh was self-mockery.
"I'm worried about your wife.
Suppose I phoned you at ten
in the morning. Who'd an-

Fraser shrugged. "It de-pends. It could be me." "Suppose you don't take the

To page 74



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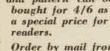
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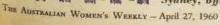
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IRON-ON TRANSFER AND PATTERN

Enchanting cornflowers are the feature of this week's from on Transfer No. 201F, which is priced at 2/6. The design is suitable for a small girl's frock or pina-fore, as illustrated, and can also be used to decorate household linen and furnishings. The transfer is simply pressed on to the fabric with a warm iron and the lovely fresh shades of green and blue are guaran-leed to transfer in clear bright colors. The pattern for the girl's frock and pinafore is also available in sizes to fit 2, 4, 6, 8 year olds for the price of 2/6. The complete set of transfer and pattern can be



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call? You know it'll be me and

Then Barby'd probably take

Drummond was satisfied.
"Then tomorrow I'll phone as your doctor. You've got to spend a night at the clinic. How loes that story sound to you.

'My wife's likely to be less suspicious of the story than of the doctor. She mistrusts all mental specialists."

"Don't worry." Drummond said. "I'll make Landers sound quite respectable. Fraser looked at the clock. "Okay. What time tomorrow

"Okay, W and where?

and where?"
"Kline's at seven." Drummond's voice was friendly.
"Don't think about it too much.
I can see from tonight you're
going to be all right."

Fraser nodded, "Seven," he

"Wear dark clothes," said Drummond. "And tomorrow night you'll need gloves." "I'm not likely to forget," said Fraser. "Here—you'd bet-ter take there." He pushed the

"Give them to your wife. Drummond said indifferently He shut the car door and walked off into the dark square.

When he no longer heard the sound of footsteps, Fraser dropped the cellophane-wrapped package through the window. He made fast time to

Two Bridges.

He braked suddenly at the end of the driveway to his home. His father-in-law's car stood in the garage.

The light came on inside as he opened the kitchen door. Barby was standing there, hair tawny above the pale-green n dre

"Hello, darling!" Her head was down as she fished in the cebox for lager. "Daddy's tere." she said.

here," she said.
Fraser looked at her
guardedly. She'd said nothing
about his being late.
She put the beer on a tray.
"I said Daddy's here, darling,"

she repeated. "I heard you," he said shortly and slumped in a chair to fumble with his slippers.

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Page 74

DANGEROUS SILENCE Continuing . . .

She knelt, easing his feet into shabby leather with her hands. "There," she said gently. "The meal's waiting. All you two men have to do is to cat it." "What is all this for?" he asked heavily. He took hold of her wrist.

asked heavily. He took how of her wrist.
"I'm going over to Kate Gil-mour's for an hour." She spoke se quietly that he barely heard her. "Jim's not back."

her. "Jim's not back."
"The hell with Jim!" he burst out. "I asked you what all this was for?" He jerked his head at the closed door behind him. "What's your father doing here?"

him. "What's your father doing here?"

She dragged her wrist free. "You're hurting me," she complained. She put the beer and glasses on a tray, avoiding his look. "Let me by, Kit. Come on. I've got to take these in!"

He made no move to let her pass. "I get it—the man-tomen talk with you conveniently out of the way," he said, staring at her. "You're going to tell me why!"

She put the tray back on the

ing at her. "You're going to tell me why!"

She put the tray back on the table and braced herself. "Don't you know why?" she ssked.
"Is it any wonder I've ended up in a psychiatrist's office? Living in a house crawling with

mystery."

He scuffed after her into
the living-room.

Patterson climbed up from
his chair. "Hello, Kit! I suppose Barby's told you you've
got to put up with me for the
night. Her mother's down at
Arborfield."

Fraser nodded "We're glad

Fraser nodded, "We're glad

Barby hovered as the two men sat at the table. Heaping plates of food, pouring each glass of beer with care. "And you're not to worry about washing up any stuff. Mrs. Ellis will take care of things in the morning. She kissed each in turn and was gone.

The two men ate quickly, skirting holes in the conversa-tional ice. Finished, Fraser carried the trays to the kit-chen. When he came back, Patterson had stretched his long legs to the fire.

chen. When he came back, Patterson had stretched his long legs to the fire.

Dimming the lights, Fraser took the other armchair, "Now, sir," he said determinedly.

Patterson blinked, manoeuvring his pipe. "It's no good being angry with Barby," he said middly. "You mustn't resent it, Kit. Barby's confided in me because she loves you."

He got up from his chair to settle his back against the mantel. The old boy felt happier like that, He warmed to Patterson suddenly, the urge strong to confide in his father-in-law. But it was no use—he had to work this thing out alone.

This was no longer a tale of a criminal record hidden over the years, but a confession of confidential information passed on to thieves,—of a personal commitment to robbery. Once Patterson knew the truth, he could do but one thing—face Lloyd's with a list of burglary policies effected by a convicted thief. Then close his business.

Patterson put his brandy glass on the shelf behind him. "I don't have to tell you how close Barby and I have always been," he said. "That's really why she's come to me now!"

"Yes, but come to you with what, sir?"

The older man moved back to his chair. "Well," he said. "Moout this doctor, for example. She's worried about

The older man moved back to his chair. "Well," he said.

'About this doctor, for example. She's worried about him, I can't say I blame her."

He looked over the top of his glass. "I've sensed something wrong these past few weeks," said Patterson. "I wasn't in the least surprised when Barby told me you were"— he througed—"feeling under the weather."

Patterson glanced at the door

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from page 73

before lowering his voice. "I'm going to be very frank with you—it'll make me happy if you confide in me. There's no question of anything like blackmail, is there?

Fraser's voice seeemd to echo in a tunnel. "What makes you say a thing like that?" he

whispered,
"You say you have to money
worries. There's a bright future
in front of you," said Patterson, "And you have Barby.
Suddenly you go to pieces.
There isn't some other woman,
is there?"
"No," said Fraser, "Barby's
the only one !".

"No." said Fraser. "Barby's the only one I've ever loved. I'll give you my word on that." "That's enough for me." Pat-

"That's enough for me." Patterson sat up and sipped his drink. "That leaves just one thing—this doctor of yours."

Fraser made another trip to the decanter. Not even here at home could he relax for one second. The feeling of isolation was intolerable.

"I shouldn't worry about this doctor," he urged. "The man

an elbow. "I could never hate you," he said with truth. "I think since I've known you, about everything I've done consciously has been . . . " He struggled for words. "Barby, I love you!"

love you!"
"Kit, I know you love "Kit, I know you love the.
Yet after all our years together
I wonder whether you know
rue. That's something far more
difficult. Would you come to me if you were in real trouble? You could, Kit. I'd destroy anything that threatened your happiness. You see, you're my

life."

Next morning he awoke emily, with a sense of impending excitement. Barby was still sleeping, huddled under the covers. It was a quarter-to-eight. The tray with the tea things was by the bed. He plugged in the kettle and stood by the window. Barby hadn't stirred in her bed.

He was on his way to the bathroom when he heard Patterson's rasping cough — his

terson's rasping cough — his guarded call. He stood outside his father-in-law's bedroom, then tapped on the door and

R MEN OF

your maid, too?" -and I'm having a dinner.

is helping me." His voice was loud and his whole body shook. "You've got to believe me," he burst out. "I need this treatburst out. "I need this treat-ment—the worst way. But it's almost done with," he said ve-hemently. "A couple of days and I'll be all right." "I'm sure you will," soothed Patterson. "The fact that you believe in this fellow is half the battle."

battle."
They sat in companionship till the scrape of the back door signalled Barby's arrival. She came over to the fire to hold out her hands, shivering dramatically. "I'm not sure it won't freeze tonight. What does the forecast say?"
Fraser answered, "We didn't listen." he said shortly.

Fraser answered, we durity isten," he said shortly. "You're both ready for bed," she announced. "Come on bed for everyone,"

PATTERSON pulled himself up, grumbling. "Goodnight, Kit," he gave his hand to Fraser. In the flickering firelight he looked old and

helpless.

By the time he had finished in the bathroom Barby was in bed. There were things he wanted to say, but the lie he was living robbed him of confidence. He touched the light button and opened the window.

In bed he lay staring at the iling. The bedclothes rustled ceiling. The bedelothes rus as she turned towards him.

"Do you hate me some-nes?" she asked. He was too times?" she asked. He was too near the breaking point to an-ewer. "I could understand it if you did." she went on in a small voice. "I just won't give up worrying about you — for up worrying abo

He wrenched himself up on

Patterson yawned and looked at the window. "Good morn-ing, Kirl 'Is Barby up?" Fraser grinned. "She will be when that kettle boils!

"I never got the chance last night, sir" he said hesitantly. "But I would like you to know that I'll be doing my best in the future." He tried to package his meaning in words that would register, "I'll make up for everything."

words that would register. "Pil make up for everything."

The three of them ate breakfast in the sunroom. Patterson munched toast stolidly, shielding his eyes from the sun with "The Times."

Suddenly he lowered his newspaper. "One of our clients is in the news again, Kit. One of your clients, I should say!"

It took little, now, to trip the hammer in his chest. But he knew this answer before he asked the question. He kept his voice casual. "That right? Who, this time?"

"Mrs. Chester Garrett."

Fraser buttered an unwanted piece of toast very carefully. "What she doing?"

Barby put her paper down. "Hey, that's the woman with the fabulous diamonds." She stretched out a hand. "Show me, Daddy," she demanded. She spread the paper across the table and pored over it. Patterson rapped a thin finger on the newspaper. "If you women knew the trouble that these fabulous diamonds cause her, he said judiciously, "you wouldn't be so envious,"

"Tm not in the least bit envious," answered Barby. "What's she like, Kit?"

Tomorrow this conversation might be remembered. Praser had to leave an impression of normal interest — no more. "She's hard," he said after a

moment's consideration, "That' the first thing that strikes you Dead sure of her own importance to the world. And we rich. What's she doing?" he asked again.

ed again.
'Sponsoring some reception.
She sounds or something.

It was almost ten when Pat-terion left. Fraser stood with Barby till his car was lost in the trees.

the trees.

The windows were open in the living-room. As the phone rang stridently he went down on one knee, poking a stick at a daisy root. Barby stood by the bird platform tightening a wire. "Phone, Kit," she called the held up hands.

He held up hands covered with soil, "Will you get it?"

As soon as she had gone in de, he bent double under the window. It was too far for him to distinguish her words. When she came out he was back at his digging.
"Kit!" He looked up. "Thu

Dr. Landers."

e dumped the weeds on the
el. "What's he want?"

"You're to go to the clinic this afternoon and spend the night there, he says." Her face was puzzled. "What on earth for?"

for?"

He solemnly kissed the end
of her nose. "I thought we'd
finished all that," he warned.
She followed him into the
house, "What did Dr. Lander
say exactly?" he asked.
She looked bewildered.
"Something about an injection
sodium—soda—can't rememsodium—soda—can't remem-

say exactly? he asked.

She looked bewildered.

"Something about an injection—sodium—soda—can't remember. But why at night?"

"Sodium pentathol," he mid knowledgeably. "It's a she they give you at the end of the treatment. You do a let of talking under the influence Kind of clears out your subconscious. You want to thow a few things in the bag, danling?" he asked quietly. "A toothbrush, pyjamas."

He went upstairs and when he was dressed he called to be. "I think I'll go up before lunch, Barby."

She stood, the overnight bag in her hand. "Why? The mat said this afternoom." He mouth worked. Dropping the bag, she ran to him—hid he face on his shoulder. He held her close. "Stop it!" he stroked her hair gently.

"I'm coming up with you, she said, determinedly.

He wiped the corners of he eyes. "Don't be foolish, darling It's nothing more than a jab with a needle and a lot of chatter. I don't want you cave dropping on all my secrett."

She worried him like a terrier, shaking the lapels of his jacket. "Promise you'll phone?"

"Sure, I'll phone," he said "You know, this means the end of the treatment, Barby. I'll phone about eight. Okay?

She nodded, woebegene. "Even if it's only for a second but phone!"

In London, he drove into a Park Lane garage that stayed open the clock round. Ever move he made now was pinn-

"Even if it's only for a second, but phone!"

In London, he drove into a Park Lane garage that stayed open the clock round. Ever move he made now was phanned and self-protective. He emptied his pockets. Stuffins papers, keys, and licence with the glove compartment, locking it. He gave the attendant story of some party that might last all night and found cab. His car was no more than a couple of hundred yards from the Garrett hour. And off the street.

He dropped the cab at Canada House and climbed the broad steps. He found a corper in the Teading room and all down to write a couple of letters. One to Barby, the other to Patterson. He pulboth letters in a large et velope, addressing it to himself at Two Bridges.

He mailed the package with sense of finality.

He mailed the package with a sense of finality. If he wasn't there to open it, the contents would be self-explanstory. With morbid interest, he killed the rest of the day in the Central Criminal Courts.

To be concluded





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Page 76

tashion

BEGINNERS' PATTERN F5708. — Beginners' pattern for a child's party frock, Requires 1½ to 2½yds 54in, material and ½yd, 36in, contrasting material. Sizes 4, 6, 8, and 10 years. Price 3/-.

F5680. — Jacket-and-slacks set will delight any young girl.

Requires 11 to 11yds. 54in. material for slacks and 1½ to
21yds. 54in. material for jacket. Sizes 8, 10, 12, and 14

F568

F5681. — Softly tailored winter slacks-and-blouse outfit. Requires 1½ to 1½yds. 54in, material for slacks and 1½ to 2yds. 36in, material for blouse. Sizes 6, 8, 10, and 12 years. Price 3/9.

F5682

F5693. - Girl's smart suit has a box jacket and pleated skirt. Requires 21 to 31yds, 54in. material. Sizes 6, 8, 10, and 12 years. Price 3/6.

F5709. — Pretty winter frock has sissy-style bodice and softly pleated skirt. Requires 12 to 21/syds, 54in. material. Sizes 6, 8, 10, and 12 years. Price 3/-.

F5668. — Warm coat with big collar. Requires 2 to 3yds. 54in. material. Sizes 6, 8, 10, 12, and 14 years.

F5670. — Classic winter coat. Requires 14 to 24yds. 54in. material. Sizes 4, 6, 8, 10, and 12 years. Price 3/6.

F5682. — Warm frock for a young girl. Requires 2 to 2^ayds. 54in, material. Sizes 4, 6, 8, and 10 years.



NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS

Handy novelty tea-towel set is available cut out and clearly traced to embroider in a day-of-the-week motif. Size 22 by 32m. Frice 7/3 each, with postage 3d. extra; or set of 7 for 42..., will postage 3d. extra; or set of 7

Warm and practical tartan dressing-gown for girl or boy is available cut out ready to saw in brushed-back cotton in Anderson, Royal Stewart, Dress Stewart, Prince Charles, and Buchanan tartans. For 4-and-5-year-olds. 2-9; 6-and-7-year-olds, 2-9; 8-and-8-year-olds, 2-9; 3-and 10-year-old, 2-9; 6-postage 3/-

No. 238.—PEDAL-PUSHERS

Attractive pedal-pushers featuring a bib front are available out out ready to saw in brushed-back cotton in Anderson, Royal Stewark, Dress Stewark, Prince Charles, and Buchanan tarfans. Por 2 to 4 years, 23/6, 5 and 6 years, 26/6. Postage 2/8 extra.

Needlework Notions are available for six weeks from date of publication. No C.O.D. orders accepted.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - April 27, 1960

AS I READ the STARS

HILLIARD EVE For week beginning April 25

ARIES The Ram

MARCH 31-APRIL 20 ★ Lucky number this week, 4. Lucky color for love, orange, Gambling colors, orange, violet, Lucky days, Wednesday, Sat, Luck in the market-place.

* Everything to do with the practical side is featured. If hunting a job, buying or selling goods or services, seeking a new place of residence setting your savings to work through the buying of shares, etc. the stars amile on you. If young, romantic, there may be the start of a love affair with one who works in your office or building.

TAURUS The Bull

APRIL 31-MAY 20

* Lucky number this week, 8.
Lucky color for love, black.
Gambing colors, black, light blue.
Lucky days, Thursday, Priday.
Luck in a new cycle.

* This marks the beginning of a new chapter. Personal relation-ships may come up for review. You are likely to throw into the discard friendships and achivities which you have out-grown. If young, a love affair comes to an end, but there's an attractive atranger on your hort-ton. If older, the household may grow smaller, giving more leisure.

GEMINI The Twins

Lucky number this week 7. Lucky color for love, any pastel. Gambling colors, tricolors. Lucky days, Tucsday, Saturday. Luck in a quiet interlude.

* Those who have been working under pressure need to relax If you've been active in sports or clun affairs, you should be glad of the chance to attend to reglected personal matters. Catch up on correspondence, attend to wardrobe, home, odd jobs. Wear and tear on your pocketbook may be avoided via self-help. Love affairs remain steady.

CANCER The Crab

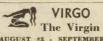
JUNE 22-JULY 23

* Lucky number this week, 2.
Lucky color for love, white
Gambling colors, white, gold,
Lucky days, Mon., Wednesday,
Luck in pastimes.

* Some shine on the sports ground, chalking up a victory, beginners are just getting into their stride. You may change your sport with the seasons, or, if a spectator, your favorite team is ancessful. Those with a hobby, neglected during summer, renew their interest. The young could meet the future life partner at a sports club function.

The Lion

JULY 23-AUGUST 22 ★ Lucky number this week, 3. Lucky color for love, violet. Gambling colors, violet, green. Lucky days, Wed., Thursday. Luck through authority.



AUGUST 23 - SEPTEMBER 23 * Lucky number this week, 1. Lucky color for love, brown, Gambling colors, brown, green, Lucky days, Saturday, Sunday, Luck in a journey.

* You are likely to go into town on business, face an interview, make an appointment, conclude an agreement with important consequences. You might make a weekend trip which brings new friends, fresh pissus. A few go on holidays, while others prepare for an overseas trip, whatever the journey, it should be fortunate.

The Balance

SEPTEMBER 24 - OCTOBER 23

* hucky number this week, 5.
Lucky color for love, grey,
Cambhing colors, grey, yellow,
Lucky days, Tues, Wednesday,
Luck in a surprise.

* Just when you are following a dull routine, there's a letter a ring on the telephone, or a knock at the door. Whether it's an invitation, a package with a present, or a wish come true, it will be when you least expect it, For some it could be a party in your honor. If in love it could be news of a distinction conferred on your beloved.

The Scorpion

OCTOBER 24 - NOVEMBER 22 * Lucky number this week, I. Lucky color for love, yellow, Gambling colors, yellow, black Lucky days, Wednesday, Sunday, Lucky through opposite sex

* In a business matter, a member of the opposite sex could help you find what you are seeking or put through a deal for you. If you play any game you should be fortunate in mixed teams. Social events which take place in the evening will be most successful. If you have been dating there is likely to be at least an "understanding."

SAGITTARIUS The Archer

NOVEMBER 23 - DECEMBER 20

**Lucky number this week, 3.
Lucky color for love, mauve, rose,
Cambling colors, mauve, rose,
Luck viays, Monday, Saturday,
Luck in a heavy programme.

*So many irons in the fire, yet you accomplish nearly all you have scheduled. You leap from one appointment to the next, enjoy whirling around, settle questions on the run, make few errors of judgment. Don't become so efficient that the one-in-your-life feels superfluous. You'll function as a human dynamo and galvanise others into activity.

CAPRICORN

DECEMBER 21 JANUARY 19

** Lucky number this week, 5.
Lucky oulor for love, green,
Gambling colors, green, white.
Lucky days, Tuesday, Friday.
Luck in love.

* Your sign does not wear its heart on its sleeve; when you fall in love it's for keeps. If a teenager you find romance a very serious matter. If in the twenties, wedding hells are not far off. Young marrieds may rejoice in an addition to the family, while older subjects renew romance For some, an autumn friendship brings marriage.

AQUANIC-The Waterbearer

* Home has its good points, especially if the outside world has inflicted a few digs and jolts, your family will sympathise with your ups and downs in social or business matters. By staying close to home you could also receive a message from Dame Fortune, which compensates for disappointment. If you have a garden, your interest is renewed.



PISCES
The Fish
FERRUARY 29-MARCH 29
* Lunky number this week
Cambridge of the street of the street

Can friends criticise... your most-noticed room?



Your friends may not talk about your lavatory, but can you be sure what they think?

A clean toilet bowl is a sign of a thoughtful housewife. You know a brush alone cannot do the complete job-it can't disinfect and it can't reach around into the hidden "S" bend.

NOW - here's the quick, easy way to keep your toilet bowl sparkling clean and hygienic.

Just sprinkle Harpic in the toilet last thing every night and flush away in the morning. While you sleep, Harpic cleans thoroughly and leaves the toilet free of germs. Even that lime-scale caused by hard-water is removed-the entire lavatory bowl is kept sparkling and hygienically clean. And being delicately perfumed, Harpic keeps your bathroom or lavatory sweetsmelling. Harpic, at all stores,



Harpic is made specially for cleansing all sewered and septic tank toilet bowls.

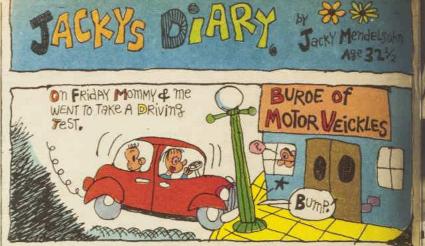
Harpic cleans round the S-bend - where no brush can reach! It cleans more thoroughly above, as well as below, the water because Harpic stays on the sides of the bowl, cleansing and disinfecting all night long. When flushed next morning, the porcelain is sparkling clean.

LAVATORY CLEANSER

Septic Tank Toilet Bowls

SAFE WITH SEPTIC TOILETS

Safe for cleaning





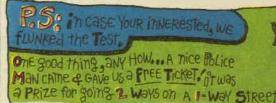


















THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - April 27, 19



Petite Rosalie Burton, of kuring-gai, N.S.W., is preparing for her B.B.O. (British Ballet Organisation) examination this sear. Where close this 4-year-aid get her energy? She enjoys regenite every day.

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ustralian Women's Weigly - April 27, 1960

IANDRAKE, Master Magician, and CAP-TAIN PIERCE, the famous mountain ex-plorer, are trying to trace the Yeti, or Abominable Snowman, high on Mount Arat, in the Himalayas. They have found what appeared to be the tops of Grecian

columns and also huge footprints in the snow. There is a wild storm raging and they have to use fieldglasses to see. Suddenly in the distance they notice a huge furred creature carrying a bow and arrow, Is this the Snowman? NOW READ ON:







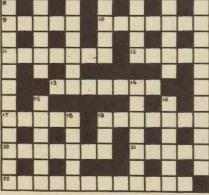




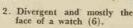


THIS WEEK'S CROSSWORD

- 1. There is never a prisoner in the cells of these (3, 9).
- 9. The senior tree (5).
- 10. It is mean but not necessarily stingy (7).
- 11. The cotton State (7).
- 12. In that place where you can find her in the centre (5).
- 13. Flower which has one name (7).
- 17. European monetary unit which sounds very outspoken (5).
- 19. To be detached (4, 3).
- 20. A formal speech (7).
- 21. Early rodent and he (5).
- It is not a list for an ice-rink; it indicates duties or prices (7-5).

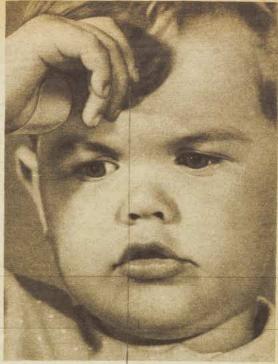


Solution will be published next week.



- The profit which follows the barristers is a good pur-chase (7).
- Holy crown or a woman's ornament (5).
- 5. Choose by vote (5).
- 6. There is a gem in these effigies (6).
- 7. An incompetent fellow follows a striking incident as
- an employee in a theatre
- 8. If you want a bite, disregard this notice (6, 2, 4).
- 14. Nice rum (Anagr., 7).
- Hunting expedition from Lhassa far in Tibet (6).
- 16. An inn he lost (6).
- 18. Powdered capsicum (5).

19. Study to direct the steering of a ship (3).



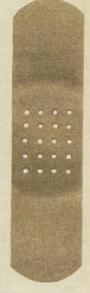


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